Sept. 26, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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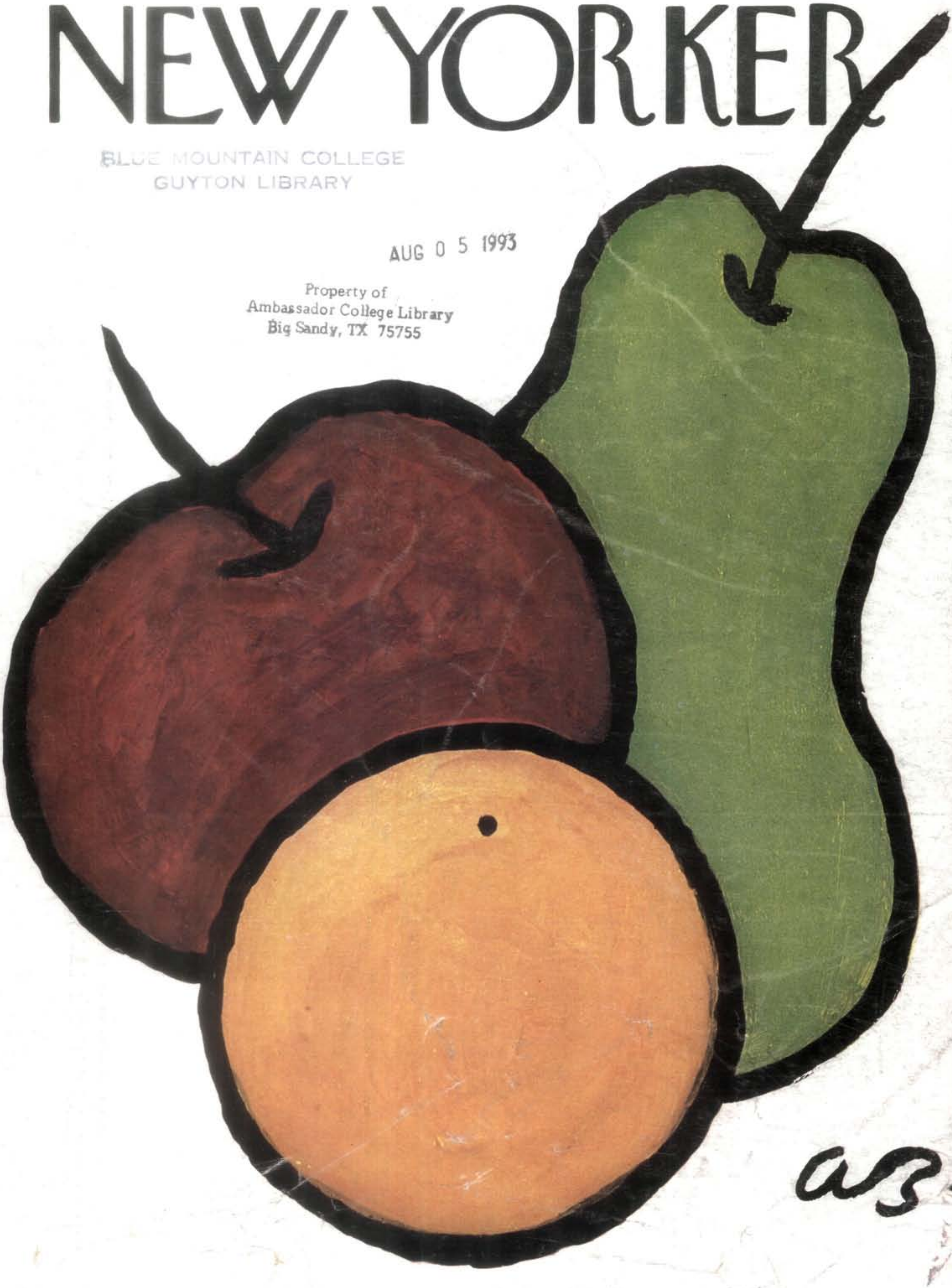

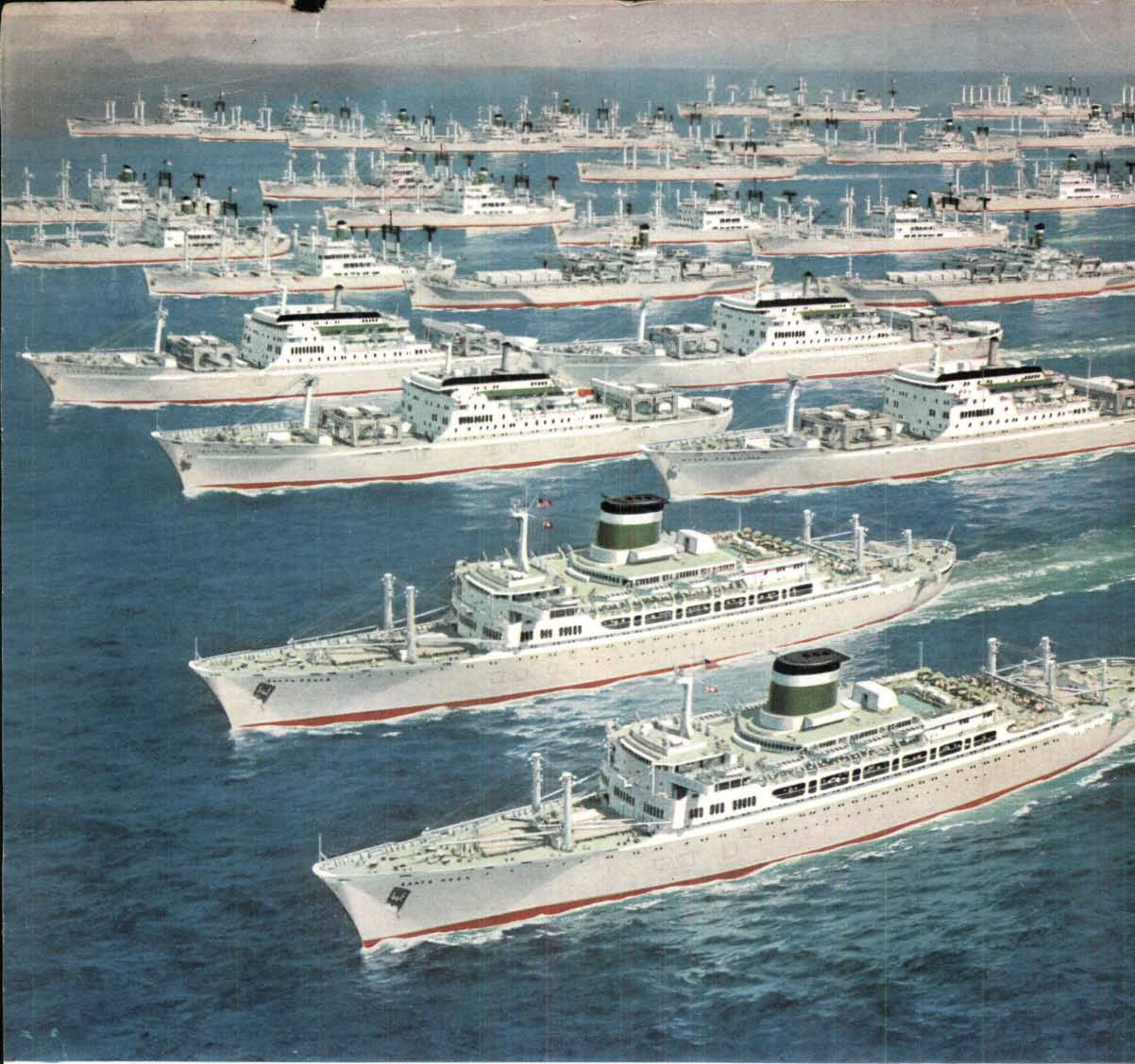

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Countess Mara

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Committee—Eight enthusiastic performers, late come from San Francisco, who successfully project (about half the time, anyway) a series of vaudeville skits. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. There are only three of them on view, but that is more than enough. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Maybe Lee Strasberg's direction is at first a trifle aimless in this interpretation of Chekhov, but it gets into focus as it goes along. So do the actors, all members of the Actors Studio, who, while not entirely harmonious as an ensemble, have many individual merits. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 3.)

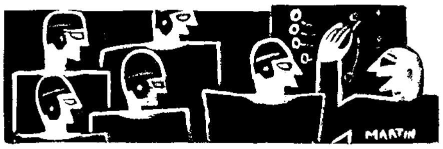
Traveller Without Luggage—A feeble Anouilh effort of 1937, dealing with the troubles of an amnesiac installed in a family that gives him the horrors. Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock head the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—barefoot in the park: Neil Simon's trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Robert Reed, Penny Fuller, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman's dismay at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Absence of a Cello—A comedy by Ira Wallach, with Fred Clark, Ruth White, and Murray Hamilton. The director is James Hammerstein, and the producers are Michael Ellis and Jeff Britton. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Girl Could Get Lucky—Betty Garrett and Pat Hingle in a two-character comedy written and staged by Don Appell. Presented by Gerard Oestreicher and Laurence Feldman. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are splendid in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by the late Carol Haney. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie frisking through a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wiener Blut—Johann Strauss's operetta, performed by a Viennese company of sixty-five. Presented by the Greek Theatre Association (James A. Doolittle), in association with Felix G. Gerstman. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Long Runs—how to succeed in business without really trying: Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Fiddler on the Roof—A musical starring Zero Mostel, with a book by Joseph Stein (based on Sholom Aleichem's stories), music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Harold Prince is the producer, Jerome Robbins the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Last Analysis—Sam Levene in a farce by Saul Bellow, directed by Joseph Anthony. A presentation of Stevens Productions, Bonfils-Seawell, and David Oppenheim. Previews through Monday, Sept. 28. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 29. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oh What a Lovely War—Joan Littlewood's musical entertainment, imported from London. Presented by David Merrick and Gerry Raffles. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 30. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—Antonio and the Ballets de Madrid (a company of seventy-five flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists, with an orchestra), in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 27.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama, "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Alchemist—This production, under Stephen Porter's shrewd, strong direction, bounds along the surface of Ben Jonson's masterful satire and is often funny. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Showcase Theatre—"Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 1-3, all at 8:15.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 27.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—Reopening after a summer vacation. The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are (or were) a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. Reopens Thursday, Sept. 24. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That Hat!—Pierre Olaf in a musical by Cy Young, based on the French farce "The Italian Straw Hat." (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

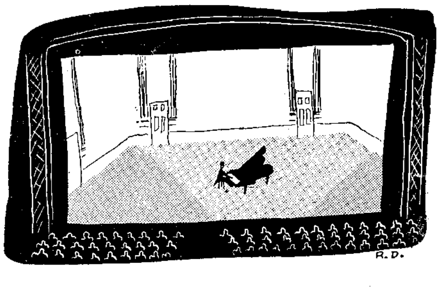
BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Sept. 24: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: "Bugaku," "Episodes," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 26: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 27: "Bugaku," "Four Temperaments," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 29: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 30: "Swan Lake," "Fanfare," "Agon," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 1: "Scotch Symphony," "Piège de Lumière" (American première), "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Raymonda Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 3: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 3: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Meditation," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Leningrad Kirov Ballet—*Final performances of the engagement*—"Cinderella": Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty": Friday, Sept. 25, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Gala Program ("Bayaderka," "A Distant Planet," "The Nutcracker Waltz and Pas de Deux," "The Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Prince Igor"): Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-3275.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



Ballad of the Winter Soldiers—A single benefit performance of a musical with a cast that includes Sidney Poitier, Diahann Carroll, Dick Gregory, Theodore Bikel, and Ruby Dee. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Sept. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call SU 7-5241.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Tony Martin is getting a lot of croon, moon, June, and swoon into his lyrics this fall—a project in which he is assisted by a freshet of boy and girl singers and some ride-for-life orchestrations. It's a good example of the New Showmanship, and the only bother is the long ride afterward from Las Vegas to New York. Mr. M. glides in and out at dinner and supper. Dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just normal life-size. George Anaya's little band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—All the fashionable games are provided, including the most recent version of finders-keepers, called Status. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance. The veteran Freddie Fassler, who may have been second fiddle while Rome burned, is the music in the Champagne Room. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A gilt complex, and a red-plush one, too. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers play in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

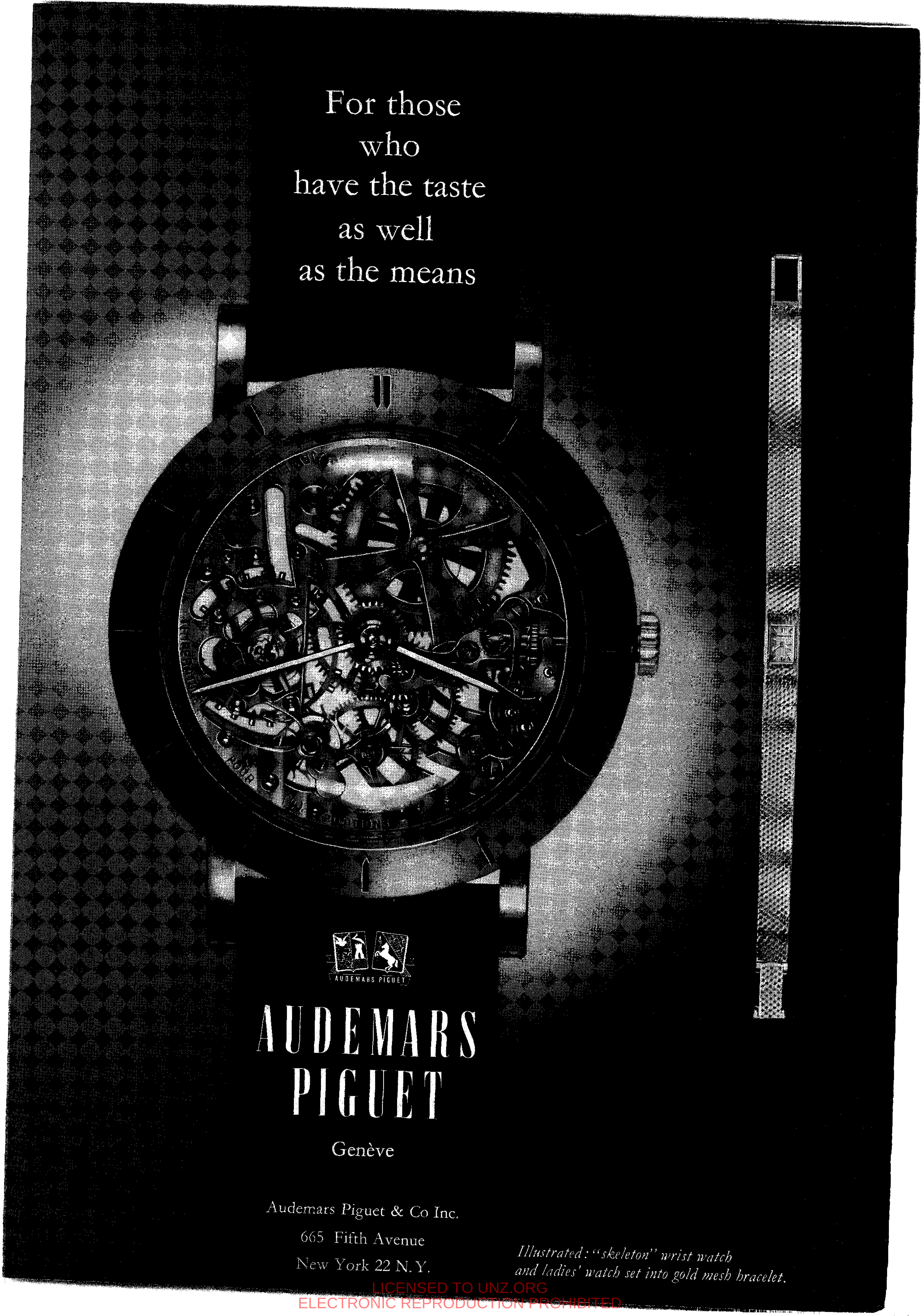
New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—I Cavalieri di Roma, a wine-of-life little dance band, play on and on in the Seven Hills, one of the best residential quarters of the biggest town on the Tiber. Eight to one is the scheme of things. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room offers, at dinner and supper, the full range of Abbe Lane, passion flower par excellence, for walking, talking, gallivanting, and (sometimes) singing. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling band and Mark Monte's frisky followers play around all evening. Nothing at all on Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—That old *concours d'élégance* known as the Maisonette resumes its seasonal activities on Saturday, Sept. 26. The roseate orchestra of Peter Duchin and Quintero's practically peerless Latins will again be on the dune deck. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ That selfsame evening, and just down the hall, La Boite will resume its task of care and feeding, which will be expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kaye's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at



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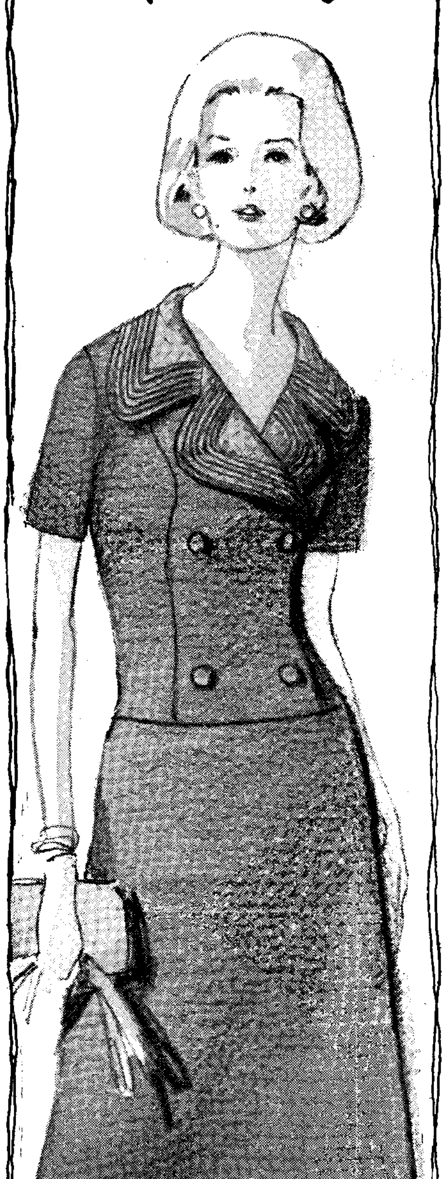

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Makeup courses for those who have fallen behind on the Frug, the Gawk, the Whamp, and the Swim during the summer are being held (distinctly *not* free of charge) by the Board of Education in this bower of the social graces every night from eight until four. The music is produced by the rubbing together of electronic tubes.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Where God paints the scenery and only the fireflies are by Con Edison. Weatherman willing, there is dance music alongside the open-air pavilion every evening from eight or so to one or so; an inner pavilion operates when things get splashy.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—"Let me entertain you" is the motivation of the distinctly non-Method actors Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who are in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. Some of their parodies of fellow-workers take too long to make a given point and some are beginning to rust, but the large rest of the MacRae song-and-gallivant work is great fun. The noblest of all the Meyer Davis orchestras, run by Emery Davis, and the Horace Diaz group make the music. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at around seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from about one to six, and a floor show at eleven-fifteen on Tuesdays. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. They are all out in "Oklahoma!" at the moment, it seems, and will be getting around to "West Side Story" by Tuesday, Sept. 29. Thursday through Saturday, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jet is the setting, and jet is the set. Bobby Short, to whom such surroundings are customary, plays flip piano and sings flip songs from ten-thirty until the smallest of hours. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's solo piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the rightful heir to this evergreen kingdom, has ended his long sabbatical, and again his fingers play lighthearted tricks on a very willing Steinway. Six-thirty until one is the extent of his program. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Well-chosen words and music, sung without frippery of any sort, are the nocturnal diet of Mabel Mercer, one of the wisest and most compassionate women of the world. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. No sound on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Traffic in all its hustle and bustle in the heart of the Via Veneto. Part of the traffic jam is brought about by a squadron of patrolling violinists. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): When one examines the décor, it's as if Parke-Bernet were auctioning off the glories of the nineteenth century. The music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio through the week, a jazz duet on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, part of which is open-air. In the bar, there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This tribute to northern Italy and its cuisine has an easy life—piano from five, Joe Candullo's cheery dance threesome from nine-thirty on. Fridays and Saturdays, voices are apt to join in. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio gets to work at nine every night, and there are singing-from-the-piano interludes, too. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as Tibor Rakossy, who sings Hungarian sentimentalities, not to mention players of the fiddle and the zimbalon. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): One calm pianist after another from five-thirty until well into the next day. The chef keeps fairly late hours, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant, where Daphne Hellman lets down her golden hair and strums her golden harp from seven to nine every evening but Saturday, when Joyce Rosenfield takes her place. Miss Hellman will cease and desist on Friday Oct. 2; thereafter Miss Rosenfield will be in complete command. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck between the scenery and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. They come out even during the week (sound effects from five-thirty to eleven), but the musicians, augmented by dancers, always win out Sundays (sound effects from one to nine). . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of sombre *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), and brooding violin and piano. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, chants at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's threesome provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle-washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A segment of Cuba Libre, where Olga Guillot, a force-nine breeze from that Caribbean island, is allowed to let fly her Latin lyrics twice a night. There is dancing every evening, too, and from two to seven on Sunday afternoons as well. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which the *Social Register* is compulsory reading. George Feyer noodles through his *point-d'Alençon* piano readings from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Show tunes get a hearing from Al Valenti's guitar, which is front and center in this minute bar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Some fine new undergraduate nymphs errant have just enrolled in this brimful sorority, so all's well indeed at eight-thirty and midnight, when the whole student body convenes. There are excellent interpolations by such mere males as the acrobatic Wazzans, a group of ICBMs, and there is a song-and-philosophy stint by Sophie Tucker, the last of the Texas Guinans. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): For Joe E. Lewis, it's a long life and a merry one, and though the strain of his twenty-four-hour day sometimes blurs his narration, his Thousand and One Nights' Tales are still *sui generis.* Helen O'Connell, fresh as two daisies after all these years, is the best belting-and-ballad girl singer we've had in a long time; the new Copa ballerinas are nubile if novice; even the production singer and dancer are just right. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if we were living back in the Roaring Forties. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The world of Myron Cohen is bounded by Reuben's, Times Square, and Seventh Avenue, but he picks up quite a few good stories in this constricted territory. The lyrics come from Damita Jo, who is suffused with energy. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Bits and Pieces," Julius Monk's brand-new view-with-alarm of the world that is too much with us, begins its career on Thursday, Sept. 24, with a series of dress rehearsals, which will take place at nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday. Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk misgivings, are participating. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): One of those rousing revues—singers, dancers, voyaging violinists, and even puppeteers—that generally make their home in the big Central and South American show places. Dinner and supper is the schedule. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Travel-bureau Vienna, with the dishes and music to fit. This has no effect on Yvonne Constant, a Parisian pluperfect, whose soprano is wily, whose eyes are beckoning. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): On Tuesday, Sept. 29, Felicia Sanders will call this Village playground to order with her special collection of ringing phrases and vigorous chest tones. If all goes well, she and her compeers—Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn at their sentimental and euphoric pianos, the team of Stiller & Meara at their *un*sentimental togetherness skits—will be there for some time. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Practice runs of a new revue, "The Game Is Up," are being held in advance of opening night, which is Tuesday, Sept. 29. Marian Mercer, Carol Morley, R. G. Brown, and Richard Blair are the important members of the personnel. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Complex mystery stories are spun by the piano of Thelonious Monk, who never knows how they are going to come out. His quartet takes turns with Roland Hanna's two-man squad, which believes in progress, too. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées, by Hanna's duo and another group, as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba has the knack of making folk music—whether it has followed her from Africa or is native-born—sound majestic and moving all at once. She and the Village Stompers (you can guess what *they* are) depart on Wednesday, Sept. 30, and Gloria Lynne, a best-seller style of oriole, arrives next evening, along with Hugh Masekala's quartet. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's leading coffee *finca.* The standard accompaniment for the brew is folk music, and Ronnie Gilbert, the soprano of the vanished Weavers, is the leading lady of this enterprise. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; evenings, Gene Krupa's crack-the-whip quartet and Red Allen's musketeers are the responsible parties. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The guest register gets out of date here with rapidity, but the expectation now is that on Tuesday, Sept. 29, Bud Powell's trio (dreams in a minor key) and Herbie Mann's quintet (Caribbean, bossa nova, and such) will be arriving. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Breaking new ground is the avowed purpose of this colony. The crops, nourished by latter-day chemicals, are odd but in general absorbing. The quintet of Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry is doing the demonstrating. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): So fleet (and furious) are the thoughts that propel the fingers of Charlie Mingus across his bass that something can be lost in the translation, but what comes through from him and his co-workers must be taken notice of. His sextet is in action every night but Monday, when a quartet headed by David Amram assumes command. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko's assemblage of ah, yesterday musicians—Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman among them—really enjoys turning time backward in its flight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): All there is to know about playing jazz piano—all, that is, until Mary Lou Williams, the narrator, invents some more of it. Her threesome shares the podium with John Bunch, whose solo piano is likewise of intricate interest. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Bill Evans, whose piano has its individual rhyme and reason, is running a triad, which is the main reason for a visit. Coffee (nothing but, here) is the next strongest attraction. The Evans group stays home Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris and band (Sydney de Paris is in it) has settled in again in this period piece to make music that matches it. Monday is the band's night off.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CALVIN ALBERT—Abstract pewter sculptures; through Oct. 10. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON CHARLES—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—An exhibition of prints, drawings, and one painting, on Biblical and allegorical themes, that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MIKE DONOHUE—Abstract oils and watercolors; through Oct. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

NANCY GALANTIÈRE—Abstractions by a California artist; through Oct. 10. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Nov. 1. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Wall sculptures; through Oct. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

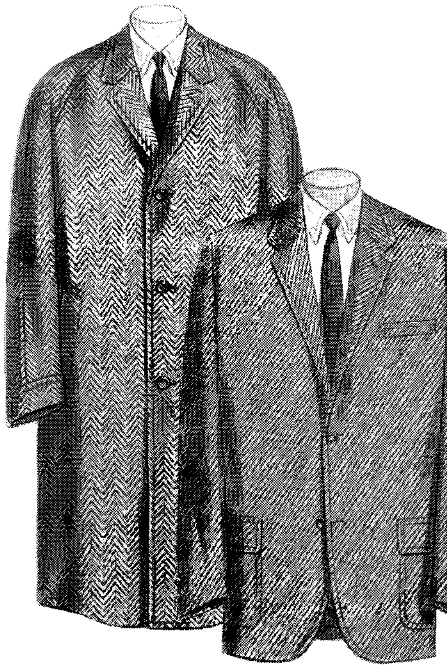
FRANZ KUPKA—Paintings and gouaches (1909-47) by the Czech-born School of Paris abstractionist; through Oct. 24. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

CHET LA MORE—Semi-abstract welded-bronze birds and animals; through Oct. 10. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A retrospective (1912-64) of sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN SUMERS—Oils; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Theodore Roszak, Dimitri Hadzi, and Robert Mallary are several of the sculptors participating in an exhibit of drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '64-'65" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery members, including Jimmy Ernst, Gabor Peterdi, and Sidney Gordin; through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Twentieth-century drawings by such artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and Max Weber; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of oils and watercolors by a hundred and twenty artist-members, among them Robert Brackman, William R. Leigh, and Robert Philipp; through Oct. 22. Closed Saturdays. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, William Thon, Raimondo Puccinelli, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: The annual Art Faculty exhibition of paint-



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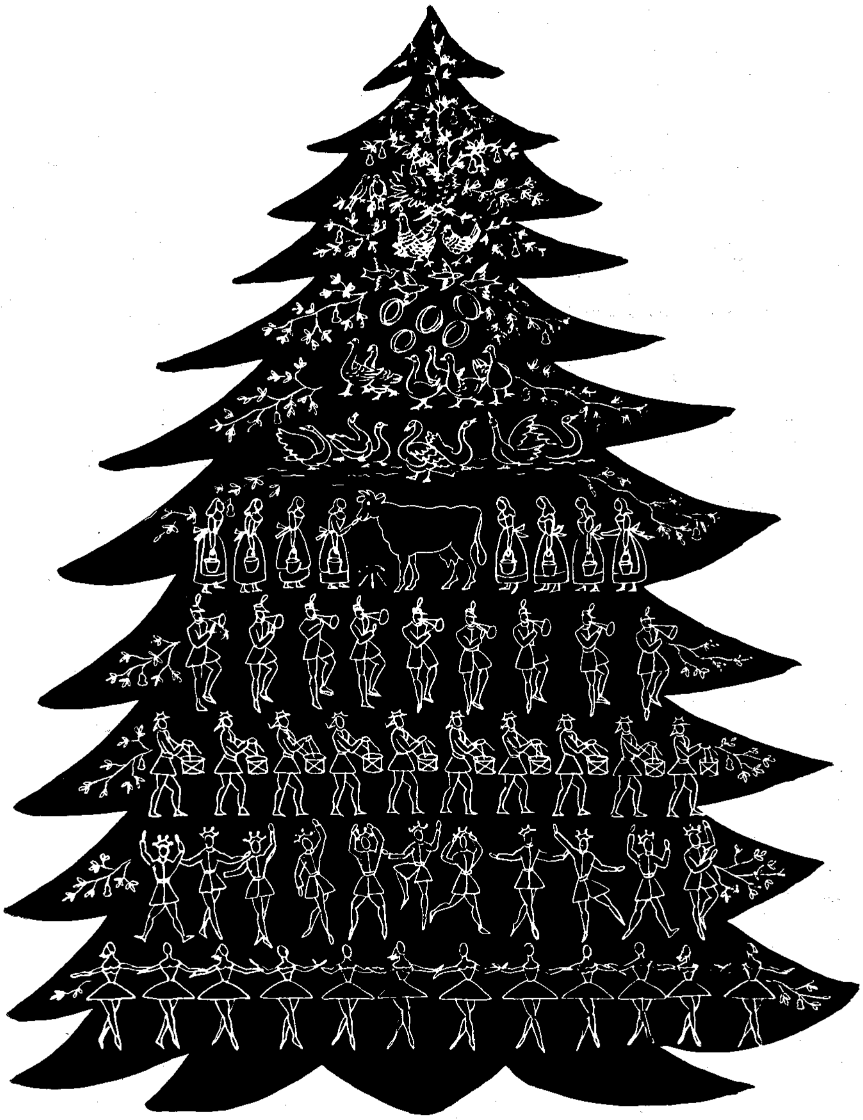

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Julian Levi, Chaim Gross, and Clare Romano; through Wednesday, Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for example) Rosemarie Beck, Reginald Pollack, and Morris Brose; through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Watercolors by John Marin, Charles Burchfield, Joseph Stella, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by Magritte, Matta, Joseph Cornell, and others; through Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Amedeo Modigliani, Germaine Richier, and Paul Jenkins; through Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Painters and sculptors, including James Brooks, Ibram Lassaw, and Zao Wou-ki; through Saturday, Sept 26. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Calder, and others; through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Klee, and Daniel Brustlein (to mention a few); through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Sarah Grilo, Julio Girona, Armando Morales, and other Latin-American artists working in New York; through Oct. 10. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TENTH STREET—Six downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Oct. 8) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members and invited guests—At the **AEGIS**, 89 E. 10th St.; **AREA**, 90 E. 10th St.; **ASPECTS**, 100 E. 10th St.; **BRATA**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **GALLERY 84**, 84 E. 10th St.; and **STRYKE**, 86 E. 10th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The portrait by James McNeill Whistler popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on loan from the Louvre, is being shown in the Great Hall; through Wednesday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays. 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Four aluminum sculptures and a selection of silkscreen prints by the British artist Eduardo Paolozzi; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Painters and Sculptors As Printmakers," a survey of works made since 1950 in all graphic mediums by a hundred artists from twenty countries; through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of more than three hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, and prints by the German artist Lovis Corinth; through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Corinth showing at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the French abstractionist Albert Gleizes (1881-1953); through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Drawings done within the past twenty years by American artists, including Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Tobey; through Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selections from the Library's collections; namely, cylinder seals, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, illustrated books, autograph manuscripts, and master drawings; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd

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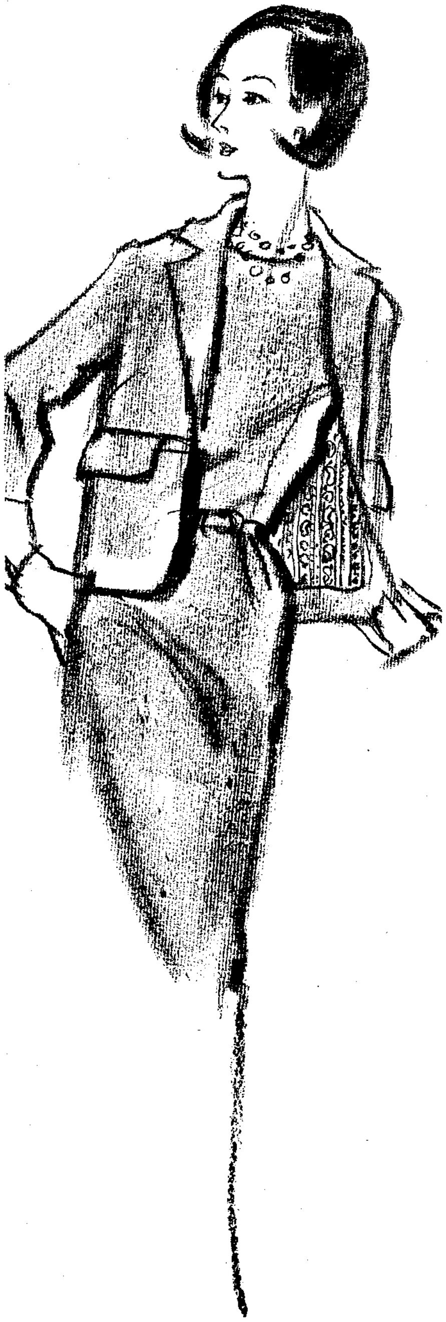

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—Recent Venetian art glass from ten Muranese factories, plus contemporary Czechoslovak glass; starting Friday, Sept. 25. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and the like; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings by Edward Hopper; starting Tuesday, Sept. 29. (Daily, except Monday, Sept. 28, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 15—Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7:45: A new production of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," in English. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Elaine Malbin and Giovanni Consiglio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "Aïda." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Josef Krips conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, May 30—Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 8:30, a Schubert-Strauss program, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Roberta Peters, soprano). . . ¶ A varied program on Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3 (no soloists).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Jean Martinon conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 28-29, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Brian Priestman conducting Bach's six Brandenburg concertos. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn directing a Bach-Stravinsky program, with José Ferrer, narrator; Saramae Endich, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and the Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Hartford Festival Orchestra and Chorus—Robert Brawley directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

Sarah Lawrence Chorus—Harold Aks directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky—Violin and cello, in the last two in a series of concerts. Thursday, Sept. 24, at 7: With Jacob Lateiner, piano; Israel Baker, violin; and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7: With a small orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)

Uta Graf—Soprano (Town Hall. Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

Chad Mitchell Trio—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:40.)

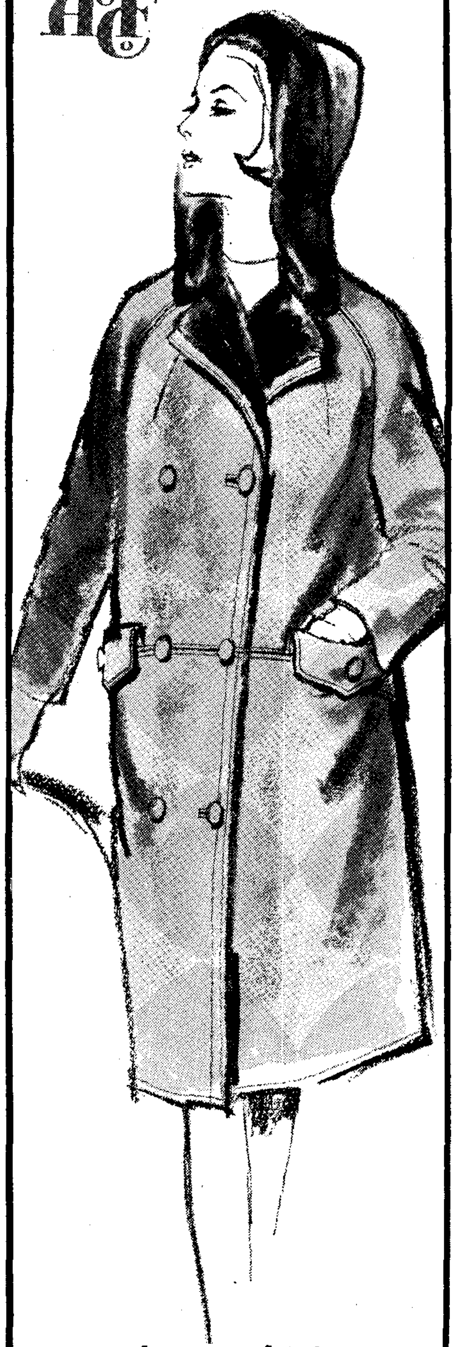
Borodin Quartet—The first appearance here by this group from Moscow. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Ireland on Parade—A company of more than a hundred, including the Irish Police Band, pipers, singers, dancers, and drummers. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thurs-

A&F



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day and Friday, Sept. 24-25, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 27, at 2.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Sept. 25, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 27, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8; and Thursday, Oct. 1, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Oct. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2.

Boxing—Doug Jones vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Oct. 2. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 27.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 3.)

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 26: Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.... SATURDAY, OCT. 3 (all at 2): Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence.... ¶ Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton. ... ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. ... ¶ Yale vs. Lehigh, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 25, at 8:35.) ... ¶ Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Briar Hall Golf and Country Club, Briarcliff, N.Y. Through Friday, Sept. 25.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 26; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Sept. 28; and the Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 3.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Sept. 26, at 10.

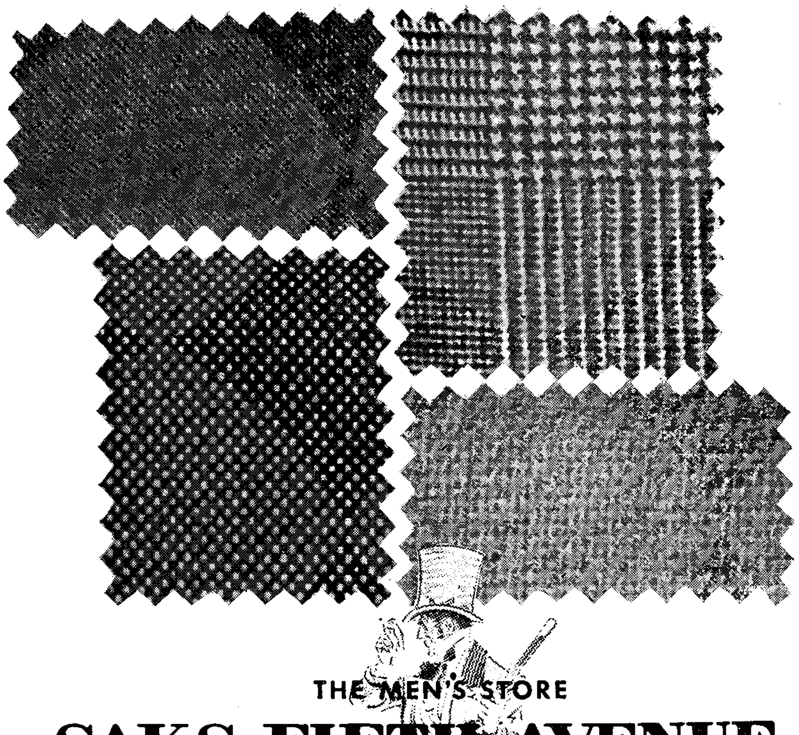
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.) ... YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Tuesday, Sept. 29, through Saturday, Dec. 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 24, at 6:30: "Inside Out" (France).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 9:15: "Before the Revolution" (Italy).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 6:30: "She and He" (Japan).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 9:15: "Cyrano and d'Artagnan" (France-Italy).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 6:30: "Ça Ira" (Italy).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 9:15: "Mahanagar" (India).

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorations, from the estate of David L. Rosston and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 1:45: Books and manuscripts, including Western Americana and Mexican War material; the property of C. Dorman David and others.



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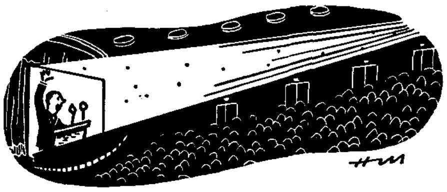
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm, starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Best Man—A very exciting melodrama about politics, directed by Franklin Schaffner, and starring Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 25-26.)

Cartouche—A French takeoff on romantic costume films that quite early on becomes one. The picture, which was directed by Philippe de Broca, is often good to look at and occasionally funny, in a broad kind of way. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the chief of a band of robbers in eighteenth-century Paris. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Sept. 27.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; starting Sept. 30.)

From Russia with Love—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 30.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—A two-hour stretch of merry and not so merry pranks, in which the impeccable Jack Lemmon plays an advertising man who is forced to pose as the husband of the woman living next door. Romy Schneider is delightful as the woman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 30.)

Harakiri—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 24.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 28.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—An Irish braggart on the make in Montreal. Faultlessly acted by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 26.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the corrupter of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—A ruthlessly high-strung melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 25-26.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 25-29.)

The Silence—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 27-30.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 29, tentative.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The World of Henry Orient—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that senior citizens will find bearable. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 25-29.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (In Italian at the 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Sept. 30. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 30.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 29.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 30.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture concerned with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 25-28. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 27-28, last showing on Sept. 28 at 3:40.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 29.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 29.)

The Greatest Show on Earth (1952)—DeMille under the big top. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, and so on. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Sept. 28.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; starting Sept. 30.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Four Nazi judges on trial before an American military court. Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, and Maximilian Schell. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through Sept. 27.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 25-28.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—The waltz and the old Lehár music, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald most in evidence. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Sept. 25.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—Victor Herbert's operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Sept. 24.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 29.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 29.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 27-28, last showing on Sept. 28 at 2:15.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 29, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Sweethearts (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the Victor Herbert foolishness. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Sept. 24.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 29.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 28.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 26, showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evening at 8: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ The first programs in a series called "The Films of Carl Dreyer." Sept. 27-28, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The President" (1918-20), a silent film, with Danish subtitles. Sept. 29-30, showings at 3: "Leaves from Satan's Book" (1920-21). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 29: "The Secret Invasion," Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone.
From Sept. 30: "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mary Poppins," Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Sept. 24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.
Sept. 25-29: "Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen; and "PT 109," revival, Cliff Robertson.
From Sept. 30: **CLEOPATRA.**

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Sept. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.
From Sept. 25: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Bushido" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Sept. 24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.
Sept. 25-29: "I'd Rather Be Rich," Sandra Dee; and "Commando," Stewart Granger. (After 7 on Friday, Sept. 25, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the football game between the Giants and the Washington Redskins.)
From Sept. 30: **THE HUSTLER**, revival; and "The Stripper," revival, Joanne Woodward.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 29: **TOM JONES.**
From Sept. 30: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," revival, Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Sept. 30: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Sept. 24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.
Sept. 25-29: "Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen; and "PT 109," revival, Cliff Robertson.
From Sept. 30: **CLEOPATRA.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LIMELIGHT, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Sept. 27: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG**, revival.
From Sept. 28: **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 30: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): **TOM JONES**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 29: "The Secret Invasion," Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone.
From Sept. 30: "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 29: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz; and "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker. (After 7 on Friday, Sept. 25, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the football game between the Giants and the Washington Redskins.)
From Sept. 30: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 29: "Looking for Love," Connie Francis; and "The Golden Arrow," Tab Hunter, Rossana Podesta.
From Sept. 30: "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York; and "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.

WEST SIDE

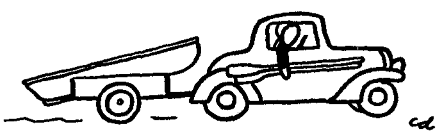
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 24: "Landru" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy.
Sept. 25-28: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 29: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 26: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
Sept. 27-30: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish); and "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 29: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Sept. 24: **HARAKIRI** (in Japanese).
Sept. 25-29: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 29: "Looking for Love," Connie Francis; and "The Golden Arrow," Tab Hunter, Rossana Podesta.
From Sept. 30: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine; and "The Young Swingers," Rod Lauren, Molly Bee.



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 29: "Disorder" (in Italian), Louis Jourdan, Susan Strasberg; and "A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.
From Sept. 30: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Sept. 24, at 2 and 8:15: The recent Broadway production of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton, filmed in Electronovision.
From Sept. 25: "The Ape Woman" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Annie Girardot.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 28: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Sept. 27: **CARTOUCHE** (in French).
From Sept. 28: "Let's Talk About Women" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Sept. 24: **SWEETHEARTS**, revival; and **NAUGHTY MARIETTA**, revival.
From Sept. 25: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Eugene Onegin" and "Aleko" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Ape Woman" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Annie Girardot.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 24: "42nd Street," revival, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1933," revival, Ruby Keeler.
Sept. 25-26: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and **THE BEST MAN.**
Sept. 27-28 (last showing on Sept. 28 at 2:15): **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival.
Sept. 28, at 7:15 and 9:30: "The Thief of Bagdad," revival, Douglas Fairbanks.
Sept. 29: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
Sept. 30: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Concrete Jungle," revival, Stanley Baker.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 29: **ONE, TWO, THREE**, revival; and "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.
From Sept. 30: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine; and "The Marriage-Go-Round," revival, Susan Hayward, James Mason.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 24: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli, Gina Lollobrigida; and "La Forza del Destino" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Nelli Corradi.
Sept. 25: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy; and "The Sorceress" (in French), revival, Marina Vlady.
Sept. 26: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Sept. 27: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (both in Russian and both revivals).
Sept. 28: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**, revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
Sept. 29: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival.
Sept. 30: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 29: "Disorder" (in Italian), Louis Jourdan, Susan Strasberg; and "A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.
From Sept. 30: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. (at the latest) to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Fewer people are going to the Fair these days, but the popular exhibits are still crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's *good* restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at eight-thirty in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens, at about 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue: parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

American Express Pavilion—Besides travel and financial information and a Western Union office, American Express offers a model of the Fair whose buildings light up as they are referred to in a recorded narration. Since more than one building at a time lights up, however, and since the narrator speaks of some exhibits that are no longer operating, and mistakenly says that the Unisphere is visible from all parts of the Fair, the display is not as useful as it is meant to be.

American Interiors—Included in the commercial exhibits in this large pavilion is a great deal of furniture and paintings to go with it; numerous soft-drink and candy machines; a display of paintings and sculptures sponsored by the National Art Museum of Sport, Inc.; and a handy display of reclining chairs to sit down in and go to sleep. Admission fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Dynamic Maturity—Those who get tired of observing the Fair directly may retire to the peace and quiet of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion and see views of Flushing Meadow projected onto a circular screen through a revolving periscope set in the roof.

Florida Pavilion—The best part of Florida's exhibit is the Everglades Show, a leisurely lecture on Florida wildlife, with live models, including a largemouth bass, turtles, alligators, snakes of various sizes, and a family of Seminoles (who are technically at war with the United States). Twenty-five cents.

Hall of Free Enterprise—There are many ants imprisoned in glass cases in the Hall of Free Enterprise, forced into symbolizing strong, intelligent, industrious inhabitants of a "perfectly planned economy" who lack, however, the ability to make and use tools. "Forty million years of no progress," a sign says. "Do you believe in free enterprise, or would you rather be an ant?" There are other informative exhibits, too.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Japan—The Japanese Pavilion is filled with industrial exhibits, including large numbers of miniature television sets. There is also a model space ship that can be sat in, with controls that can be maneuvered.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Jordan—The displays include archeological objects, a model of the Old City of Jerusalem, and fragments of Dead Sea scrolls.

New York State Pavilion—The exhibits include a short movie projected onto six screens set in a circle along the walls. The subject of the film is the attractions of New York State, and though the circular technique is interesting, the effect is to make the audience dizzy. Admission twenty-five cents.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Bourbon Street—This sprawling exhibit, sometimes called the Louisiana Pavilion, contains a series of snack bars, a dancing chicken, an unopen French restaurant, a doll museum, several sidewalk artists who charge three dollars for a profile and five dollars for a full-face portrait, and a bar where the frug and the monkey may be danced until 2 A.M.

Carousel Park—A dreary area at the foot of the Amusement Area bridge. The carousel costs twenty-five cents a ride.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Poupées de Paris—An elaborate puppet show, but the barker luring the customers in at the top of his voice prefers never to use the word "puppet." Shows at 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, and 10:30. Adults two dollars, children one dollar.

Santa Maria—An authentic replica of Columbus's flagship, which shows, among other things, how much shorter people were in those days. Adults one dollar, children between 6 and 18 fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a delightful place to have dinner, especially at a table overlooking the courtyard, where the Royal Watusi dancers and drummers of Burundi perform four times a night, starting at about 7:40 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Central America and Panama—Although only coffee and buns are available, there are few pleasanter places at the Fair than the small outdoor café at this pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

Minnesota Pavilion—The restaurant serves an extensive but unexciting smörgåsbord for $3.75. More exciting dishes may be added for more money.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and there are accompanying Moroccan night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food; no reservations. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food; for reservations, call 888-7320. The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

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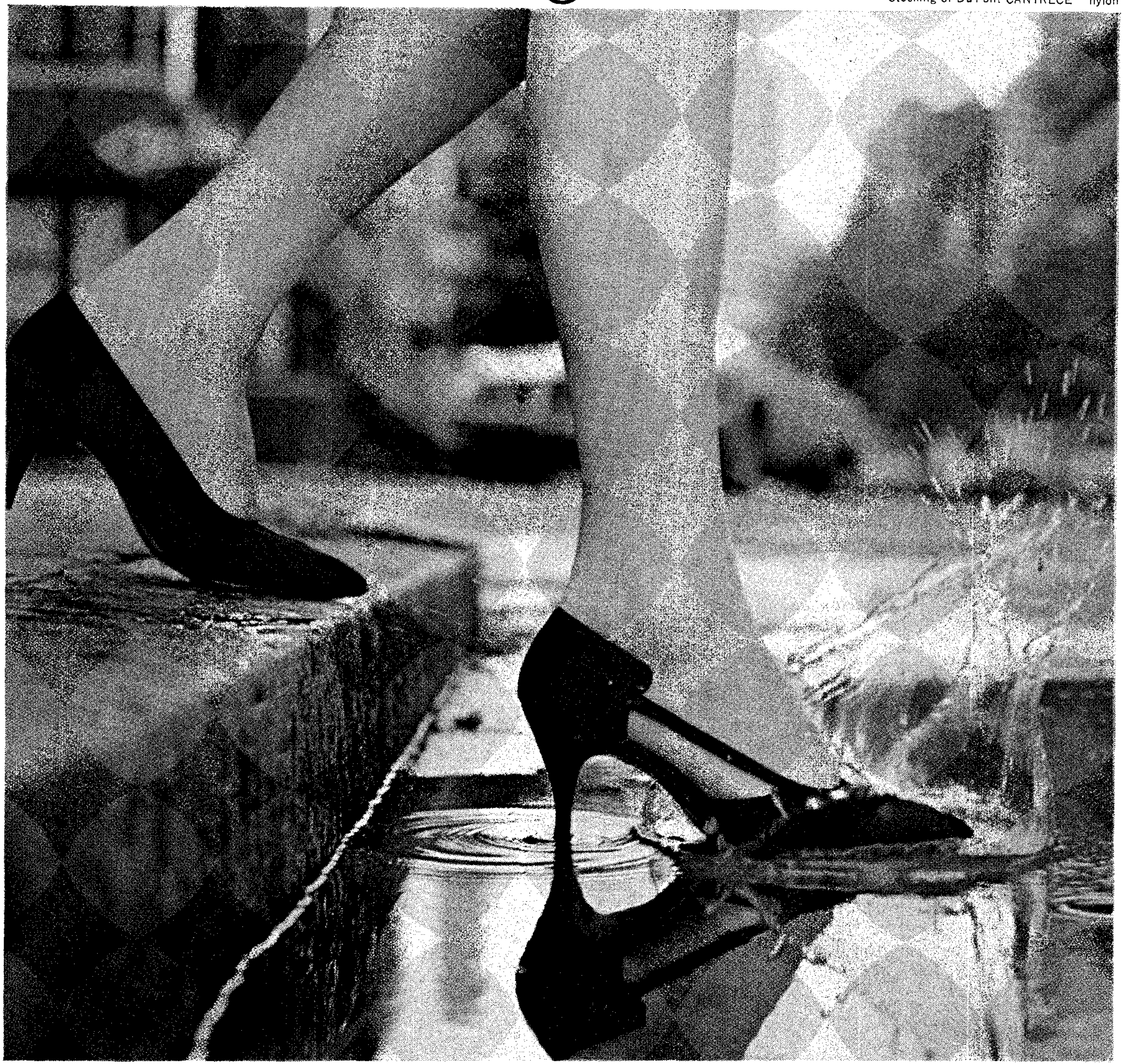

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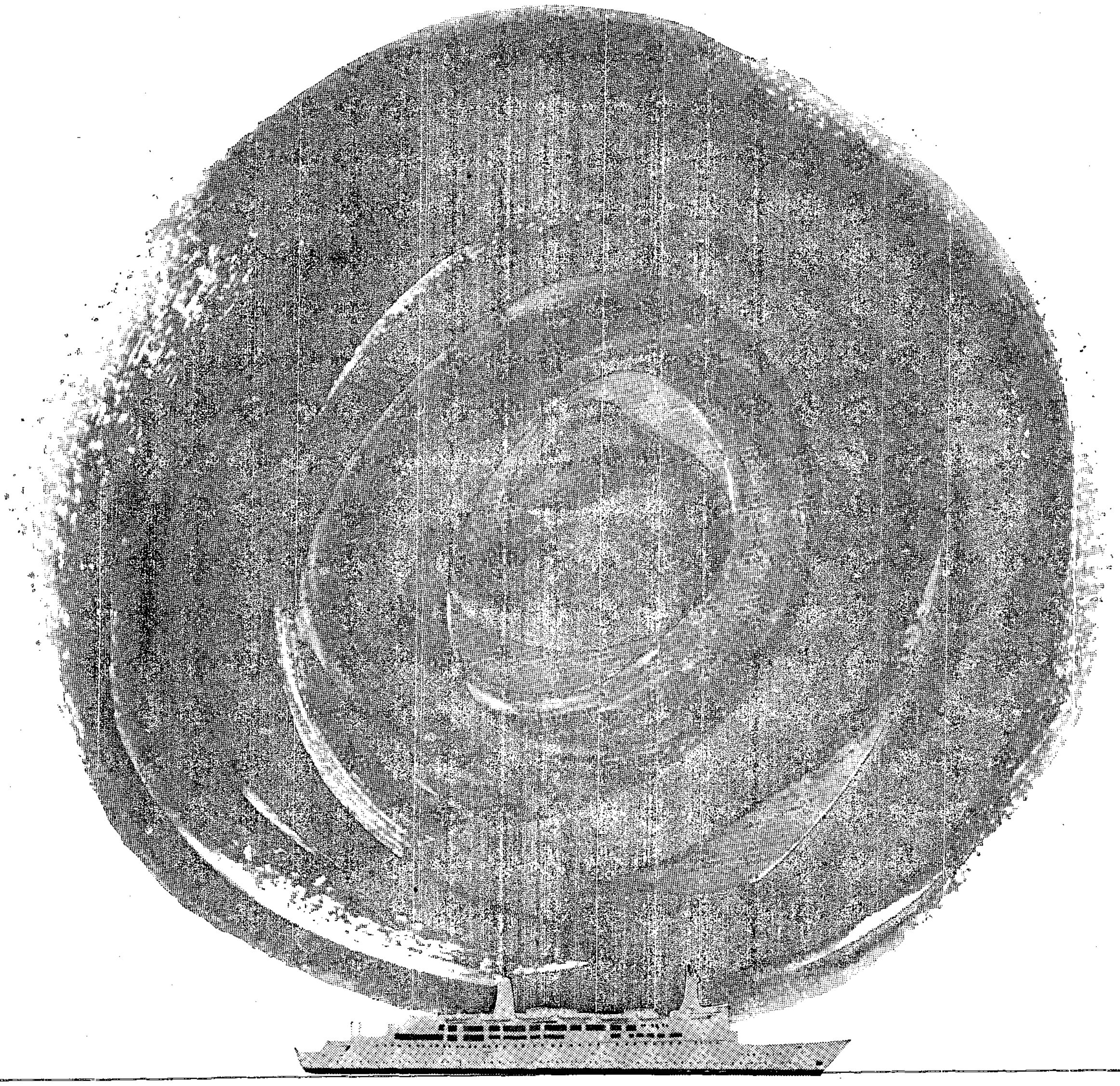

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November 25, 1964—THANKSGIVING DAY CRUISE—10½ days. December 7, 1964—PRE-CHRISTMAS CRUISE—9½ days.
December 18, 1964—CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR CRUISE—15 days. January 4, 1965—JUNE-IN-JANUARY CRUISE—9½ days.
January 15, 1965—MID-WINTER CRUISE—13 days. January 29, 1965—WINTER FUN CRUISE—11½ days.
February 11, 1965—LINCOLN-WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY CRUISE—15 days.
February 27, 1965—MARDI GRAS CRUISE—15 days. March 17, 1965—EARLY SPRING CRUISE—13½ days.

PORTS OF CALL: San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Maarten, St. Vincent, Martinique, Curacao, Antigua, Barbados, Grenada, Port-au-Prince, Guadeloupe, Montego Bay

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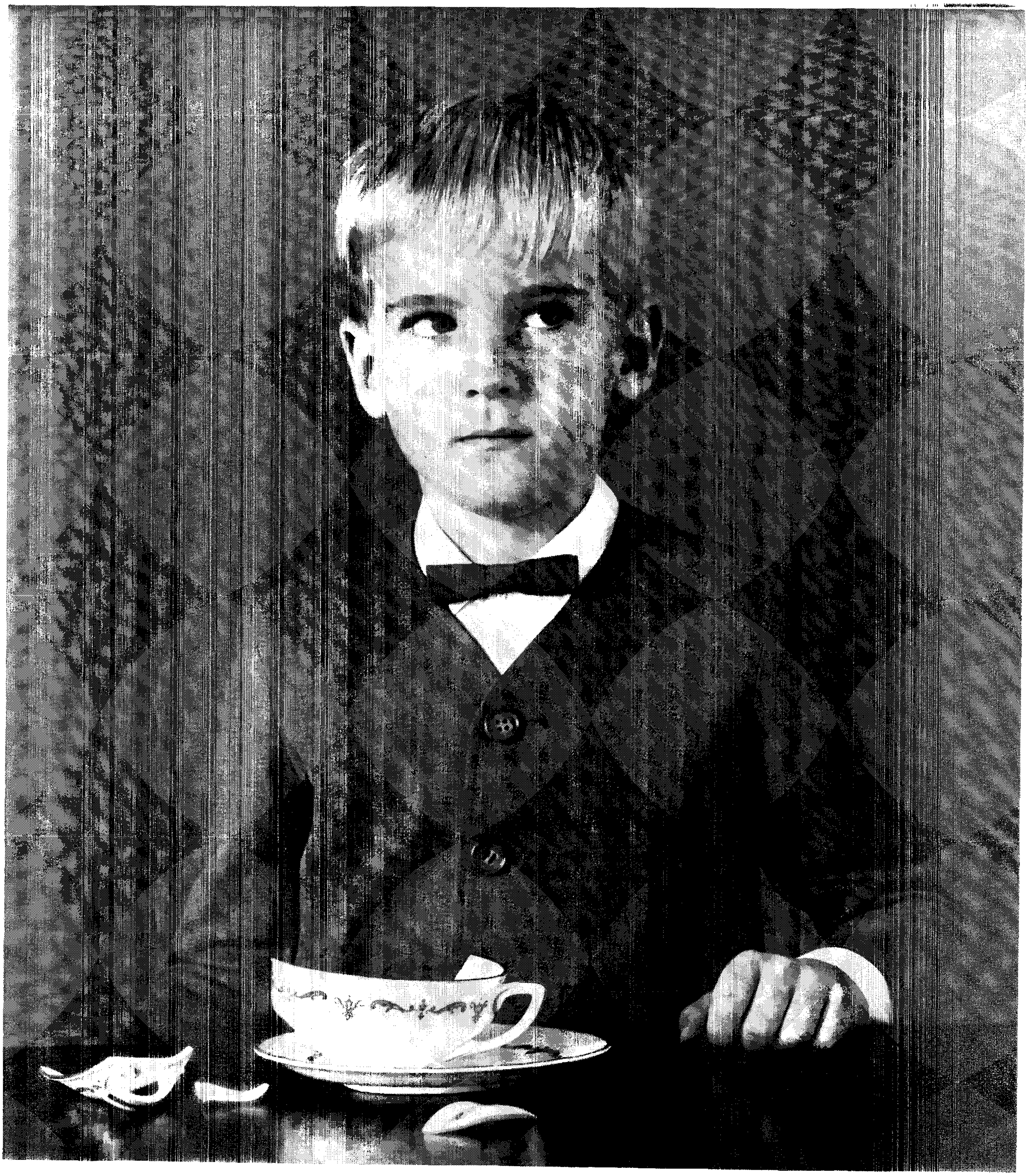

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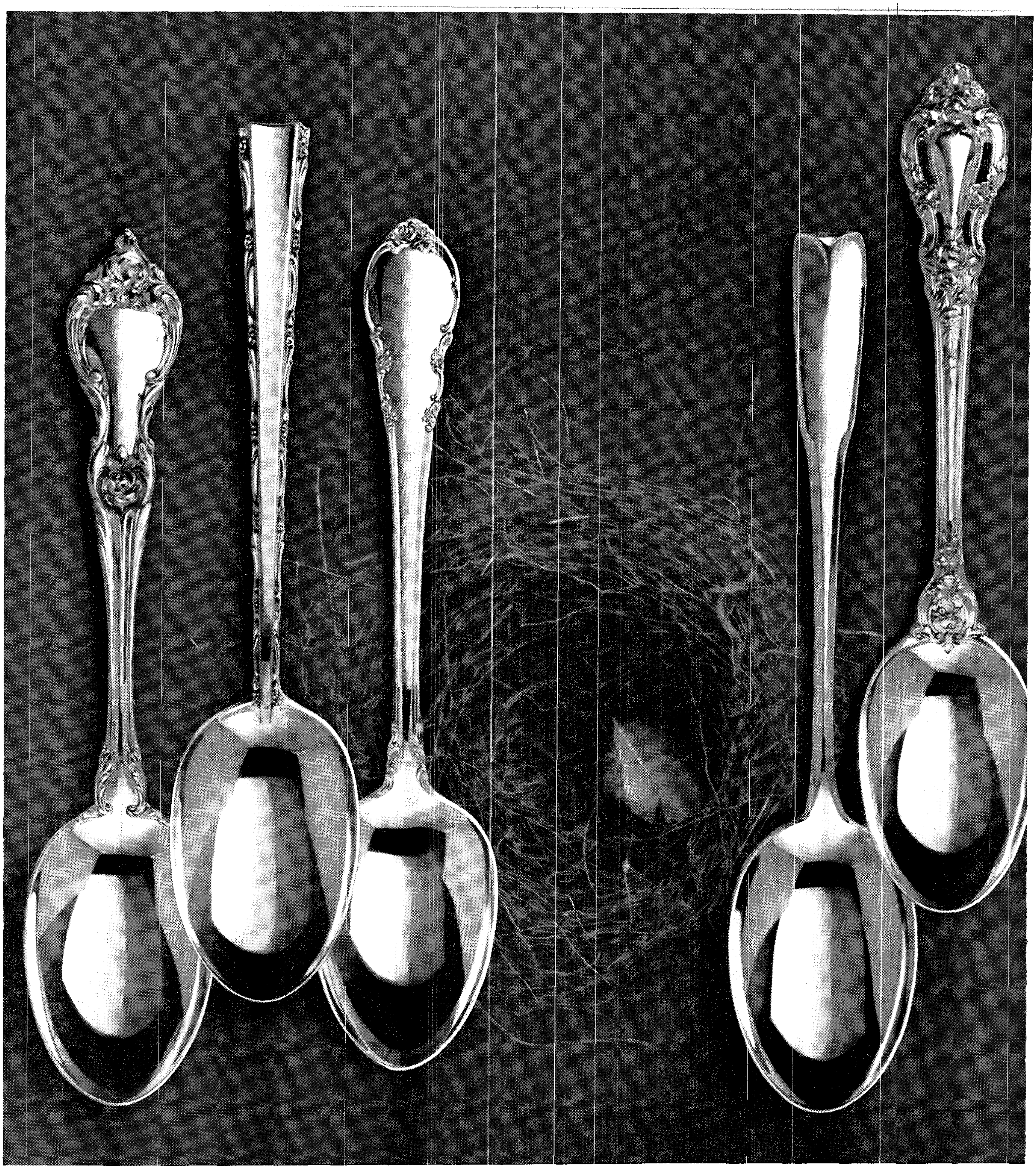

LEFT TO RIGHT: ALEXANDRA, MADRIGAL, MODERN VICTORIAN, COLONIAL THEME, AND ELOQUENCE

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After all, what less does daddy's darling deserve? It may take a bit of doing, but once you've given him the reasons he's sure to listen to reason. Remind him that for generations it's been the custom for the bride's parent to give her Sterling. Point out the fact that nothing he could give you will be more useful or cherished longer. Show him the mastery of Lunt design, the meticulous attention that's paid to the tiniest detail. Remind him that this is lasting solid silver that someday his grandchildren will use with pride. Point out that as it grows more beautiful through years of use it will keep reminding you of him. Show him how many ways Lunt Sterling makes sense...elegant, tasteful sense. And then don't forget to give him a big kiss.

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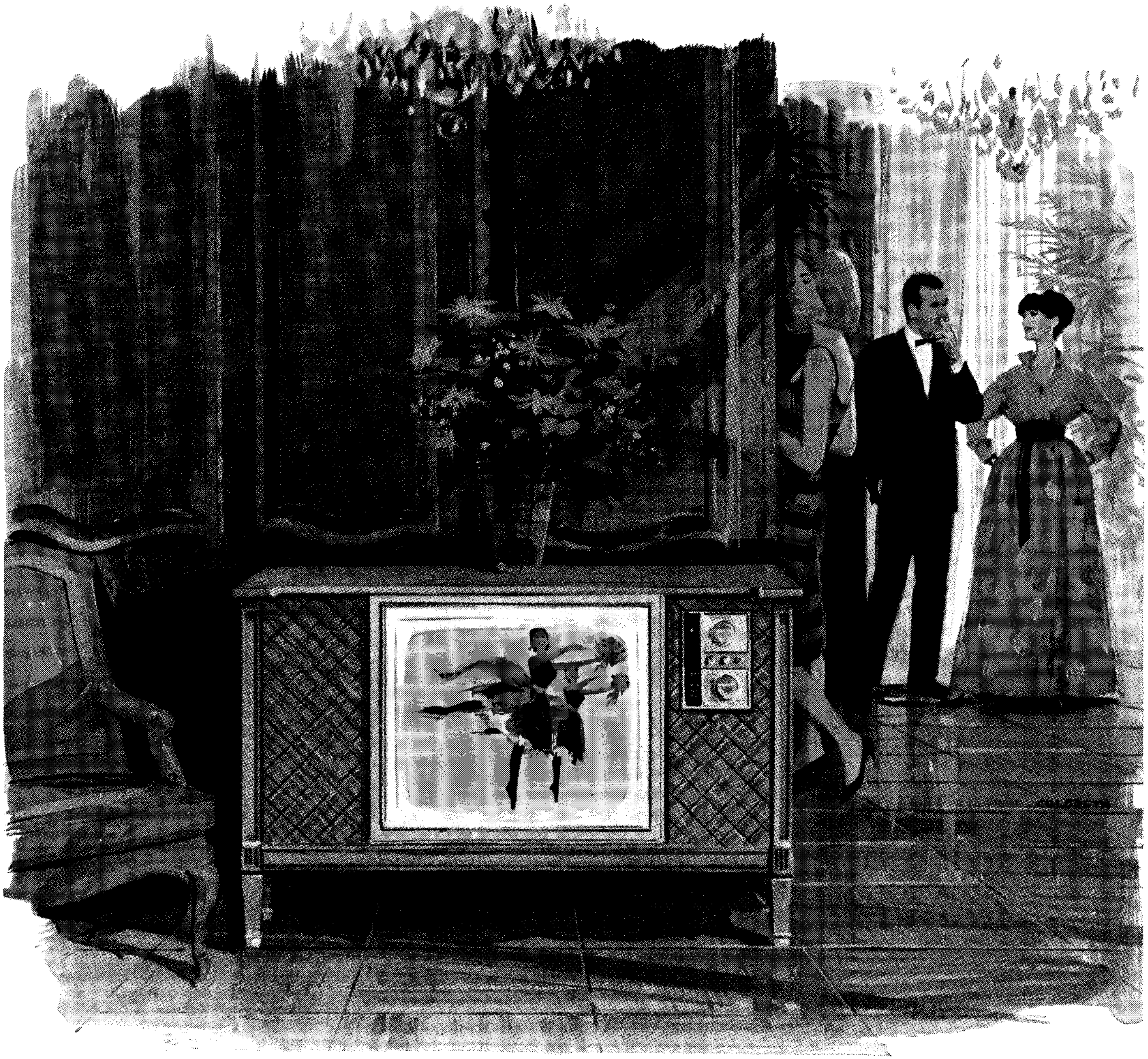

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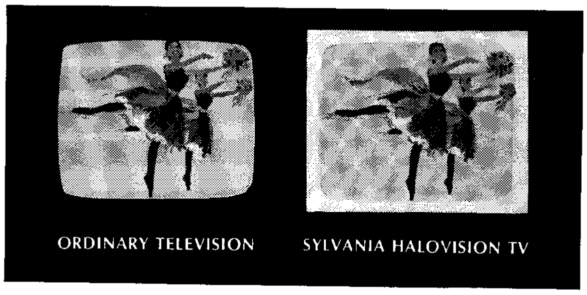
Sylvania TV inspires pride. In the way it performs. In the way it looks. The model shown is Italian Provincial, authentic in every detail. Genuine Cherry veneers, selected solids. Look for your Sylvania Dealer in the Yellow Pages. Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, N.Y.



Look at Sylvania Halovision for the only visibly better picture in TV today. Halovision adds extra dimension to pictures. Softens contrast between the screen and a darkened room. Makes pictures easier to watch. And it looks like any other beautiful TV when it's off!

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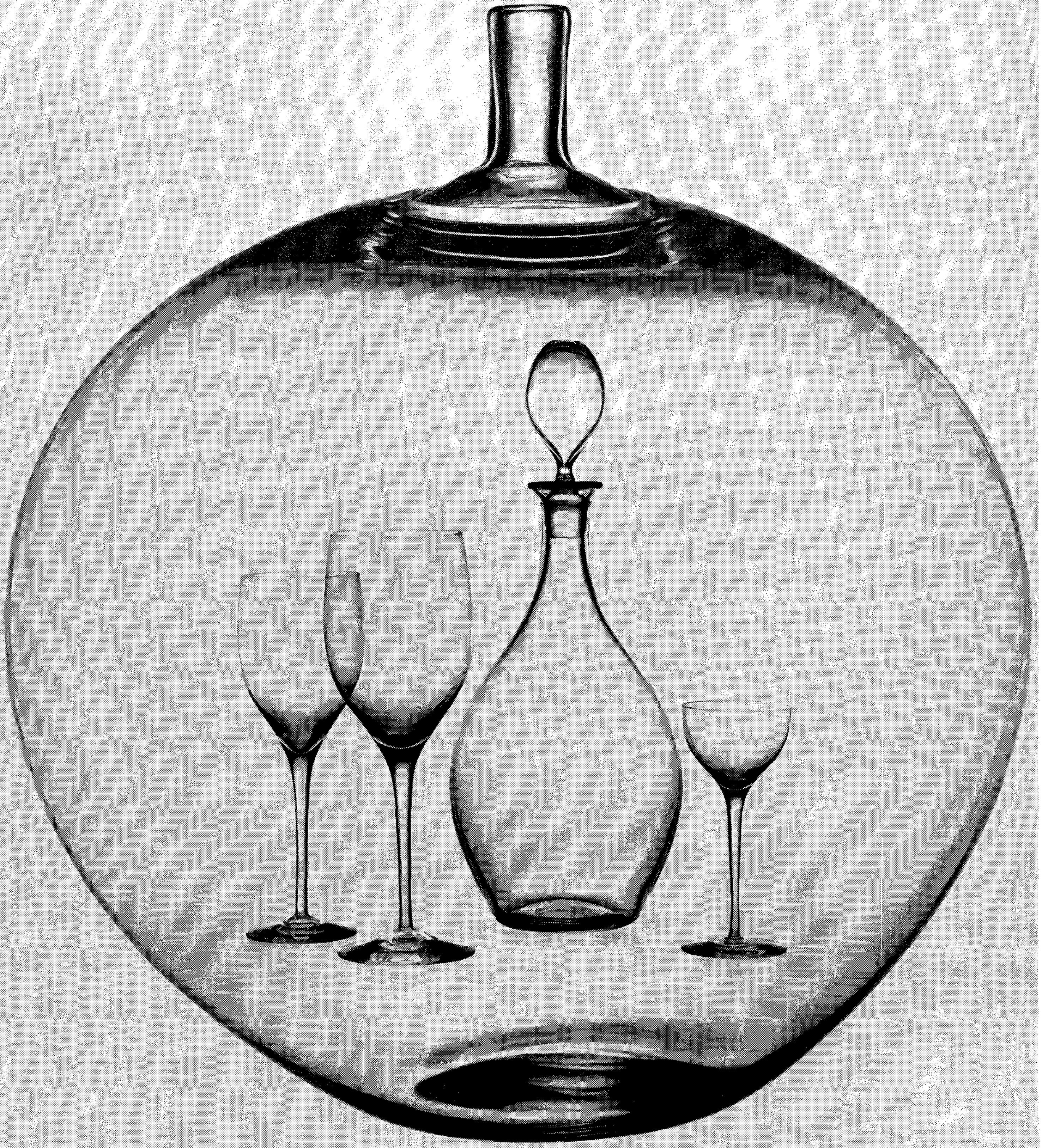

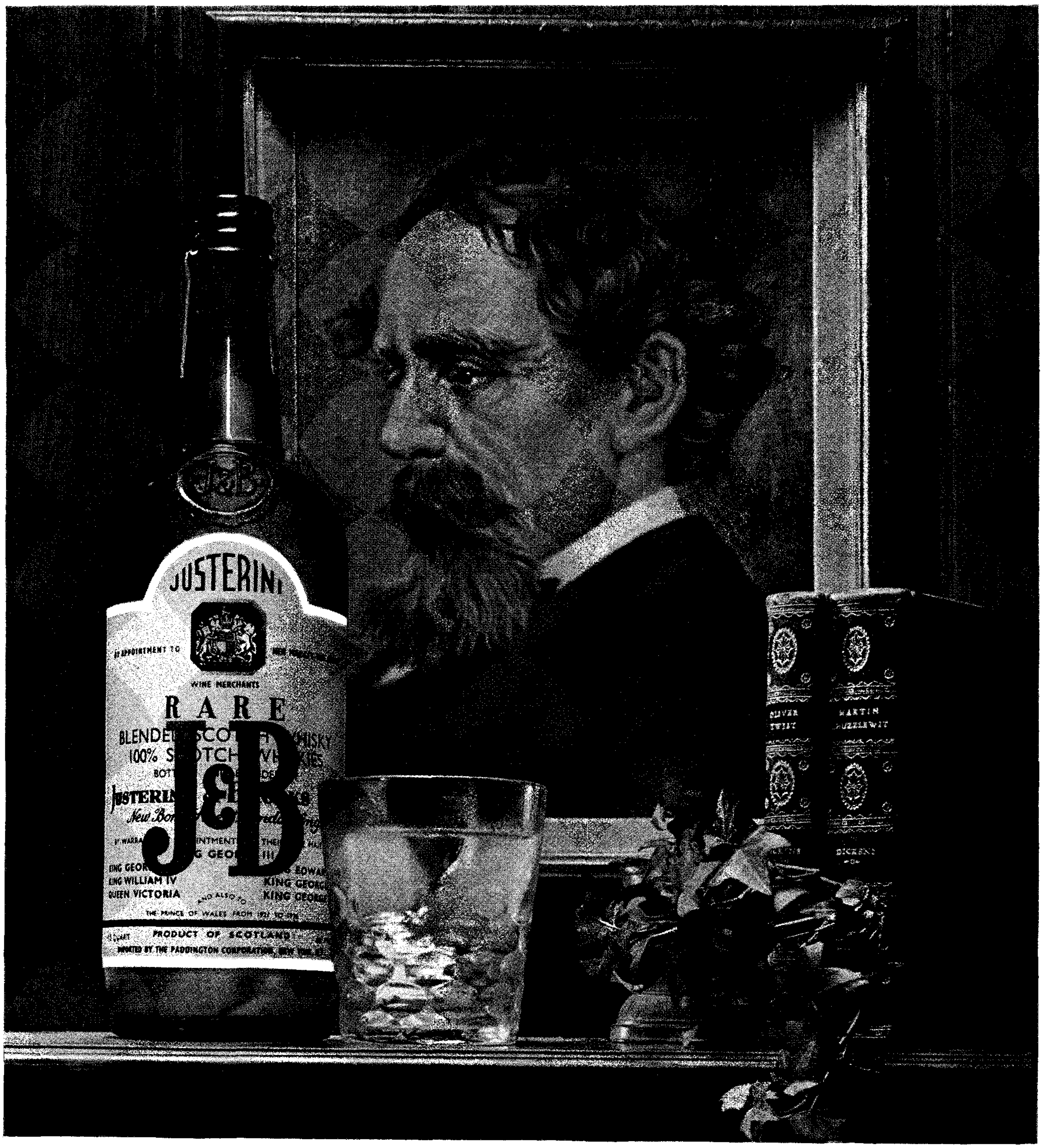
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"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put it to my lips when I am so dispoged."

— from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

For more than two centuries, history's great and near-great, including the immortal Charles Dickens, have looked to the house of Justerini & Brooks for the finest in wines and spirits. The discerning today also turn to J&B for the memorable in scotch whisky. Try J&B Rare yourself. Flavour unsurpassed.

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THE MORE YOU LAUNDER THIS IMPORTED BROADCLOTH, THE SILKIER IT GETS. IN STRIPES OF ASSORTED COLORS. ABOUT $9.00

Hathaway smuggles over a suave new collar from London

STROLL down London's Savile Row. You will notice that all the best-dressed men are wearing collars with *distinctly longer points*. And for good reason.

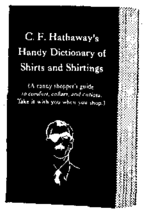
Long points are far more urbane and distinguished than fussy little collars. They make a man's face seem *leaner*. And they look extremely smart with today's slim suits.

Hathaway's overseas fashion scout was most impressed by these new collars. Disguised as an ordinary customer, he obtained several of them and smuggled them up to Maine. There, our designers added some touches of their own. You see the result above: the *London Polo* collar.

Its sides are slightly *curved* to sit snugly on your shoulders. This makes the collar feel more comfortable—and it gets rid of the awful buckling that occurs with some straight-sided collars.

Another godsend: you will find that all Hathaway shirts are tapered at the waist—so your midsection always looks impeccably smooth, trim and tidy.

For names of stores and this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.



"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.

American Airlines announces "Astrovision"

(a new entertainment system for movies, TV, stereo music)

Astrovision is a first-run movie. Astrovision is local television. Astrovision is stereo music. Astrovision is even wonderful silence: just turn it off to read, work or rest.

MGM & SEVEN ARTS PRESENT THE JOHN HUSTON—RAY STARK PRODUCTION "NIGHT OF THE IGUANA" STARRING RICHARD BURTON, AVA GARDNER, DEBORAH KERR AND SUE LYON.

Astrovision is a personal entertainment system that offers you first-run movies; local television; and even special programs of stereophonic music.

(You can turn on the music any time you wish and adjust your headset's volume as you prefer. Your neighbor can go right on watching the movie.)

Astrovision sets are mounted in the seats in First Class (one for every two passengers) and on the overhead shelf in our Royal Coachman section (one set for every nine passengers).

We might add that we did not make this move to Astrovision hastily. The first system we considered was the traditional big screen. We discarded this, feeling it might make our passengers a captive audience.

(Astrovision, with its smaller screen and choice of entertainment, will not intrude, and never needs a darkened cabin. After all, a number of our passengers are businessmen with work to do.)

Astrovision is already available on selected transcontinental flights, and on many of our other Astrojet routes as well.

We have even more plans for Astrovision; such as live television shots of your take-off and approach.

Why don't you come up and see it sometime?

American Airlines

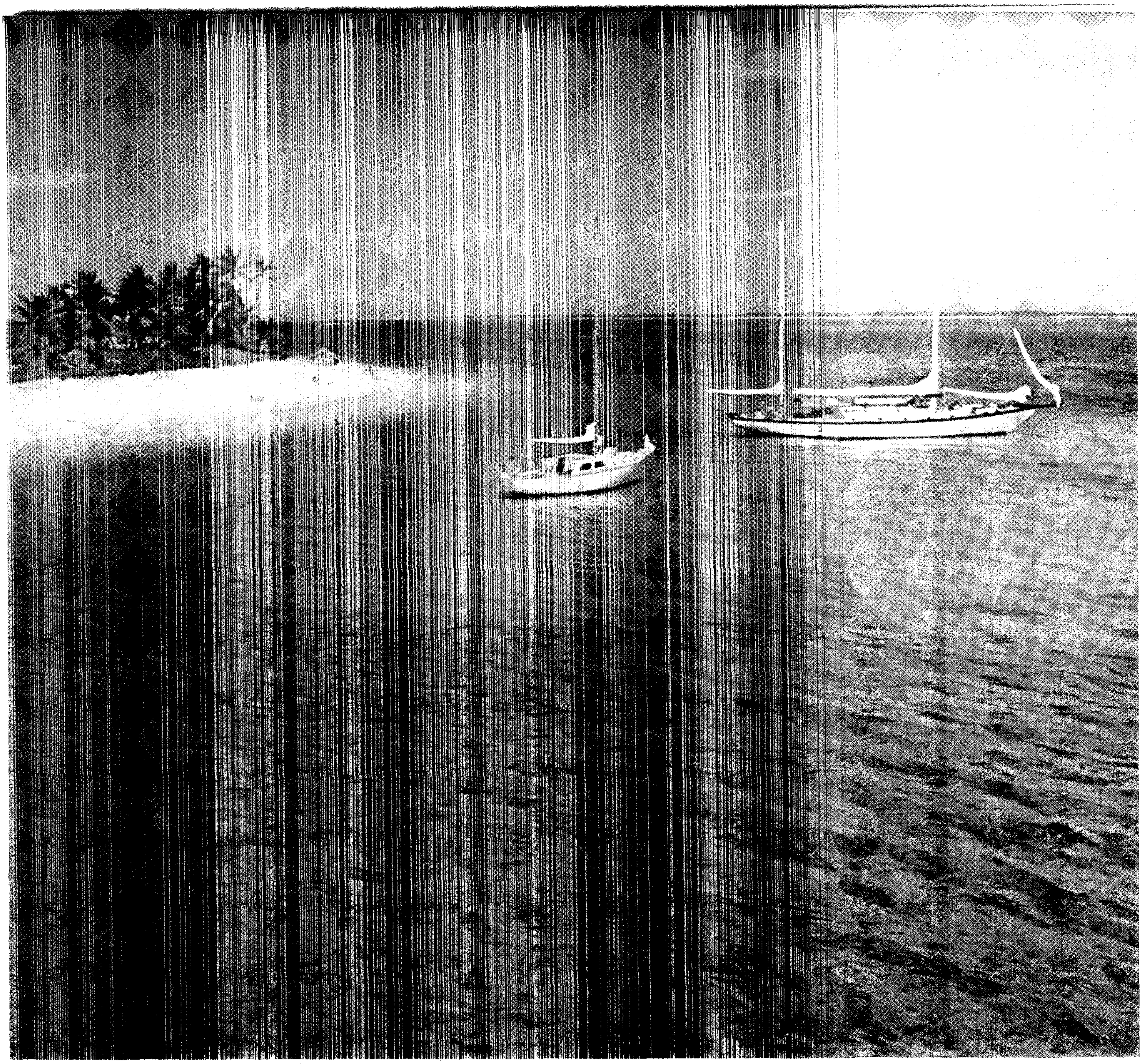
ASTROJET AND ASTROVISION ARE SERVICE MARKS OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Which one costs $3995?

The car on top is a Ferrari. The car in the middle, an Aston Martin. Both cost over $10,000 and they're worth every penny of it. The car on the bottom is a Volvo 1800S. It costs $3995.* And we think it's worth a lot more. Like the other two, it has disc brakes, 4-speed synchromesh gearbox with optional overdrive, live rear axle, independent front suspension, precise steering, complete instrumentation including tachometer, European styling and coach work. Or as Road & Track magazine put it, "The 1800S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay." Next time you have a dull moment on your hands, go to your nearest Volvo dealer and drive the 1800S. It'll liven up your day.

VOLVO

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price East and Gulf Coast POE. West Coast POE slightly higher. Overseas delivery available. See the Yellow Pages for the dealer nearest you.



Off Sandy Cay, near Nassau. Photograph by Ozzie Sweet.

A world apart—just 2½ hours from New York

You'd expect this small and flawless island to be miles off the beaten track. In the South Seas, probably. It is, in fact, one of the islands of the Bahamas. Nassau, their natural gateway, is just 2½ hours from New York by air. Or you can spend a relaxing weekend sailing there by cruise ship.

For all of their proximity, the islands and cays of the Bahamas are refreshingly unspoiled. There are curves of beach that will carry no footprints but your own. A sea of fathomless clarity laps their sands, and gentle trade breezes brush the palms.

Along many such shorelines you will find informal, sophisticated inns where you can be as easy-going as the Bahamians, as international as the Bahamas. And from now through December 15, you'll pay about one-third less for their summery accommodations.

This is the time to think about your vacation in the Bahamas. You can begin by writing for helpful brochures to the Bahamas Ministry of Tourism, Dept. KA, 620 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10020 or call PL 7-1611. Then be sure to see your Travel Agent. He'll tell you that you won't even have to bother with passports or visas.

BY SEA: From New York–The S.S. Homeric sails Saturdays at 4 P.M. 7-day cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau) from $155. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10004 . . . **From Miami**–The S.S. Bahama Star sails each Monday and Friday at 5 P.M. 3-day weekend cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau) from $59. 4-day cruises from $69. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami, Fla. 33101.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

Resort Islands of the Bahamas

Why has Mary Bates stopped seeing Sam Yee on Friday nights?

Let's face it. Something's come between M.B. and Sam.

A new Hoover Compact Washer/Spin Dryer.

She would have bought one a lot sooner but it's new to New York. Hoover just began selling them in this country. But they're big in England. In fact, they're already a household word in 17 languages.

Mary wouldn't part with hers. She loves to roll it around her apartment. Especially into the kitchen or bath. She usually stores it in a closet. It's that compact. But most of all, she loves the way it washes, rinses, and spin-drys a 6-pound load of laundry in just 6 minutes—and as good as she's ever seen.

Mary thinks every apartment dweller in New York should have a new Hoover Compact Washer/Spin Dryer. No more damp cellars. No more hungry coin washers. And no more trudging off to a Chinese laundry.

Sam Yee?

Well, he thought of opening a Chinese restaurant.

Either that or the Sam Yee Hoover Compact Washer/Spin Dryer store.

HOOVER

The Hoover Company
North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ontario.

One is man's best friend.
The other is a woman's.*
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AUTOMATIC WATER SOFTENER
*After diamonds, that is

We are making quite a concession when we admit that a woman might prefer *anything* to our soft water. Look at it this way. The average homemaker has her hands in water a jillion times a day. If she's using harsh detergents, it's a real tip-off that she's fighting hard water. By installing a Culligan, all her household water is filtered and softened automatically. It's as smooth and silky-soft as rain. It's perfect for bathing, shampooing, dishes, laundering—every single use involving water. Are you a woman? Do you have hard water? Do you have a husband? Have him call and say, "Hey Culligan Man!" Even *his* best friend will be glad.

Automatic Models. You can buy them, and we rent them.

Portable Exchange Service. No investment, popular rates.

See Culligan featured in the Dorothy Draper Dream Home at the New York World's Fair

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The Peck & Peck Girl loves the dash of Peugeot Red

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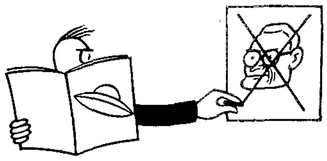
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

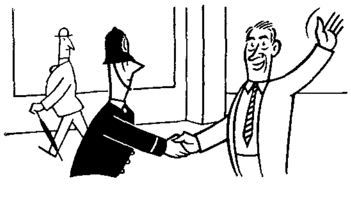
ONE might assume that this Presidential campaign would pose few problems for eccentrics and cranks, but that does not appear to be so. At any rate, Mr. James W. Moseley, of *Saucer News*, a publication for believers in flying saucers, was disconcerted to discover that a majority of its polled readers do not favor Barry Goldwater for President. “It’s a surprise,” Mr. Moseley observed in an editorial, “because Senator Goldwater has been on record as believing in flying saucers since 1957.” A further touch of confusion was added to our day with the thrusting into our hands, by a radiantly smiling woman on Fifth Avenue, of a flier that began:



> Warning!
>
> Do You Know That the Communists Are Blending Poisons Into Food, Beverages, and Tobacco? These Poisons Simulate Heart Attack, Cancer, Stroke, Etc.

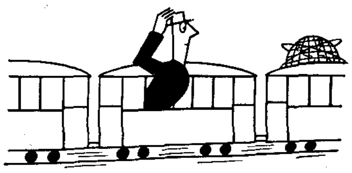
The leaflet went on to accuse J. Edgar Hoover of having led the Russian Revolution to victory and of hatching treason against the government of this country. It observed that “the following Communists are all alive and hibernating,” the ensuing list being headed by Adolf Hitler, and concluded, with what struck us as a very modest understatement, considering the premises, that “the Communists are indeed ‘The Masters of Deceit.’ ” When we managed to raise our eyes from this stupefactive manifesto, our disintegration was completed by an unspeakably grim little old lady who was clutching one of the leaflets and fairly declaiming to a companion, “You see how they operate? They put a headline on it to make you sympathetic, but all they really want to do is say those terrible things about J. Edgar.” It is hard to remember an election in which the bedfellows that politics makes have been so very strange.

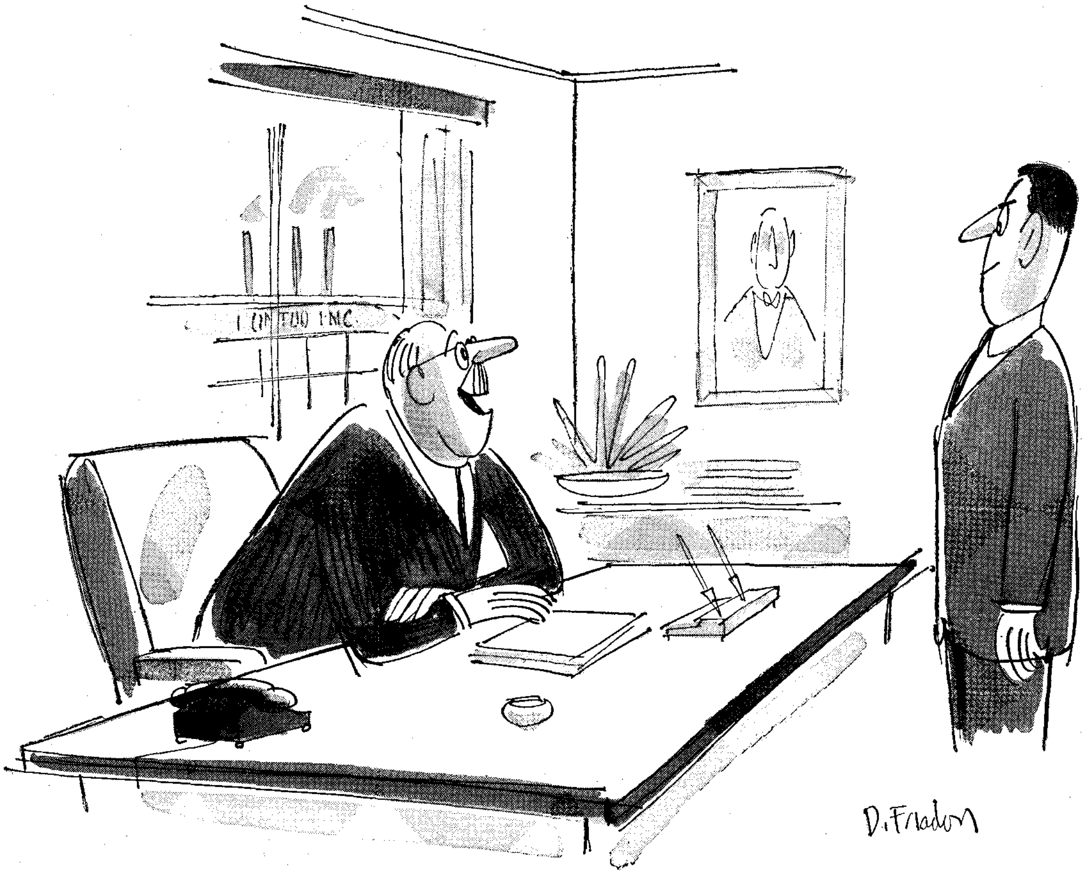
THE simple handshake, one of the basic rituals of greeting, is capable of a number of variations, particularly in an election year. This was brought to our consideration by a photograph we saw in a morning newspaper a couple of weeks ago, in which Ambassador (now Presidential Envoy) Lodge was shown being greeted in London by a bobby. For all that the meeting had probably been rigged by an enterprising news cameraman, the bobby was playing it straight. A young fellow, pleasant-faced and neatly put together, he was paying no attention to the camera focussed on both of them. He was leaning forward a little and looking straight at Lodge as he stretched out his hand, and his whole attitude was decently man-to-man. Envoy Lodge’s attitude was slightly more complex, as was his position in the affair, but he met the challenge capably. It is naturally unthinkable for a politico—most notably a candidate for office—to *look* at a person he is shaking hands with. He may grin, he may smile, he may mug as much as he wishes, but never at the handshakee. He may wave his free hand and open his mouth in apparently joyous greeting, but always at the camera. Former Governor Dewey, we recall, was an expert at this maneuver, and Governor Rockefeller has refined it to the point where he can simultaneously greet a well-wisher, grin at the camera, and munch appreciatively on a bagel. Mr. Lodge, however, though in some sense a politico, is not a candidate for office, and, as we’ve said, he met the complex situation admirably—or, like the seasoned diplomat that he is, in a spirit of bold, uncompromising compromise. He didn’t look at the bobby, but he didn’t look at the camera, either. The news photo showed him smiling benignly, if a trifle uneasily, with his gaze fixed at an angle of almost precisely forty-five degrees, or halfway between the two.



Ceremonies

FROM time to time, we think with alarm of all the World’s Fair cornerstone layings, dedication ceremonies, and official openings we have been missing, and so, on a hot, sunny day recently, we put on our World’s Fair shoes, leaped aboard the fastest Long Island Rail Road train we could find, and rushed over to the Transportation Area of the Fair to join City Council President Paul Screvane, Mayor Robert Wagner, Fair President Robert Moses, and the Stewart Air Force Base Band at the official dedication of the Hall of Science. The Hall of Science is one of the few permanent structures now standing in Flushing Meadow, and is the first of a series of Halls that are to be built on the site, filled with scientific exhibits, and called the New York City Museum of Science and Technology. The dedication ceremony was being held outdoors, south of the Hall of Science, a wavy-walled reinforced-concrete building with small panes of dark-blue glass set into it; three workmen were peering down





“I like you, young man! I like the way you close your mind to new ideas!”

• •

from the roof, and people were drifting into the lower level to visit some exhibits already in place down there.

The Stewart Air Force Base Band played “The Star-Spangled Banner,” after which the guests sat down and mopped their brows, but an honor guard of Boy Scouts carrying American and World’s Fair flags continued to stand at attention. Up on the dais, while Mayor Wagner frowned and Mr. Moses sighed and looked patient, Mr. Screvane, acting as master of ceremonies, went to the podium and said that none of us could afford to be illiterate in the language of science, and then introduced Mario J. Cariello, Borough President of Queens. Mr. Cariello said he was very much pleased to have the permanent science center in Queens, and thanked a long list of people, including “residents of the world and outer space.” Next, Mr. Screvane read a telegram from Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert regretting that he couldn’t be present, and introduced the administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, James E. Webb. Mr. Webb was happy about the science center, he said, because it was important for New Yorkers to understand that “the world of science is a world of accumulated knowledge, not a world of magic or mystery,” and not “separated by some mystique from our humanitarian traditions.” A man arriving late sank into the seat to our left and said, “It’s a little warm here. What’s going on, anyway?” Meanwhile, George Bunker, president of the Martin Marietta Corporation, had announced that the company had donated an exhibit called “Rendezvous in Space” to the Hall of Science. Mr. Screvane now thanked him, thanked Wallace Harrison, the architect of the Hall, and thanked the City Council and the Board of Estimate, and then introduced Mr. Moses, who, in his speech, mentioned Democritus of Abdera, Willard Gibbs, Albert Einstein, and Robert Browning. When Mr. Moses had sat down again, Mr. Screvane thanked the head of the Transportation Area, Guy Tozzoli, and thanked and introduced the Mayor. Mr. Wagner declared that the progress of the Museum of Science and Technology filled him with pride and satisfaction, and, after a reference to Galileo’s troubles, went on to say that the central question of our age was what the relationship ought to be between mankind and science.

The guests were presently ushered into the Hall of Science for a preview of “Rendezvous in Space,” which consisted of a short film featuring photographs taken from various space capsules, comments by Danny Thomas, and snatches of the choral movement of Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony, followed by the rendezvous, with sound effects, of two model space vehicles eighty feet overhead. The moral of the exhibit—that the exploration of space is both exciting and inevitable—appeared to satisfy the preview audience, which headed up the Avenue of Transportation to the Terrace Club for lunch.

AT midnight that night, we passed by the Pavilion of Paris, a collection of more or less French exhibits that has been on the verge of opening since last spring, and found a tall, thin man, who introduced himself as George Plimpton, overseeing the construction of a kiosk, where, he explained, copies of the *Paris Review*, of which he is the editor, would be sold. Mr. Plimpton, keeping an eye on a small group of editorial assistants who had accompanied him to the Fair and who were unloading merchandise from a station wagon and writing prices on French posters by the light of passing Fair garbage trucks, said he thought there might be a dedication ceremony or two at about five in the morning, but he doubted whether the Mayor or Mr. Moses would be there.

A FEW days later, we returned to the Transportation Area and to the Terrace Club, where the contents of the 1964-65 Westinghouse Time Capsule were to be revealed. All summer, we were told, a committee presided over by Dr. Leonard Carmichael, a former secretary of the Smithsonian Institution who is now vice-president for research and exploration of the National Geographic Society, had been selecting items for the Capsule that were typical of life since 1939, when the first Capsule was buried in Flushing Meadow. The forty-four objects chosen were spread out on a table in the Terrace Club, and, in addition to microfilm and tape recordings meant to provide archeologists of the future with more than enough information about the way we’re living these days, there were a Diners’ Club card, a ball-point pen, a bottle of aureomycin, a packet of birth-control pills, a pocket radiation monitor, a piece of Scott Carpenter's Aurora VII spacecraft, a Beatles record, and a large-size, conservative blue-and-white checked bikini. The committee and Westinghouse, Dr. Carmichael explained, were reasonably certain that there would be people around in five thousand years similar to the ones who are around now, and that, having made use of the necessary directions and instructions filed in libraries and monasteries all over the world, they would be delighted with the two Time Capsules. Gabe Pressman, who arrived while Dr. Carmichael was speaking, led a cameraman up to the table and tried to drape the bikini photogenically over the Capsule that was lying there. We accepted a drink offered us by a Westinghouse man, and promised to return to the Fair in October, 1965, for the ceremonies in honor of the burial of the Capsule.

Automation

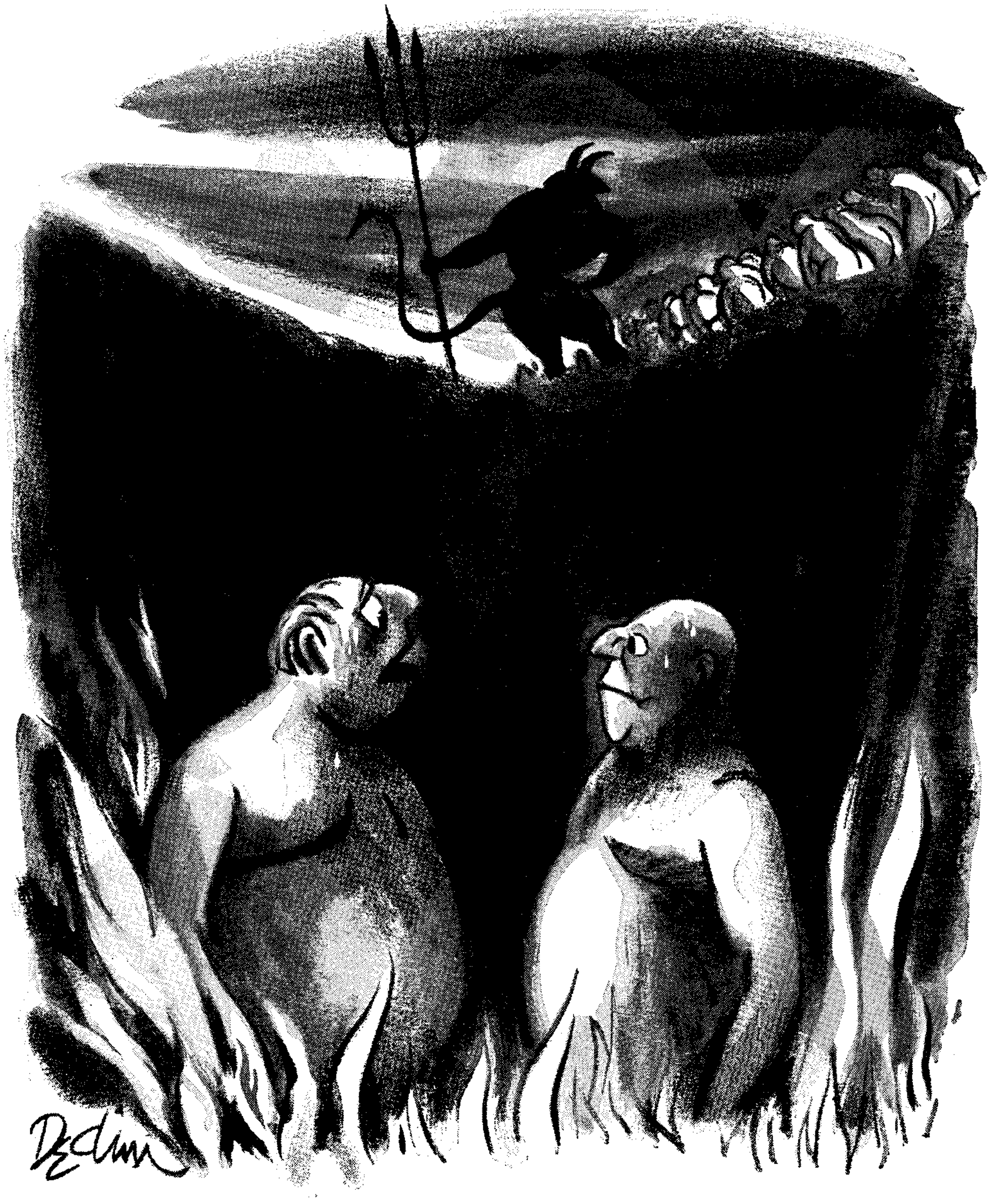
A WOMAN we know who is just back from a vacation in Naples has reported an unsettling change in the Neapolitan street scene. Observing an itinerant musician who was walking up and down in front of a popular café and doing a thumping business, she admired, as she had often done before, the native talent for playing on musical instruments, and then suddenly realized that the only instrument in the fellow's possession was a transistor radio.

Many Colors

THE leaves are turning exceptionally early this year, thanks in part to a very cool August and in part to the prolonged drought, and in order to keep our mind off the sadness of autumn we've been seeking the answer to a question that has long pleasantly perplexed us: Why do leaves change color, anyway? It turns out that while botanists agree on *how* leaves change color, they're at odds over why, some holding that the change works an obscure benefit to the trees, others holding that the change is a meaningless chemical accident, and still others holding that nobody knows a blessed thing about the subject. Not surprisingly, the how of the change hinges on pigmentation. The leaf of any deciduous tree contains a number of different pigments, which, though they make up less than one per cent of the weight of a fresh leaf, manage to color it thoroughly. The chlorophylls, which are the most important group of pigments, give leaves their characteristic green color throughout the summer, and a second group of pigments, the carotenoids, give leaves their yellow and orange hues in autumn. The carotenoids consist of xanthophylls, which also give daffodils their yellow color, and carotenes, which give carrots, for example, their— well, their carrot color. Oddly, there are more carotenoids in the green leaves of midsummer than in the yellow leaves of fall. The explanation is that in summer they're hidden by the chlorophylls, which, being less stable than the carotenoids, break down into brown compounds with the onset of cold weather. Since the sturdy carotenoids are always present in green leaves and are nearly always revealed before the leaf falls, yellow is the most common autumn color. It is especially fetching in the leaves of such trees as birches, tulip trees, aspens, and ginkgoes.

The reds and purples to be found in autumn leaves are produced by a third group of pigments, known as the anthocyanins, which are usually not present in leaves during the summer. The anthocyanins are in the epidermis of the leaf, and many of them change color according to the acidity of the cell sap. When the deeper-seated carotenoids are overlaid by reddish or bluish anthocyanins, a bright red results, as in the leaves of the sugar maple and the red maple. On the assumption that you have the chlorophylls, the carotenoids, and the anthocyanins well in hand, let us march boldly on to a fourth group of pigments, the brown tannins, which blend with the xanthophylls to produce the yellow-golds and gold-browns of beech and oak leaves.

Although in most trees anthocyanins



"It certainly came as a surprise to me that stealing an account from another agency would be classified as a *sin**."*

are formed only in the fall, such trees as the purple-leafed plum and the Japanese maple produce them in summer as well, and the anthocyanins mask the chlorophylls even then. Some trees, among them hickories and poplars, lack the genetic know-how to produce substantial quantities of anthocyanins, and their leaves are therefore nothing like as showy as those of the dogwood, sweet gum, sour gum, and sumac. The synthesis of the anthocyanins is extremely sensitive to outside influences. The same red maple will vary considerably in color from one fall to the next, depending on its health and the state of the weather. Temperatures of from thirty-two degrees to forty-five degrees, especially after sundown, encourage the conversion of starches to sugars, and a high concentration of sugar in leaf cells, in turn, encourages the formation of anthocyanins, so our current record-breaking cool weather may lead to some record-breakingly bright reds hereabouts. (At one time, it was thought that frost was required to produce bright leaf colors, but the truth is that a hard frost early in the fall tends to destroy the carotenoids and prevent the formation of anthocyanins, so that leaves turn a dull brown.)

The famously vivid fall that we enjoy here in the Northeast is a result not only of our brisk weather but of our notable assortment of deciduous trees. There are only three large areas of temperate deciduous forests on earth—one in eastern North America, one in East Asia, and one in central Europe, including France, Germany, and some of England. Europe, however, has comparatively few species of trees, and its damp, mild, cloudy autumn weather does little for their leaves. In the best Yankee tradition, the beauty of Yankee autumns has been made a source of Yankee profit. Every fall, every Northeastern state has press agents touting the superlative color of its leaves (last year, for example, Pennsylvania boasted, "In Pennsylvania, 123 species of trees stage the greatest display of fall foliage to be seen in the world"), and many states issue bulletins, for tourists, reporting on the progress of the autumn colors—"Just beginning," "At height," "Still colorful," and "Gone by." Every fall, too, we can count on autumn-leaf editorials in the daily press. The *Times'* autumn-leaf editorial is always a stunner. Last year, it read, in part, "Would you have rubies and garnets and carnelians? Know the woodbine, the dogwood, the swamp maple, the black cherry. Do you yearn for fire opals, sardonyx, topaz, or chalcedony? Seek out the black gum, the sassafras, the beech and the basswood. Does your taste run to sapphires and amethysts? Then go to . . ." We'd hate to try to top that one, but we're sure that if anyone can do it, it's the *Times.*

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THE following appears in the 1964 edition of *Poor's Register of Corporations, Directors, and Executives:* "Anthony J. Pizza Food Products Corp.: Chrm & Pres—Anthony J. Pizza; Exec V-P—Donald L. Pizza; V-P (Prod)—Richard E. Pizza. Directors include: Virginia M. Pizza. Products: Frozen pizza."

Gansevoort Pier

ON a beautiful Sunday afternoon a week or so ago, we wandered down to the banks of the North River for some West Side metropolitan sunshine and salt air. Near the Gansevoort Pier, a little below Thirteenth Street, we noticed four New Yorkers carefully sudsing and hosing their cars, and when we walked out onto the pier itself, we found no fewer than forty people, in varicolored dress and in various attitudes of repose, lounging in a big, ragged circle around a straw-hatted, red-faced, amiable-looking man, who appeared to be singing. As the wind shifted slightly, we realized that he *was* singing—a song called "Deadeye the Western Cowboy," to the tune of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer"—and after it was over, we learned from the singer that it was "an authentic folk song, which I collected among the Cub Scouts." The singer turned out to be Ed Blair, a linguist and part-time poet, and the loungers turned out to be part- and full-time poets who meet informally on the pier each Sunday afternoon when the weather holds, to read from their own works or from the works of other poets they admire.

The group had members of all ages, shapes, and sizes, and at the outer edge of the pier were three people who were clearly non-members—two Puerto Rican boys and a towheaded lad, who were baiting fishhooks with sandworms in the hope of catching eels, perhaps, or tommycod, or even striped bass. On a sawhorse that had inexplicably been placed at the shore end of the pier, the names Infante and Joe were painted in large, wobbly letters; to the right of the sawhorse an ice-cream vender was doing a brisk business in popsicles. A neighboring pier displayed a ten-foot pile of multicolored garbage, topped by the large, rusting carapace of a 1957 Chevrolet. Sandals, boots, sneakers, baseball caps, prams, dogs, rainbow stripes, babies, flowered prints, checked shirts, khaki trousers, sunglasses, and milk containers were scattered in profusion among the loungers.

Mr. Blair followed his song with a reading of a poem by Woody Guthrie, but neither seemed in any way to inhibit conversation on the pier.

"Are you out of your mind?" said an ample lady in a black dirndl to an ample lady in a flowered sheath. "You come to the pier for shade? You are not well. You are very not well."

"Anyone got a rubber band, so a poet can recite?" asked a bearded young man in a T shirt and khakis. Someone gave him a piece of string, and he tied his glasses behind his head and walked away.

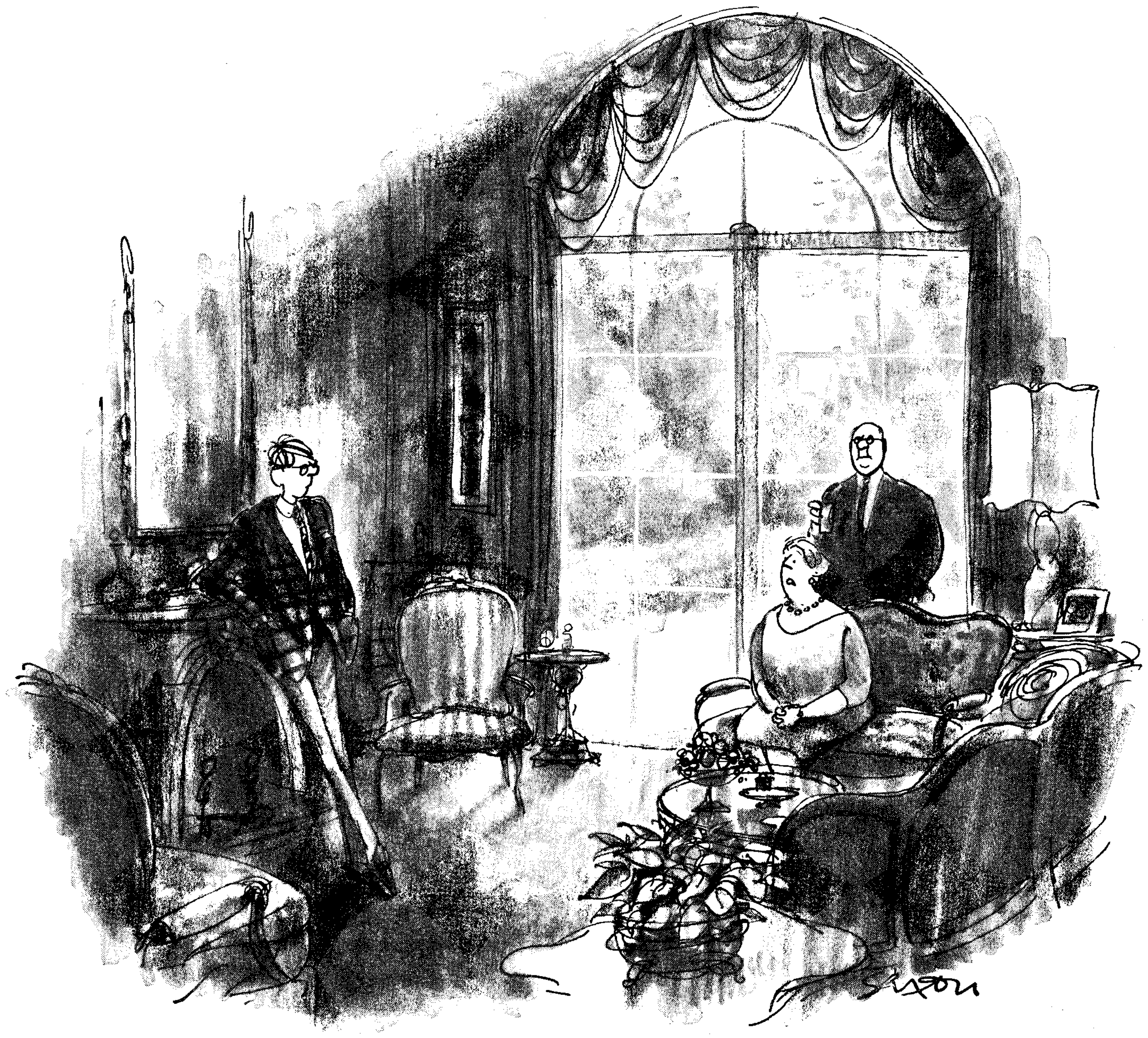
"I miss the ferryboat, damn it," said an aging man to no one in particular.

"Shut up or I'll punch you in the mouth," said one of the fishing boys to a little girl who had not said anything at all.

When Mr. Blair sat down, to scattered applause, he was succeeded by Mrs. Rissa Korsun, who gave an impassioned recitation of "Yossel, der Wassertraeger," which she said was a short story by Sholom Aleichem. Toward the middle of Mrs. Korsun's story, a red-haired teen-ager arrived on an English bicycle ornamented with raccoon tails. He dropped his bicycle loudly near the middle of the pier, and was scolded by an elderly man in a green plaid golfing cap for making so much noise.

Mrs. Korsun was succeeded, in her turn, by Mrs. Dolores Giles, who apologized briefly for not having prepared any humorous verse that week, and delivered an intensely serious "Ode to

Albert Hubbell



"It seems to your father and me that if Mr. Eisenhower can be a good sport about Goldwater, so can you."

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Ringo," with whom she claimed to have fallen hopelessly in love.

Mrs. Giles was followed by Will Inman, the young man in the T shirt and piece of string, who began to read something. It was altogether lost on the wind, and Mr. Blair said, "Try it the other way around, Will." Mr. Inman turned around, whereupon the words of "He Didn't Pay Me No Mind," an original ballad read in a Western dialect, became audible.

After Mr. Inman had finished, Miss Barbara Holland, ex-president of the Enjoyment of Poetry Club, which used to meet monthly in a room belonging to the Accro Construction Company, off the Bowery, read several sad poems, the last of which ended with the words "This is the end./ Go home."

However, Janet Codina, who works for Escape Shoes, on Fourteenth Street, ignored this command and read some verse parodies of television commercials. Her husband, Cicero Codina, read some selections from Dante, in Italian. An Oriental boy read a poem beginning, "I'm not saying it's black against white./ Or it's not black against white./ It is and it isn't." (A public fishing boat called Palace II went by, making a great deal of noise.) Someone read an original composition beginning, "With a gun, with a gun, with my bright and shining gun, I'll shoot you dead." And the man in the plaid golfing cap, who was introduced as Peader Nunan, an Irish patriot and the president of a poetry society that meets weekly in the back room of a Village bar, read a poem about nirvana and an "Ode to the Six Hour Work Week and Michael Quill." "A lot of your maladies arise from overwork," said Mr. Nunan apologetically. Three poets later, Mr. Blair called an intermission, and, hearing that there was to be another round of readings, by twenty poets, and glancing at the gathering twilight, and resolving to come again, we took Miss Holland's advice and went home.

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CONVERSATION overheard on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third, one portly chap to another:

"So I brought out all my big artillery and really let him have it—both barrels."

"You sold him?"

"You bet. Now all we're waiting for is a yes-or-no answer."

MORE FILM FUN

(TENTATIVE PROGRAM NOTES FOR STILL ANOTHER WEEK OF HIGH CINEMATIC ENTERTAINMENT, DRAWN UP AFTER A STUDY OF THE FESTIVAL NEWS FROM LINCOLN CENTER)

The Peapod Bowl ("Atafumu")

IN a dazzling, deeply significant switch from the decadent opulence that marked his "Deacon Watanabe and the Shower Clogs" and the rustic crudity of his "The Rice Splitter" (winner of the Grand Prix at the 1963 McKeesport Festival), Protubo Mitihara has gone to the contemporary half-world of the Osaka bowling alleys to bring us a disquieting, understated, and unlovely tale of a teen-age pinspotter who is suffering from a crisis of identity brought on by the threat of automation. The symbolism here (the round perfection of the bowling balls marred by ugly yet necessary finger holes) is pervasive yet never blatant. Henry Mancini has composed a brilliant score that combines the harsh thunder of falling tenpins with the classic tinkling dissonances of Japanese folk opera. You will especially remember the painful eleven-minute sequence, played in total silence and darkness, in which Zenzu Fumita, in the role of the hero's uncle, gropes for the light switch in the men's room.

Paddle Your Own Canoe ("Pas de le Rhône que Nous")

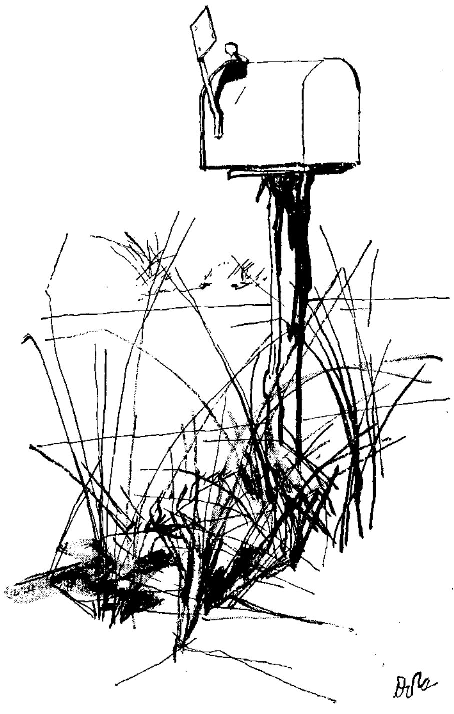
IT was inevitable, given the long Gallic fascination with *Le Far Ouest*, that Jean-Paul Luc would eventually fashion a film out of Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," but who would have guessed that his freehand cinematic translation would transform Chingachgook into a middle-aged, sexually repressed Michelin restaurant scout (Jean-Paul Poulenc), or that Natty Bumppo would emerge as Natalie Beaupré, a shy yet smoldering Girl Scout leader (Jeanne-Paule Morbideau) who loses first her compass and then her virginity during a hike in the Bois de Boulogne? This film, frankly prurient, never escapes into easy sentimentalism, and though some in the audience may be shocked by the filling-station scene or the episode of the *marrons glacés*, none will deny that Luc's cinematographic intelligence has brought us a fresh comprehension of the "innocence" of the great American woods.

Nibbles

THE National Film Board of Canada, which has been responsible for some of the best documentaries in recent years (its vivid "Hockey Puck Injuries" won second prize at the Ottawa Biennale), has surpassed itself with this unflinching study of nail-biting habits in a typical middle-income household. Although Director Tony Garwood and Producer Al Gurtch stick manfully to their subject while depicting, with brisk crosscutting, the slow decline of parental confidence suffered by teen-agers with low cuticle resistance, the real hero of the film is downtown Saskatoon, a *mise en scène* of surprising beauty and ambivalence. This masterpiece proves again that subject matter is no obstacle, and almost of no concern, to modern cinematic genius.

The Groans of Winter ("Vintersgrönen")

THIS rare print of Gunnar Malmstrom's much whispered-about early chef-d'œuvre offers a first chance for American audiences to see an uncut version of a film from the Swedish master's pre-religious period. The movie, which has been banned for eight years in Spain and Mobile, deals with the progressive alienation, aberration, and madness of a young Stockholm eel-sorter after he surprises his mother and his aged tutor together in a sauna bath. Shot mainly with a hand-held and defective 16-mm. camera, it contains crude, juvenile versions of Malmstrom's purposefully "tiresome" repeated symbols, juxtapositions, and allegorical leitmotivs, and as such is of inestimable cinematohistorical value. And, as Henry Miller has said, "This film is not *just* about lust and insanity. It is also a wet fish in the face to all those who would deny the delicacy of the human spirit."



Once Again Chapatties ("Chapatty, Chapatty, Chapatty")

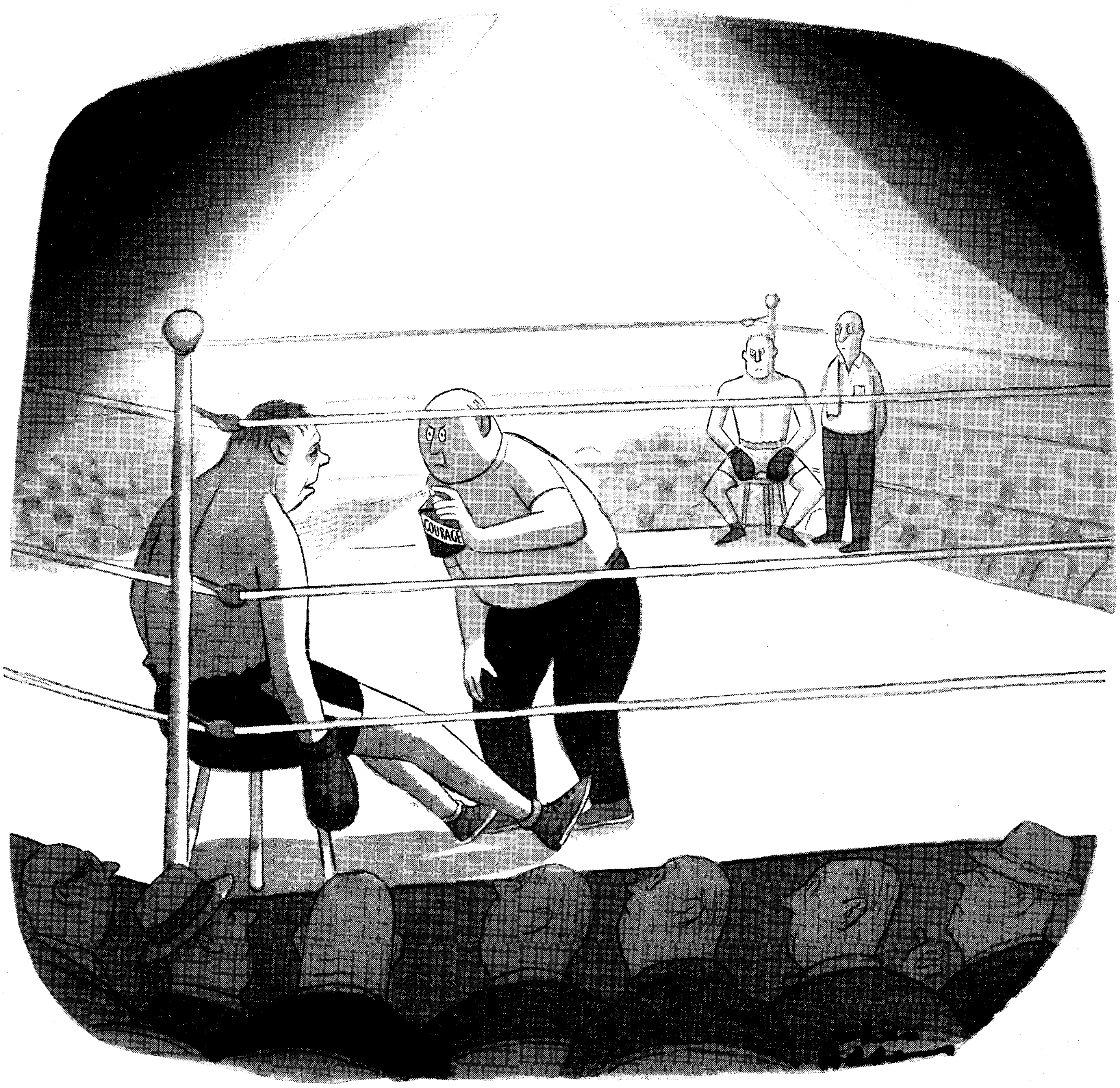
HAS Indian farce been done to death? Certainly not! Once again the puckish Ram Mukerjee has dug deep into his inexhaustible bag of cinematic magic tricks and wry ironies to bring us this heartwarming tragicomedy about a Hindu family struggling to find its multiple identity against the age-old handicaps of illiteracy, matriarchy, monkey worship, and boredom. On the surface, this leisurely, 210-minute epic merely recounts the effects of a crippling strike at the local paraldehyde works upon a small north-Indian mud village, but woven through this coarse fabric are bright threads of allegory and impudence that ask profound questions about the direction and meaningfulness of our Western agrarian policies. On the same bill, there will be a fifty-minute short that depicts, with utter frankness and in fantastic colors, the sinuous dalliance and courtship habits of the oarfishes of the Great Barrier Reef; the musical accompaniment, singularly apt, is Beethoven's "Eroica."

The Mars Wheel

THE only American entry in this festival is of the new, hard-line, super-realistic Hollywood genre, as insistent and electrifying as a Dexedrine tablet. This drama, set in the America of the day after tomorrow, deals with a frightening power struggle that ensues when the paranoid top magnate of a vast car-rental agency attempts to seize control of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, thus blackmailing Congress into a repeal of the corporate income-tax statutes. The gripping climax, all the more convincing for its unlikelihood, comes when the C.I.A. must track down the Chief Executive's purloined credit card in time to abort a doomed billion-dollar Mars shot. Eli Wallach easily "steals" the acting honors with his bijou portrayal of the Minority Whip.

Oogu ("Oogu")

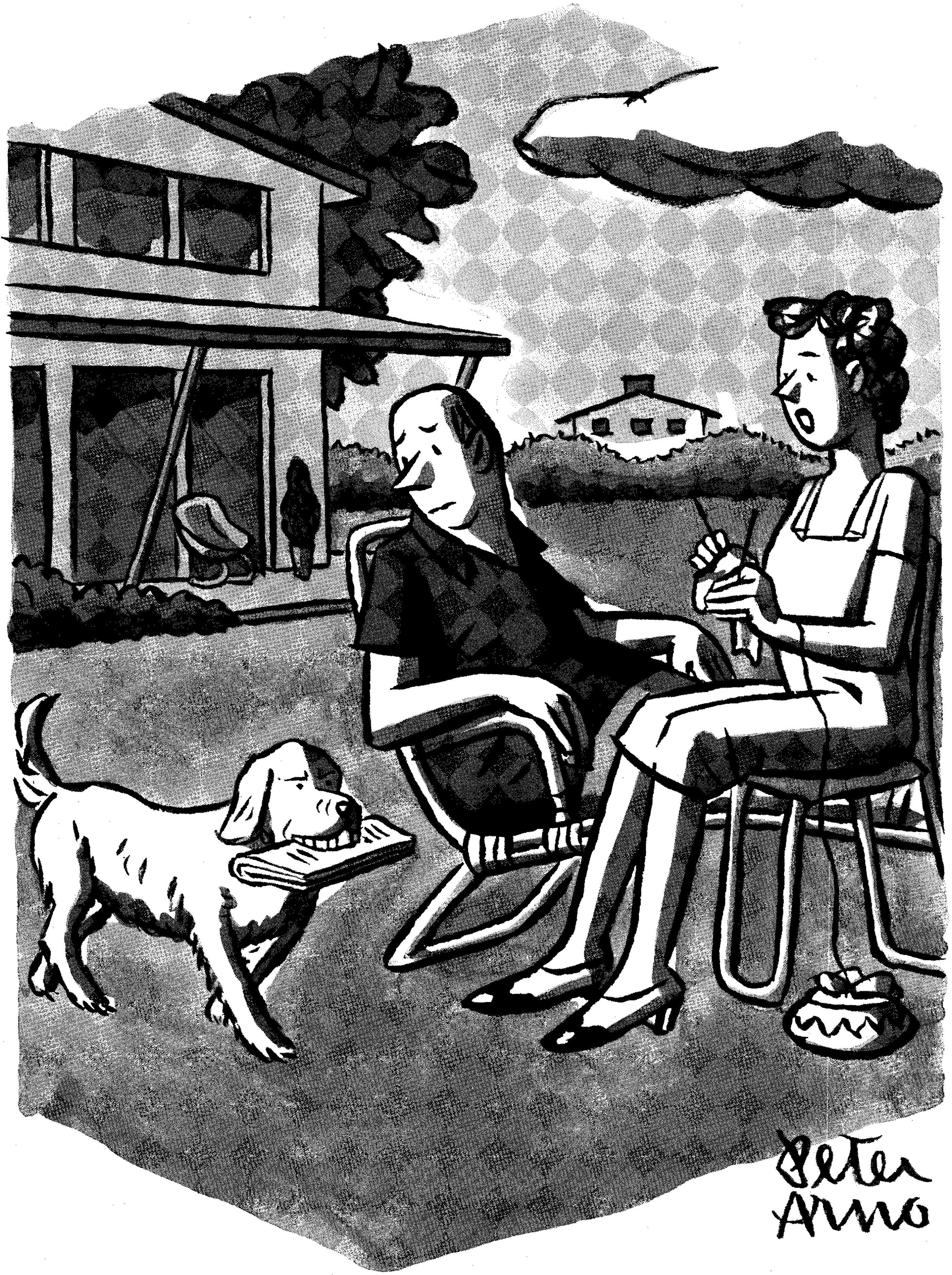
EVEN the most dedicated film enthusiast might hesitate at the prospect of sitting through a three-hour movie that deals with an eighty-five-



year-old Eskimo grandmother who suffers from a morbid fear of the cold and who is exiled, toothless, to the Husky pens after a lifetime of honorable boot-chewing. But doubters will think twice when they learn that this haunting, rime-swept drama comes from the hand of Luigi DaRimini, creator of the triumphant, lusty "Saltimbocca" (winner of the Prix-Fixe at the Pomfret School Festival). DaRimini's patient, unwinking camera and an untranslated, undubbed sound track that is alive with Eskimo gutturals and canine snarls combine, however slowly, to bring alive a relationship between the old woman, the lead dog, and a herd of unseen caribou that is pure Genet. Klikiat Ipaka, the aged heroine, establishes herself in this, her first film, as an actress of impenetrable subtlety. Not to be missed!

CARTOON AND SHORTS NIGHT!

A FULL four hours of wit, color, and freewheeling imagination from the palettes and lenses of some of the world's most brilliantly inventive artists—Pop, Zen, and Square—who are now appropriating the *kitschy* old milieu of Donald, Bugs, and Tom & Jerry. Among the fifteen shorts are Pablo Eisenstadt's "Cosine Baby," which, entirely through the medium of animated mathematical symbols, makes calculus not only understandable but risible, all in the space of twenty minutes! Here, too, is "Amoebophrenia," a short combining microphotography and cartoon doodling (a process discovered by Dr. Gerhardt Schumpeter, of the Rockefeller Institute), which explicates, with wacky interpolated dialogue, the loss of identity sensed by an amoeba while it undergoes binary fission. Finally, mention must be made of Anders Mickoszy's "Bottle Fatigue" (winner of the Silver Potato at the Boise Festival), a stunningly arrayed montage of old bottle caps, broken glass, and discarded soda straws that says, with exquisite understatement, more about the slow poison of prejudice than a dozen weighty books of sociology. The utter silence in the audience during the running of this two-reeler and the relieved applause at its termination are a tribute to its high seriousness—and to the maturity of cinema art in our time. —ROGER ANGELL



"I'm getting pretty fed up with teeth marks on Clementine Paddleford."

A DIFFERENT TIME, A DIFFERENT PLACE

New York is a big city, and full of variety, and yet there are only a given number of ways of getting from one place to another in it. Hollis Warden discovered this fact fairly early in his career in the city, though he tried off and on to circumvent it. Hollis, like so many apparent New Yorkers, was actually an outlander. He had been born in Rochester, in upstate New York, and had grown up there. It was after not only his college years, spent at Colgate, but his war years afterward that he had moved—or the firm he had been working for then had moved him—to New York.

It was a step up, of course, and a big one, at the time. But the truth was that in a similar circumstance in Rochester it would have required a decade or more, maybe even a generation, for him and his to qualify as true Rochesterians and be accepted as such. In New York, though, it happened overnight, and in a sense Hollis never got over the feeling of the city's huge, careless, basically uncaring acceptingness that this conveyed to him. Anyone who landed there and got a room or an apartment on one East or West Side street or another, discovered a bar and a restaurant or two, a shoeshine stand where he could pass the time of day on the way to the office, a handy newsstand, and a few other similar appurtenances—such a man automatically became a New Yorker, and so thoroughgoing a one that he tended, if anything, to look down on other individuals who had shown so little initiative that they had actually got themselves born in the city.

So, for that matter, did the man's wife, if he was married—in her case, as soon as she had found the right neighborhood dry cleaner's, meat market, supermarket, hand laundry, and so on: knowledge gained, for the most part, from other wives who themselves were newly come, but just not quite so newly come, from Toledo, Syracuse, or (equally far off, from New York's imperious point of view) Poughkeepsie, or Trenton, New Jersey.

Hollis Warden (Holly, everyone called him) was married at the time he came to the city. His wife, whom he'd fallen in love with and got engaged to while still in East High, at Rochester, was named Patricia, which of course very early had been shortened to Pat. In his generation, in Rochester, half the girls he knew were named Patricia and the remainder about equally divided between Doris and Helen. All were pretty. But *his* Pat, or Patricia (Weigert was the patronymic she had relinquished in order to become a Warden)—his Patricia was the prettiest. Or so Holly thought anyway, and the thought is of the sort best calculated to make any young husband happy—and his wife, too, for that matter, in their early days of marriage.

And Weigert, the name that Pat had relinquished, was a solid name in Rochester at that period. To be sure, Weigert Opticals was not in a class with the big one, Bausch & Lomb, in a competitive sense, that is. But it had a good, sound reputation nevertheless, dating all the way back to Great-Grandfather Lukas Weigert, who had founded the firm something over a century ago in Stuttgart. Weigert Opticals still had a plant in Stuttgart—now more or less entirely devoted to research—and members of the firm flew back and forth at intervals, for conferences. But the actual headquarters and main works, for well over forty years, had been in Rochester, in the big, often added-onto, and hence rather rambling, red brick and here-and-there ivy-grown plant, broadly grassed, away out on Lake Avenue. It was so far out that it had been almost in open country in the early days, and although it was now surrounded by more recent suburban development, there was still a kind of country air about it, with its wide lawns dotted with huge trees and its general air of spaciousness.

It was a mark of the Weigert wealth, of course, that Papa could afford to hold, undeveloped, what amounted to twenty or thirty acres of valuable land around a factory. But it was sound business practice, too, in a way, as Holly himself vaguely realized and as Papa Weigert himself pointed out in an expansive moment. "Other people advertise," he said. "They take pages and pages in the newspapers and the journals to tell how old and how reliable and well established they are. We show them!" He and Holly were sitting after dinner in the library of the Weigert home. Papa was smoking one of the outsized, outrageously expensive, and specially imported Havana cigars he affected, and he was really in an expansive mood; he had not only offered Holly one of the cigars, he had pressed one on him.

Papa Weigert was not an especially attractive-looking individual. He was short-legged and hence a little waddly and squat, and, with age, he was getting paunchy and jowly; he had a round, usually flushed face with a small mouth, blunt nose, and rather protuberant eyes. He didn't care; he was well beyond worrying about his looks. Now he leaned forward ponderously, bugging his eyes still more as he gazed at Holly, and with a stiff forefinger jabbed the flesh of Holly's left leg just above the knee, punctuating each syllable of the words he was pronouncing. It was a gesture that always made Holly acutely uncomfortable. Papa Weigert had a heavy hand and a muscular forefinger, for one thing; and anyway there was something patronizing about the gesture—or so Holly thought—which annoyed him.

"I have never had a client, a customer, come to see me at the plant—and you know, the people who come to see me are the top men, the big shots—but I have never seen one that wasn't a little impressed by the size and the, well, the looks of our layout. It might be something to remember, my boy," he went on, and for once, for that last sentence, inexplicably, he stopped jabbing.

The Weigert home on East Avenue was a little like the plant in atmosphere. Again, it was old, having been built by Papa Weigert's father, and so was rather old-fashioned in design; there was even a carriage house at the rear—now, of course, converted to garage and chauffeur's quarters, but still with its old hoist for hauling up hay to the loft above. East Avenue, too, was no longer quite the fashionable thoroughfare it had been when the house was being built. But the place, made of sombre gray stone, mansarded, bay-windowed, and deep-porched, was still ample in size, and it stood on more than ample grounds; like the plant, it had a kind of heavy, perhaps partly Germanic, solidity and dignity.

Oh, no question about it, Holly, in espousing Patricia, was marrying up, not down! Holly's father ran a small machine-tool and die works in a loft

"You didn't give me a chance. I was going to add, 'But I will defend to the death your right to say it.' "

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building on South Clinton Street. He employed some two dozen hands, and before he branched out on his own he had been an expert mechanic; he was now a resourceful and inventive designer of special machinery. On the whole, Holly's father (Fred Warden, his name was) did quite well. He had a good reputation, particularly for designing and building special machinery to order, and he did not lack for clients. If he had wanted to expand . . . but that was something that for one reason or another never came off. For one thing, he was too impractical. Certainly his sprawling, grimy-windowed, one-floor shop, the air even in the office space up front filled continually with the slapping of belts, the whine of drill presses, and the rumble and scream of lathes and other equipment, was a far cry from the opulence of Weigert Opticals; it was probably not to be wondered at that Holly's father and mother (she in a slightly too flowery flowered dress and he in a good enough gray suit, but, as usual, self-conscious and uncomfortable in a crowd) seemed a bit out of place at the wedding, and still more at the reception afterward.

But then, as far as that went, the wedding itself was a little out of place. Or so Pat thought, and Holly tended to agree with her. She was then fairly fresh from Smith and "reeking," as she herself put it later, with high-minded ideas. She had wanted the simplest kind of wedding—a runaway, justice-of-the-peace one, if possible. What she got was an elaborate affair—the church smothered with flowers, and the side lawn of the old house equipped with a portable pavilion, floored for dancing and beflagged and beflowered, too, and the whole place alive with waiters, caterers, detectives, and whatnot. Since the presence of the lieutenant governor gave the affair a slight official cast, the scene was more than usually aswarm with news photographers, not only from the *Democrat & Chronicle* and other Rochester papers but also from ones in Buffalo and Syracuse.

It was at the wedding reception, too, that Papa Weigert, by that time at his most expansive, made his announcement to the effect that he was giving Holly a job at Weigert Opticals with a view eventually of taking him into the firm. Pat squirmed, and Mrs. Weigert, a tall, blond lady of English birth, whom no one would think of calling "Mama" (it was she that Pat took after, in looks if not in character), looked disconcerted.

They needn't have worried. Holly Warden had a stubborn streak. He had no intention of being catapulted into a job, however attractive, just because he was marrying Pat, and he very soon after took a different job, this with Cantwell & Cochrane, a paper mill specializing in coated paper. He went into a division subspecializing, so to speak, in photographic paper, and did so well there that in a couple of years he was transferred to New York. It should be added that Holly was interested in the chemistry of photography rather more than in the optical side. But Papa Weigert was not the man to take the rejection of a helping hand lying down, if such a term can be used, and relations were strained between Pat and Holly and the family thereafter. In the strange, illogical way such things happen, some of that strain was reflected in Pat's and Holly's relations, too, particularly after they moved to New York. There were some bad times between the two of them, in those early years.

BUT all this, in a way, is beside the point, except to make clear a little of the background of the marriage, and to bring out the fact that when the two youngsters did move down to New York (he was twenty-five at the time and she six months younger) it was to find themselves very much on their own. And though the new job was unquestionably a step up for Holly (his work thenceforward was directed primarily toward research), it carried no great rise in salary; and like many another young couple moving in from the outlands they soon found (it's the young housewife, usually, who discovers it first and most poignantly) that managing a home and a marriage in the city can be a great deal more complicated, difficult, and costly than it ever was back home where you came from.

At any rate, this young couple's first landfall in New York was in a big, old apartment house—a tenement, really—on Columbus Avenue in the Eighties. Holly never forgot it. It was a railroad flat in a building with four flats to a floor, each with five rooms lined up in a row like boxcars and with all but the front two spaced along a dim inner corridor. Fortunately, theirs was on the avenue side, so the three front windows, two in the parlor, or living room, and one in an alcove at the side, opened on the avenue and gave a good amount of illumination. The rest—dining room, bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, and spare bedroom—sidled around an areaway, and since the flat was on the third floor of a six-story building and the areaway was economically narrow, these rooms were scantily lit indeed.

Yet Holly and Pat got along. Both were valiant about it, particularly Pat, to whom this kind of life was completely unfamiliar. (Holly's grandparents, for example, had been poor farmers, and he knew something of how poor people lived, how they smelled, how they cut corners here and there about cooking, bathing, table-setting, and so on. Pat would have had to go back to her great-grandparents for a similar understanding.) They bought furniture, mostly picked up cheap at the Salvation Army showrooms, and chosen (for gaiety) to reinforce the period flavor of the flat. They were particularly proud of a fumed-oak dining-room table, which fitted perfectly under the sinisterly hooded, stained-glass droplight that peered down at them from the ceiling above the table. The stained-glass droplight came with the apartment.

And Pat made curtains, and did all the usual things. The only time, or about the only time, when Holly saw her really broken down about the monstrous flat was one evening when he came home from the lab to find her wildly weeping and the kitchen floor a shambles. She had set out to remove a layer of worn linoleum that they had inherited with the apartment, to find, on digging, that there were four more layers of linoleum, even more worn, even more shameful, really, underneath, and all glued fast together, crumbling, decrepit. Holly, worn out as he was, had to spend most of the evening prying up—excavating almost—until he got down to the original flooring, which turned out to consist of worn and now splintered cheap pine planking. So they had to lay new linoleum over that in the end, anyway.

Holly did the job, he thought, with commendable self-control. But there must have been something a little tight-lipped about his attitude, for he found Pat adopting a kind of falsely placative attitude of her own, of a sort that always annoyed him. While he worked—and it was a damned messy job, too—she hovered; and while she hovered she mixed self-recrimination with self-justification until it was enough to make a man's head swim.

"Oh, darling! If you only knew how sorry I am!" followed on "But you know, dearest, you mustn't blame me too much." (He hadn't blamed her at all, as yet.) "How the dickens did I know there would be all this mess underneath? How in heaven's name *could* I know?" And *that* followed on "But I *did* mean well. What I'd hoped—it seems silly now, but what I'd hoped was that I'd have it all done, and the floor cleaned up and polished and—and, cocktails and everything—and, well, now look at it! And you down on your knees. Oh, my dear! If you only knew how sorry I am!"

So there it was, full circle. In the end, and knowing he was trapped or had trapped himself even as he did it, he burst out with "What I can't understand is what in God's name did you *expect* to find underneath it? Solid oak planking? Marquetry? Venetian tile?"

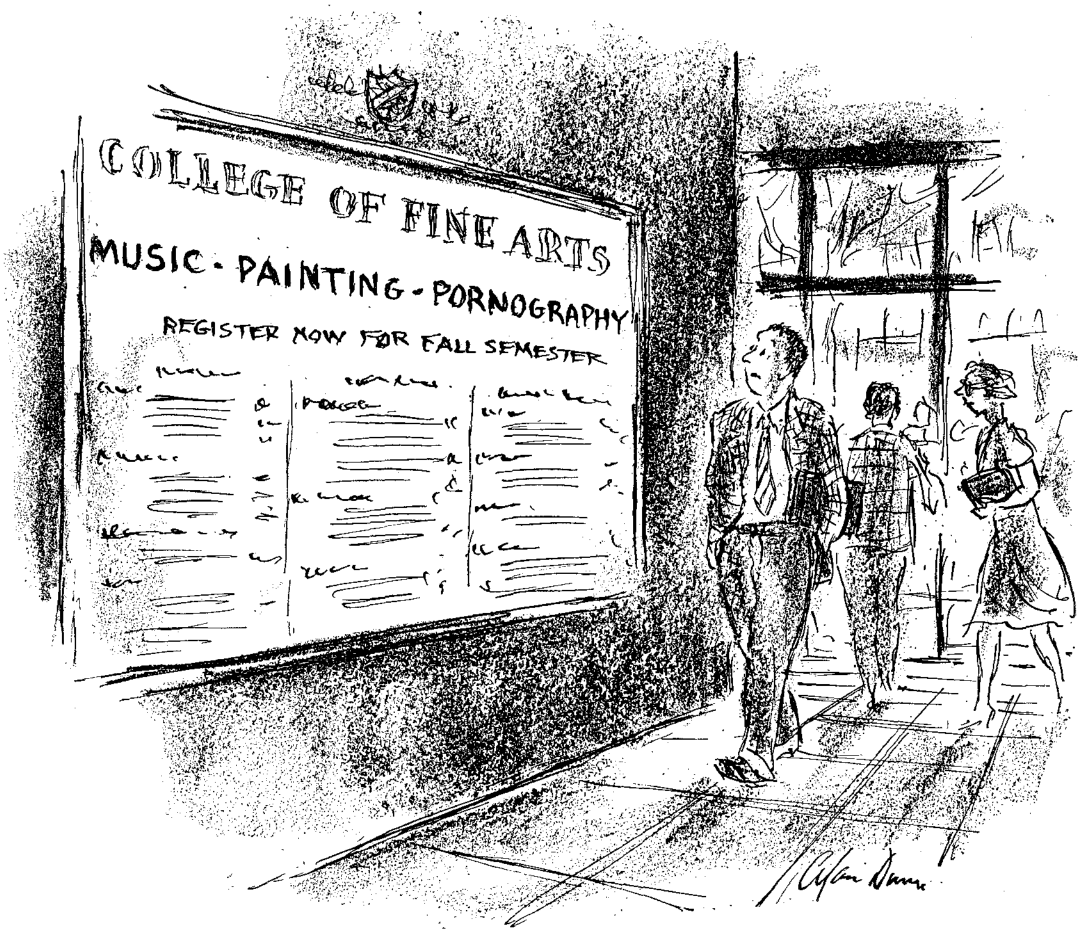
Which, of course, gave her the excuse to burst into tears again and sulk, and blame him for his lack of understanding—most of all, for his total inability to comprehend what she went through, trying to cope with such wretched conditions. Which led him to "Well, damn it, you always wanted to be poor, or that's the way you acted. Now we *are* poor, and you don't seem to like it."

And she: "Are you actually standing there, blaming *me* for our being poor? When all I do is try to make the best of things? My God! Really, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Whereupon he, in a way that never failed to infuriate her, became, suddenly, schoolmasterishly logical: "No, my dear, just think a minute. That is, if you *can* think. It's the other way around. You're the one blaming *me* for our being poor."

"Don't, for God's sake, call me 'dear' at a time like this!"

OH, they had their moments of bitterness, all right. Both were young and strong-willed, and, having come from quite different backgrounds,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had a good deal of mutual adjusting to do. And a good deal of the adjusting, in a marriage, depends on the simple ability of the one to know, instinctively, intuitively—anyway, through love—if the other really *means* what he, or she, is saying. And they *did* love each other, there is no question about that. Or Holly loved Pat. That much he knew. Beyond that, who can go? Who can surely tell if another loves him?

It was about then, though, that Holly started on his little exploratory walks, or "unguided tours," as he called them, about the city. He called them so only to himself, and a bit shamefacedly, for although he tried to get Pat to join him, it was soon clear that she wasn't really interested. The truth was that he loved the city and she pretty much hated it. And, too, there was a kind of "planned" air about his tours (which he made fun of, obliquely, in his name for them), which he knew was a part of his nature, his way of doing things, and was alien to hers.

What he did, anyway, from their base in the flat on Columbus Avenue, was to set out to cover the whole network of the city's streets and avenues, and though he had no real hope of ever doing it completely, it still seemed so vast a project that the only way to go about it at all was systematically. So, Sundays, usually, if the day was decent, he would set out for a definite objective: Bronx Park, say, or Van Cortlandt, Dyckman Street or 125th Street, and sometimes he was able to inveigle Pat into such excursions; she was delighted, for instance, at the barrenness of the Wall Street area on a Sunday, and transported, almost, by a walk across Brooklyn Bridge.

But a region, a neighborhood, like Riverside Drive, with its faded magnificence; East Houston Street, slouching toward the river; or the area around Ninety-sixth Street and Broadway, with its almost Oriental, bazaar-like opulence—sections that intrigued him because of their special, individual flavor, and also partly because he had discovered them himself—merely depressed her, and they soon gave up the idea of making these jaunts a common enterprise. It did not occur to him later that Pat's life, since she hadn't shared his fascination with the city, must have seemed a little empty to her. In Rochester, she had busied herself with all sorts of things, from the Junior League to part-time settlement work. She had had plenty to occupy her. Here, relatively, there was nothing.

At first, Holly had even tried to fit his trips home from Cantwell & Cochrane into the general pattern. But he gave that up, too, pretty much, in this case largely because of the limitations of the terrain. The lab was on West Forty-sixth Street near the river, or only a scant two miles from the apartment. Holly usually walked them, or walked home at least, and for a while, and before he got started on his longer tours, he tried every possible combination of routes, including zigzags—up Twelfth Avenue to Fifty-seventh (nice, past the big liners lying at their piers) and then across to Tenth or Ninth Avenue, and again up and across, or across Forty-sixth to Ninth Avenue and then up, and so on—to get from the one place to the other.

AND now, here we have him, twenty-seven years later, doing more or less the same thing all over again, walking home to his living quarters. At the time this phase of our story starts, Pat has been dead four years, and Holly, after an attempt to maintain their last apartment (in a queer way, in memory of her, almost), has moved over to an apartment hotel—living room, kitchenette, bedroom, and bath, neat, decorous, agreeable—on East Sixty-third Street. He is in his fifties now—fifty-three in fact—graying, and, in the way people do as they age, shrinking a little. Though he hasn't grown shorter, he looks so, and though he hasn't lost weight (or gained much, either; he has been careful about that), he has the feeling that he has lost, well, ponderosity; when he puts his foot down on the ground now, it doesn't seem to have the same impact it had in his thunderous youthful days.

A great many other things have happened in that time, of course. But all were overshadowed by Pat's, his dear Pat's, death. She had died in the silliest way imaginable, from an embolism, from blood poisoning, from a cut she'd got from a splinter of wood on an upper shelf in the kitchen, where she'd climbed to get a can of mushroom soup, and had slipped from the chair, getting down.

She was not involved in this out of poverty. She was getting the soup to use as flavoring for the sauce in a dish of *scaloppine* she was making, and though Pat still did her own cooking, their old Columbus Avenue days, when she'd *had* to, were far away and long gone behind them. They had, in fact, stayed in the flat there only a little more than a year, or till Holly's first raise; they moved then to a floor-through in a decrepit but pleasant brownstone off Central Park West, again in the Eighties, and then down to Twenty-second Street off Ninth Avenue, in Chelsea—to, in fact, some three or four other

WE SETTLED BY THE LAKE

We settled by the lake where reeds
Cloaked off the water from the shore.
The sun like a flashlight lit the church
In shady fields on the other side.
Black geese honked their wild way home;
Dead clouds absorbed the dripping sky;
An old man drove his limping mares
From what his children called the sea.

But we were taken up with time—
How all these years the land had stayed
Green and flat, the steeple had risen
But not the ground; the lake still lay
As smooth and tarnished as the tea
Left in a saucer after all
The old, perspired guests have gone.

The land is a museum—day
By day it builds its collection up
From wind-leavings. You can't avoid
Admiring it, although it says
"Not me" when in the waterfall
The heart cries out like a conductor
On a morning train, "Change! All change!"
—F. D. Reeve

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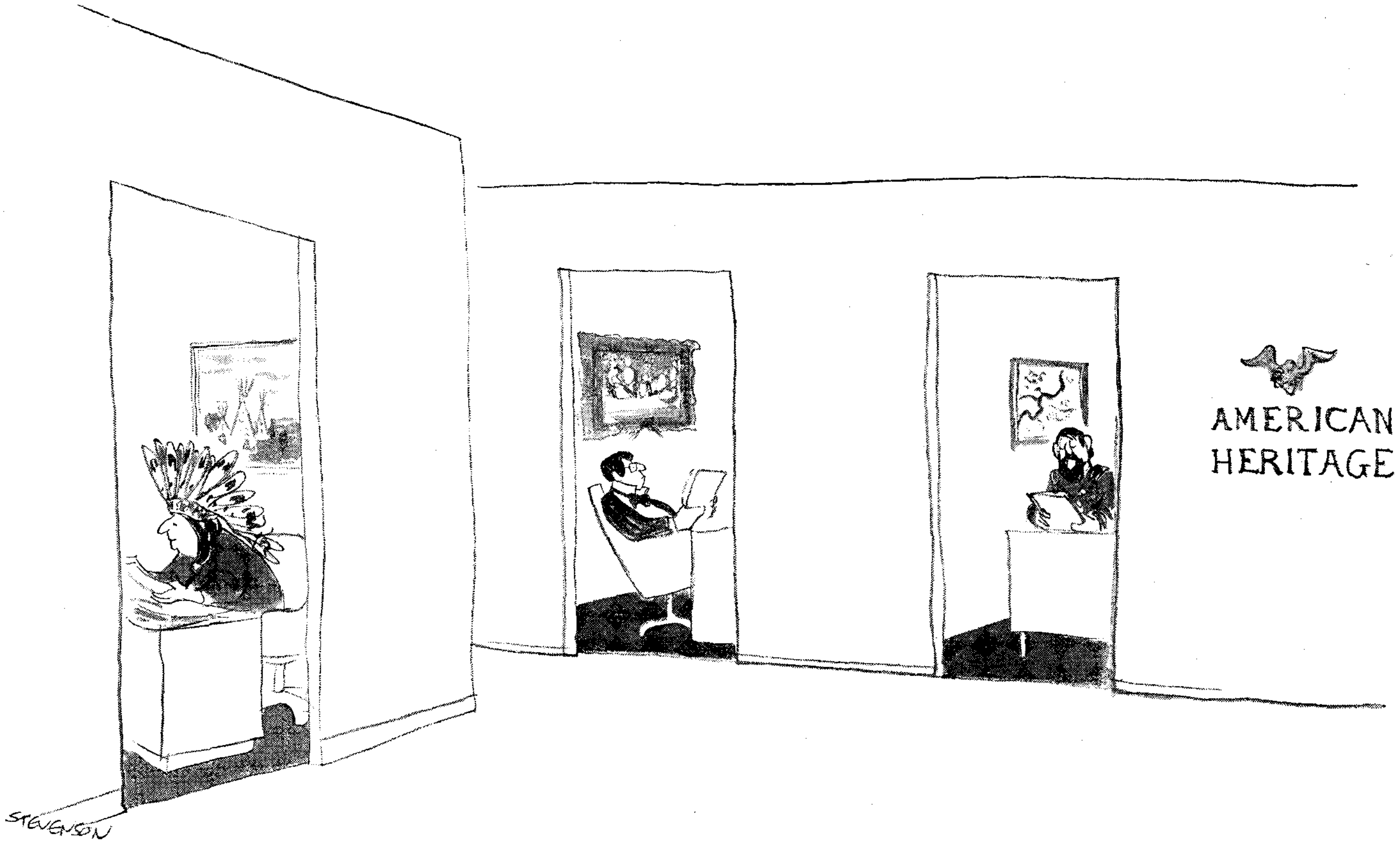


places before settling, finally, in a little penthouse on Murray Hill, where the fatal accident occurred. Pat, by that time, had become something of a devotee of Italian cooking; twice, summers, they had used part of their vacation time for those excursion-fare round-trip plane flights to Rome.

At any rate, although the cut was a mean one, they paid little attention to it at first. They doused it with iodine, of course, Band-Aided it, and so on. But it wasn't till next day, late, when Holly came home to find that the arm had swelled and reddened ominously and had grown even more ominously painful, that they had sense enough to call in a doctor.

And what good, after all, did that do? The doctor hurried her up to Lenox Hill Hospital and put her to bed there. And they dosed her with penicillin and whatnot. And everything seemed O.K., and Holly went out to the Madison Avenue Schrafft's nearby for a bite of dinner, for the simple reason that he'd had nothing to eat since lunch and he was hungry, and also, everything, by that time, seemed to have been taken care of. And when he came back she was dead. His dear Pat, dead, dead, in that bleak, green-walled hospital room, and there was nothing that anyone could have done about it—no way to get hold of him, since no one knew where he was, and no time for him to get back if anyone had, she had died so suddenly. But it just seemed such a lonesome way for both of them.

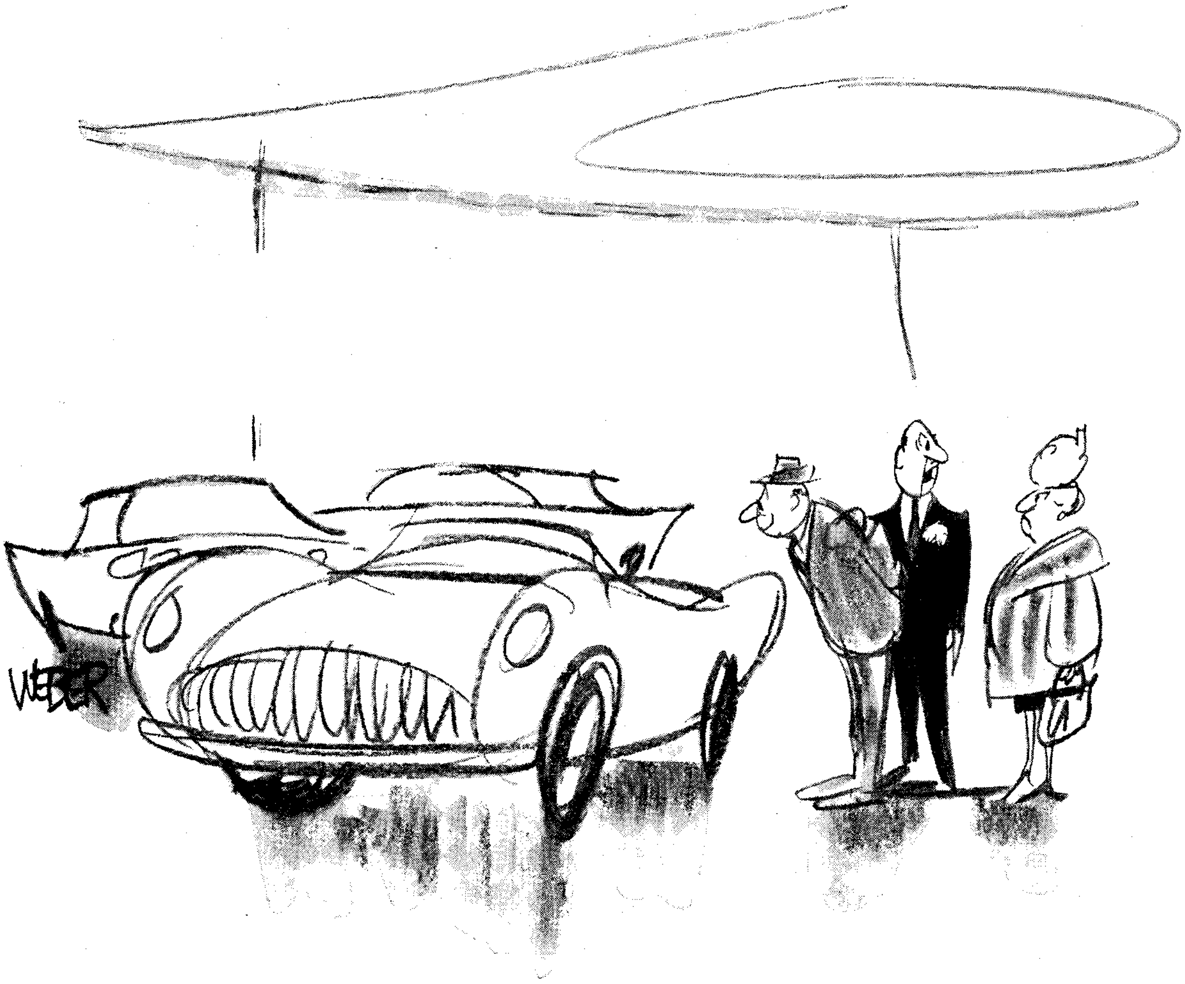
THERE was no doubt that they had drifted apart a little in the last few years, though no more, perhaps, than most couples who have passed the high point of their passions. They still *got along*—that was the main thing—and if there was less excitement about life than there had been, there was a great deal of solid dependability; good weather or bad, good temper or foul, each knew to a fraction what the other *meant*, and would do about it.

PAT died some two years after Holly had left Cantwell & Cochrane to start out in business for himself—another major occurrence we have been skipping over—and the two events became connected in his mind. He had had some ideas about developing a really fast but sure printing paper, something like the Land process, but even faster. But good old C. & C. did not show themselves particularly interested, and, his old independence asserting itself, Holly really took the plunge, quit his job, and, committing pretty much all he had to the venture, set up a lab of his own. This was in a chunky little building—a former stable, really—on West Thirty-eighth Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and he opened, at the same time, in the same building, a little specialty shop of a type he had often dreamed of, to deal in really special photographic and optical equipment, particularly lenses.

There was another reason for him to connect the two events in his mind, for in a roundabout way the venture had increased the coolness between Holly and the Weigerts—or so Holly thought, anyway. Pat, the dutiful daughter, still ran up two or three times a year for a visit with the family. Holly never went with her, though he hosted the Weigerts about correctly when they came down to New York. And Pat had come back from one such trip, at just about the time he was getting ready to take the plunge, with the information that Papa Weigert had offered to help in financing the undertaking.

Holly had refused, or, rather, he had let the offer pass unacknowledged (he was even, momentarily, annoyed that Pat had mentioned his plans, but then he saw that was really ridiculous), and he had always been fairly sure that his reaction had added to Papa's resentment. There is nothing more discomfiting to the charitably inclined than to have their charity rejected.

He did well enough on his own, though, especially with the shop. But Pat's death infected the atmosphere, giving everything a sort of doomed, fated air. From then on he had a growing feeling—not mentioned to anyone, since he had no one in particular to mention it to—that he had passed some



"You shut up!"

kind of peak, and from now on his course probably would be down.

He had a feeling, too, that he might have been wiser to have stayed with C. & C. Working for others, as you grow older, you can coast a little. When you are on your own, you have to battle every inch of the way, and Holly just didn't have the ambition to do that anymore. After all, who was there to battle for, now that Pat was gone? And his father and mother—gone, too. And Papa Weigert as well, though these passings were in great part to be expected as the generations succeeded one another. Other friends, too, had died or disappeared, and of the four parents only Mrs. Weigert survived—a frail, paper-thin, white-haired yet always elegant woman, now approaching eighty. He had seen very little of her even before Papa Weigert's death, and in later years he had seen her hardly at all, for he had always had the feeling she didn't really like him. To tell the truth, there were times when he had a feeling of growing aloneness, as if he were travelling out on a narrowing promontory with only the empty sea on either side. And yet . . . And yet . . .

To tell the truth, there were one or two things that bothered him, and tonight, as he took his accustomed walk home from the shop (unhurriedly, for there was nothing much to hurry for), they seemed to press in on him a little more strongly—concertedly, even—than ever before. There was that business about Papa Weigert's watch, for instance. "He always wanted you to have it," Mrs. Weigert had said, and Holly had never really understood that. Or, much earlier, the sudden series of visits of the Weigerts to his own parents—apparently at Papa Weigert's instigation, for Mrs. Weigert, in her most delicate way, conveyed a feeling that she was disassociating herself from the whole matter—visits that his mother had written him, amusingly, about.

And her letters, or, rather, the picture of her he had got from them ("You know the way we laze around on Sundays. Even worse, I was getting dinner, late as usual, and I was hanging over the kitchen stove, all bedraggled, when they dropped in!" she had written. "And your father, playing those Beethoven second movements he loves on the phonograph, with records all over the living-room floor. We made a date with them for the next time!"), and the picture of her had brought up a picture of Pat, also hanging over a stove and bedraggled—but where? but when? The Weigerts had "dropped in" three or four times, and had the Wardens over a few times more, before the whole thing tailed off and came to a stop.

• •

THERE seemed to Holly to be a sort of linkage somewhere. But first, we must now set the scene more precisely. It is the evening of Thursday, September 24th, the season of the year in New York when darkness still comes slowly and late and the city's tall buildings lift their faces proudly and confidently, as if for all time, to the pearly-pink, long, lingering twilight. Holly Warden is walking home to the Hotel Wingate, on East Sixty-third Street. He has been zigzagging a little, but only out of habit, for the region has long ago become all too familiar territory. There is nothing much new for him anywhere there now, just a series of landmarks, mostly big ones, like Union Carbide (with the whole forty or how many stories upheld on pillars, over vacant space); Grand Central and Pan American; the Seagram Building (with its fountains!); and the Waldorf (a nuisance, the streets around always blocked by delivery trucks backed across the sidewalks); that awful caved-sided Summit Hotel; and the gold-plated office building above it on Lexington—if he didn't hit one, he was sure to hit another. (If he'd had to choose among them, he would probably have picked Union Carbide, because you could cut across under the ranked array of huge pillars; like cutting across Bryant Park or walking up Broadway, it gave one the feeling of gaining ground by tacking, the way a sailing ship does.) And there were a few other, lesser landmarks—the Chauveron restaurant and the Brussels, to both of which he had taken Pat on gala occasions; Moriarty's, at-the corner of Fifty-third, about the last of the old-time Third Avenue saloons; the antique store farther up that specialized, improbably enough, in snuffboxes. . . . He could have ticked them off, almost, in the dark. Which made it all the more surprising when, that evening of September 24th, he found himself suddenly on a street he had never been on before.

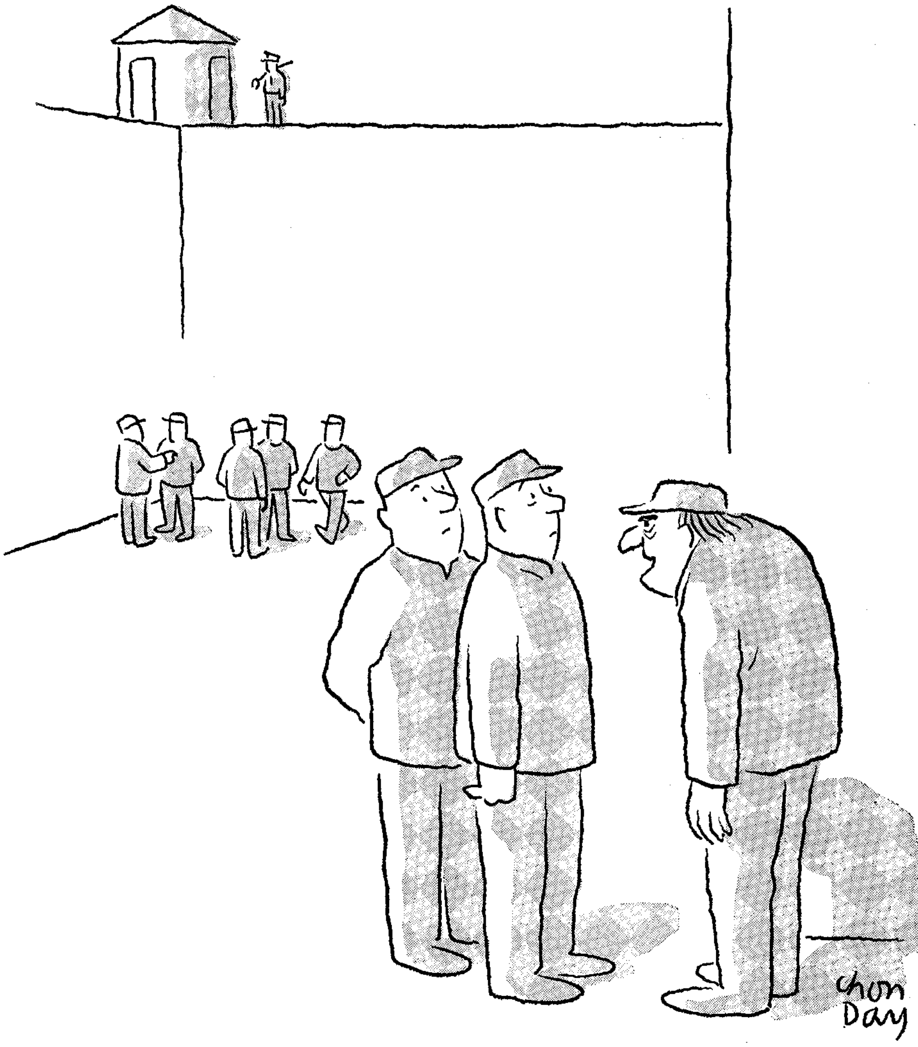
AT first, he couldn't figure out how he had got there. He had been daydreaming, and for a moment he had the impression that he'd got turned around and was heading in a wrong direction, until he saw in the cleft of the street end ahead of him the unmistakable pale emptiness of the sky over the East River. Still, the street looked odd. It had the smell of the past about it, and the buildings seemed ill-assorted—not to make too much of a mystery about the occurrence, it was only a minute or so before Holly realized he was walking in a dream. He was still somewhere on the East Side of Manhattan. The last minor landmark he remembered passing was a restaurant called the King of the Sea, and that was just above Fifty-third on Third, which showed where he *had* been—and he couldn't, in the nature of things, be very far from there at this moment, either.

But at the same time, and this was unsettling, he was also walking in Rochester, and what he saw around him were not the usual landmarks of New York but mementos of the past. Just ahead of him, at a corner, was a small two-story building, half-timbered in the Tudor style, that he recognized at once as housing Mr. Cumming's drugstore, and that would be on Dewey Avenue, down near Lyell. He and Homer Pritchett had run errands, delivering drugs, for Mr. Cumming Sunday afternoons, desultorily, and been rewarded with sodas and sundaes. But beyond that, improbably, was a grassy knoll, shaded by a small, listless elm and rising a little above the street level of East Main, where he had once sat, one hot afternoon while still in his teens, and which, for some now lost reason, had become dear to him. It rose up in his mind's eye, unaccountably, again and again. Others spaced themselves out, farther on: a bit of woods, bordering the street (was it Maplewood Park? Lake Avenue?), and across the street was a stretch of high board fence painted sulphur yellow; where was that, anyway—the old Driving Park? Or somewhere in the amusement area at Sea Breeze, by the lake? Its wood had that kind of sea-weathered look.

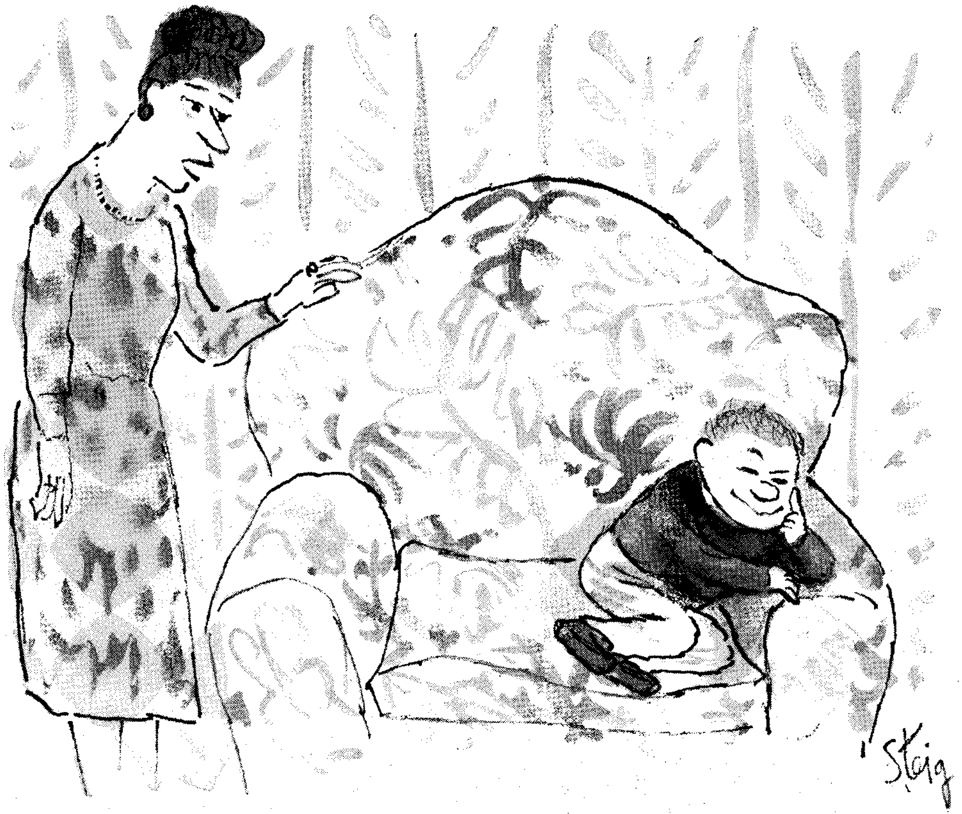
Still others rose up, or, in the way objects have in dreams, tentatively, cloudily, suggested themselves. But he had the feeling there must be some connection. And anyway, things were moving faster now. He was walking out of the dream, he realized, but only into another dream, this one of people instead of places. Faces loomed, again mostly jumbled and incongruous, as always in dreams—Mr. Cumming, the druggist, again, pink-cheeked, tiny, snowy-haired; and, for some reason, Mr. Martin, the math teacher at East High, beaky-nosed, saying something, but what? And a host of others, some recognizable, some seen simply as images, including (and my God! Why she? And why so vivid?) the cute little soda-fountain girl, white-aproned, at Shulman's candy store . . . except, was it because Pat was now in the picture, and he and Pat were leaning on the marble counter, attentive as acolytes, while the girl squirted fizzwater into their sodas? They had just come from a basketball game, he remembered, against . . . Chili? Batavia? Some one of the towns round about.

Pat appeared more and more now. But also Mrs. Weigert, and again that watch. That was after the funeral, and "He wanted you to have this," she was saying, and saying it, Holly thought, not especially graciously, although, to tell the truth, he was too stunned, as the big, thick, old-fashioned, heavy gold watch in its chamois sack, and complete with its massive gold chain, was placed suddenly in his hand—too stunned, really, to be sure. "It was his father's, you know. I'm not sure; it may even have been his grandfather's." For a moment, her face seemed to warm toward him. But then the glance became veiled again, and the face immobile. "In any case . . ." and she let her voice trail away. Holly was afraid, afterward, that he hadn't shown proper appreciation, since he had got the odd impression later that the old man had been reaching out to him in some way.

But now Pat's image intervened, and again it was soon after Papa's funeral, and again the watch was involved—and remained in an obscure way an incitement from then on. "You don't



"I can turn you into a bird, but you will have to remain a bird."



“John, you’re a complete enigma to me.”

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even *wear* it!” she cried once, accusingly, months later, and he’d had to laugh at that one, for who would dream of carrying such a cumbersome old-fashioned turnip? Still, he kept it wound and running, in a bureau drawer. At the time, though, though she said little, she seemed to resent it. “You get a watch and I get promises,” she said, a little bitterly, and though Holly couldn’t agree entirely, he could see how she felt. Although outright bequests, some of them considerable, had been made to Papa’s relatives and to some long-time employees, when the will was read it turned out that Pat was only a residuary heir, coming into the money after Mrs. Weigert’s death.

And now, old Papa Weigert, reaching out to him in some way. And Pat—suddenly, unexpectedly, the picture he had had before of her standing hot and dishevelled by the stove came into focus. “Will you please stop calling me your Patty-cake, for heaven’s sake?” she was crying, while he stared, stupefied. “I hate it!” What hurt most was not that she didn’t like the name, for it was a childish joke at best, but that she had let him go on using it for so long without objecting to it. In a queer way, it made him wonder if she really cared as much about him as he thought she did. But then Pat, in the last years, was more and more given to odd moods at times. And there were so many things he just didn’t understand.

As, the watch. Why the watch? He was walking now, he realized, out of the second dream, and this time into reality, and this meant that minutes, even seconds, were precious now. (And Papa Weigert, talking over the cigars in the library so long ago. “*My boy*,” he’d said—he who had no son but only two daughters, and one of them dead in childbirth. Which meant, what? Reparation? Regeneration? And had Pat, after all, been right and had he, as she had once called him, been too “stubborn”? Did the watch mean forgiveness?)

It seemed, too, that there was a larger truth somewhere behind all this, something this time involving Pat and a sudden shaking disquietude. Love, love—what was love? That was part of the question. But whatever the problem was (it came over him suddenly), it was far too late to do anything about it *now*—except that a man must try, even to the end, to understand, and it was coming to him now that he had never *really, truly,* understood Pat. And yet . . .

Otherwise, there was almost no warning. There had been a fluttering in his chest and a brackish taste; suddenly he found himself lying on his back—on, what was it, the sidewalk?—and the watch face, if it was that or if it had been, had become the face of a woman; a woman in what looked like a fur-trimmed hat, a woman strange to him, with a full-cheeked, pinkish face, slightly puffy about the eyes, and with an expression at once frightened and concerned.

She was staring at him, he at her. But it took him a moment or two, even though he felt the sidewalk under him (everything that had gone so fast went so slowly now), to comprehend that she was not looking *at* him, in the usual fashion. She was looking *down*, he was looking *up*, and the sky he saw beyond her was not that of the East River but of infinity. When he closed his eyes, or when they closed themselves for him, he knew he would never really understand.
—ROBERT M. COATES

• •

THE DOUBLE

On other cloudy afternoons,
You will be sitting here or pacing
The rooms, your restless words
Unuttered. I put you there now
So the drama may continue, with poplars
Invoking the wind outside, the lamplight
Slowly focussing to a pencil point.
Here, it is murdering an angel
In the very center of everywhere. This same
Joy shall be yours, drawing the blood out
Among these mazes that continue
Always, under the aspects
Of a cloudy day.
Mysterious the mazes
Of those afternoons through which
The red leaves sweep, your own hand
Tracing joyfully there another life
To live you on afternoons like this.
—IRVING FELDMAN

PROFILES

JOE GOULD'S SECRET—II

ON Saturday night, June 13, 1942, I went into a barroom in Greenwich Village called Goody's (the proprietor's name was Goodman) to keep an appointment with Joe Gould. Gould, a bummy-looking little red-eyed wreck of a man, was perhaps the best-known bohemian in the Village. He was a Yankee. He was a member of one of the oldest families in New England; he was a native of Norwood, Massachusetts, where his father, Dr. Clarke Storer Gould, a physician, had been a leading citizen; and he was a graduate of Harvard. In 1916, oppressed by the knowledge that he was a disappointment to his father and by a general feeling of being out of place, he had left Norwood and had come to the Village "to engage in literary work." During the twenty-six years that had gone by since then, he had got along, for the most part, by cadging small sums of money from friends and acquaintances. He wore hand-me-downs, he slept in flophouses, and he ate in greasy spoons. As he described his life, he spent a large part of his time wandering around the city listening to people and taking down whatever he heard them say that seemed to him to have "an inner meaning." He said he made use of this talk in a book that he had been working on since soon after he arrived in New York City and that he called "An Oral History of Our Time." Some talk has an obvious meaning and nothing more, he said, and some, often unbeknownst to the talker, has at least one other meaning and sometimes several other meanings lurking around inside its obvious meaning. The latter kind of talk, he said, was what he was collecting for the Oral History. He professed to believe that such talk might have great hidden historical significance. It might have portents in it, he said—portents of cataclysms, a kind of writing on the wall long before the kingdom falls—and he liked to quote a couplet from William Blake's "Auguries of Innocence":

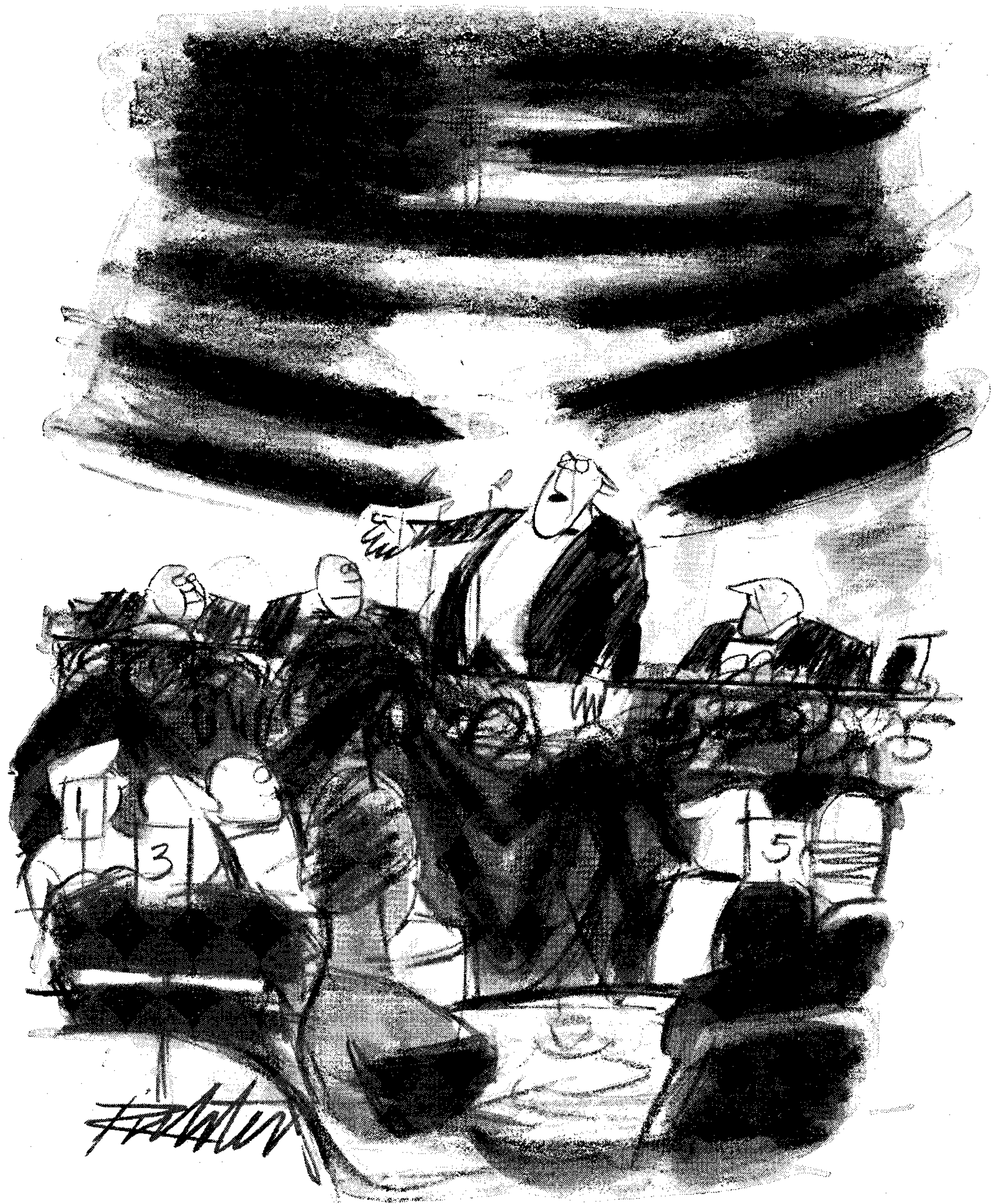
> The harlot's cry from street to
>   street
> Shall weave Old England's
>   winding-sheet.

I was planning to write a Profile of Gould for *The New Yorker*, and had just started gathering material for it from Gould and from people who had known him through the years. This was to be my second meeting with him. Our first meeting had taken place two days earlier, in the Jefferson Diner, on Sixth Avenue in the Village. At the end of it, he had let me have a couple of dime-store composition books containing chapters of the Oral History to take along and read. He had just finished writing them, he said. On the first page of one book was carefully lettered, "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." This had turned out to be a loosely organized, catch-all sort of essay containing descriptions of Gould's father's final illness, death (he died three years after Gould came to New York City), funeral, and cremation. The descriptions were interrupted by digressions, which were sometimes longer than the descriptions themselves. On the cover of the other book was lettered, "THE DREAD TOMATO HABIT. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." This had turned out to be a burlesque of a statistical report, in which, by piecing together a great many completely unrelated statistics copied out of newspapers, Gould "proved" that the eating of tomatoes by railroad engineers was responsible for fifty-three per cent of the train wrecks in the United States during the previous seven years. I had been puzzled by these chapters, because there was no talk in them and nothing oral about them that I could see, and I was going to return them to him tonight and ask him to let me read some that were more typical of the Oral History.

Goody's was on Sixth Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth Streets. I arrived there at nine, which was when Gould and I had agreed to meet. It was the first time I had ever been in Goody's. Like most of the barrooms on Sixth Avenue in the Village, it was long and narrow and murky, a blind tunnel of a place, a burrow, a bat's cave, a bear's den. I learned later that many of the men and women who frequented it had been bohemians in the early days of the Village and had been renowned for their rollicking exploits and now were middle-aged or elderly and in advanced stages of alcoholism. I went over and stood at the bar. "I'm just waiting for someone," I said to the bartender, who shrugged his shoulders. In a little while, I got tired of standing and sat on a bar stool. After I had been sitting there for half an hour or so, peering into the gloom, I recalled something that one of the first persons I had talked with about Gould had told me—a man who had been at Harvard with him. "If you're going to have any dealings with Joe Gould," he had said, "one thing you want to keep in mind is that he's about as undependable as it's possible to be. If he's supposed to be somewhere at a certain time, he's just as likely to arrive an hour or two early as an hour or two late, or he may arrive on the dot, or he may not show up at all, and in his mind Tuesday can very easily become Thursday." Around a quarter to ten, the telephone in a booth up near the front end of the bar began to ring. One of the customers stepped inside the booth and reappeared a few moments later and shouted out my name. When I stood up, startled, he said, "Joe Gould wants to speak to you."

"I'm sorry, but I won't be able to meet you tonight," Gould said, his voice sounding a little boozy. "I completely forgot that I had to go to a meeting of the Raven Poetry Circle. In fact, the meeting is going on right now, and I just slipped out and came down here to a phone booth in a drugstore to call you, and I have to go right back. I don't belong to the Ravens; they won't let me join—they blackball me every time my name comes up—but they let me attend their meetings, and now and then they give me a place on the program. The Ravens are the biggest, most powerful poetry organization in the Village, and there isn't one real poet in the whole lot of them. The best parts of all of them put together wouldn't make one third-rate poet. They're all would-bes. Pseudos. Imitators of imitators. They're imitators of bad poets who themselves were imitators of bad poets. I can't stand them and they can't stand me, but the hell of it is, I enjoy them and I enjoy their meetings. They're so bad they're good. Also, after the program they serve wine. Also, there's a high percentage of unmarried lady poets among them, and sooner or later I'm going to bamboozle one of them into free love or matrimony, even if it has to be a certain tall, thin, knock-kneed drink of water I've had my eye on for some time now who's supposed to have a private income and writes poems about the eternal sea and has a Dutch bob and a long nose and an Adam's apple and always has cigarette ashes in her lap and cat hair all over her. 'Roll on, roll on,' she says, 'eternal sea,' and her big old Adam's apple bobs up and down. But the main reason I *didn't* want to miss tonight's meeting is I see a chance to poke some fun at the Ravens. Tonight is Religious Poetry Night, and I talked them into putting me on the program. I asked for a place right at the end. You can just imagine the kind of religious poetry they're capable of. Mystical! Soulful! Rapturous! 'Methinks' or 'albeit' in every other line, and deep—oh, my God, they're deeper than John Donne ever hoped to be. When they've all recited theirs, I'm going to stand up and recite mine. Listen, and I'll recite it for you. 'My Religion,' by Joe Gould: 'In winter I'm a Buddhist, And in summer I'm a nudist.' "

Gould giggled. He asked me if I had read the chapters of the Oral History he had given me. I said that I had, and that they had been a good deal different from what I had



"I'd like to begin by asking a question. What is tapioca pudding doing on a hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner?"

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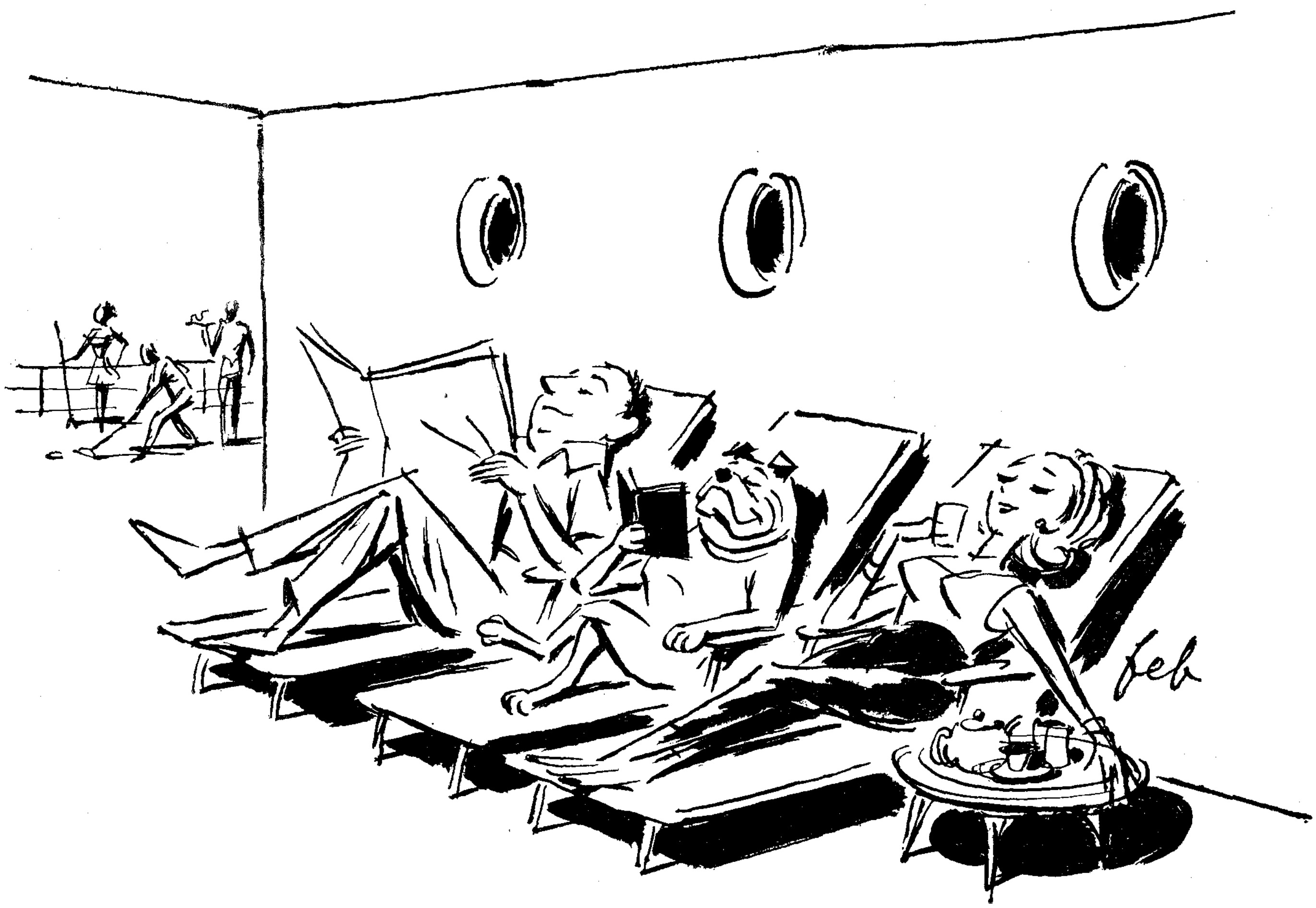
expected, and that I would like to read some more.

"The great bulk of the Oral History is stored away in a place that's quite inaccessible," he said, suddenly becoming serious, "but I have a few chapters stuck away here and there around town where they're easy to get at. I'll tell you what. I have an old friend named Aaron Siskind, who's a kind of avant-garde documentary photographer, and he has his darkroom and his living quarters in a flat up over a second-hand bookstore at 102 Fourth Avenue, and I must have six, seven, eight, nine, ten, or a dozen composition books stuck away up there. He'll be in now—he works in his darkroom at night—and it's only a short walk from Goody's over to his place. Why don't you take a walk over there and read those chapters? He won't mind getting them out for you. And let's meet in Goody's tomorrow night. I promise you I'll be there this time."

Siskind's flat was over the Corner Book Shop, at Fourth Avenue and Eleventh Street, right in the middle of the second-hand-bookstore district. He came to the door, a short, jovial man with skeptical eyes, and I told him what I was after, and he laughed. "Good God!" he said. "Haven't you got anything better to do with your time than that?" However, he went at once to a clothes closet in the hallway of the flat and squatted down and looked around among the shoes and the fallen coat hangers on the floor of it and picked up five composition books. "Joe's a little off in his calculations," he said. "He has only five up here at present." He slapped the dust off the books and handed them to me, and I sat down and opened one. On the first page of it was carefully lettered, "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." This turned out to be another version of Gould's account of his father's final illness, death, funeral, and cremation. The facts in it having to do with these matters were the same as those in the version I had already read, although they were differently arranged, but the digressions were completely different. I opened the second book, and the title was exactly the same: "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." This was still another version. The title in the third book was "DRUNK AS A SKUNK, OR HOW I MEASURED THE HEADS OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED INDIANS IN ZERO WEATHER. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." This was



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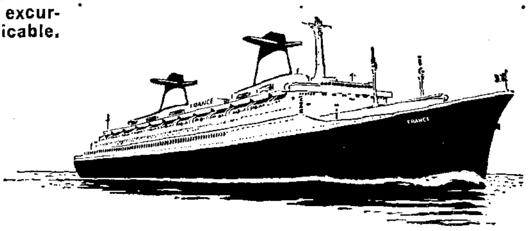

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an account of a trip that Gould had made to some Indian reservations in North Dakota during a period, not long after his graduation from Harvard, when he was interested in eugenics. The title in the fourth book was "*THE DREAD TOMATO HABIT*, OR WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT! DOWN WITH DR. GALLUP! A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." This was another version of the statistical chapter. The title in the fifth book was "DEATH OF MY MOTHER. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." This was the shortest of the chapters. It took up only eleven and a half pages, and most of it was a digression on the subject of cancer.

"Joe comes up here every few days and hits me for a handout, or what he calls a contribution to the Joe Gould Fund, and if he happens to have a finished composition book with him he goes over and tosses it in the closet," Siskind told me as I looked through the books. "He's been doing that for quite a long time now. He leaves the books in the closet until anywhere from half a dozen to a dozen or so have accumulated, and then, one day, he gathers them up and puts them in his portfolio and takes them away. By and by, he starts a new accumulation. He used to ask me to read them, and I would, but I don't anymore. He writes on the same subjects over and over and over again, and I'm afraid I've lost interest in the death of his father and the death of his mother and the dread tomato habit and the Indians out in North Dakota and all that. He seems to be a perfectionist; he seems to be determined to keep on writing new versions of each of his subjects until he gets one that is absolutely right. One cold day last winter, he came up here and sat by the radiator and started correcting and revising one of his books. He went through it once, changing a word here and a word there and scratching out sentences and writing new ones in. Then he went through it again and changed some more words and scratched out some more sentences. Then he went through it again. Then he tore the whole thing up and threw it in the wastebasket. 'Jesus, Joe!' I said. 'You certainly improved that one. You improved it right out of existence.' "

"When he gathers up his composition books and puts them in his portfolio, where does he take them?" I asked.

"He's always been kind of vague and remote about that," Siskind said. "As a matter of fact, I've never really under-

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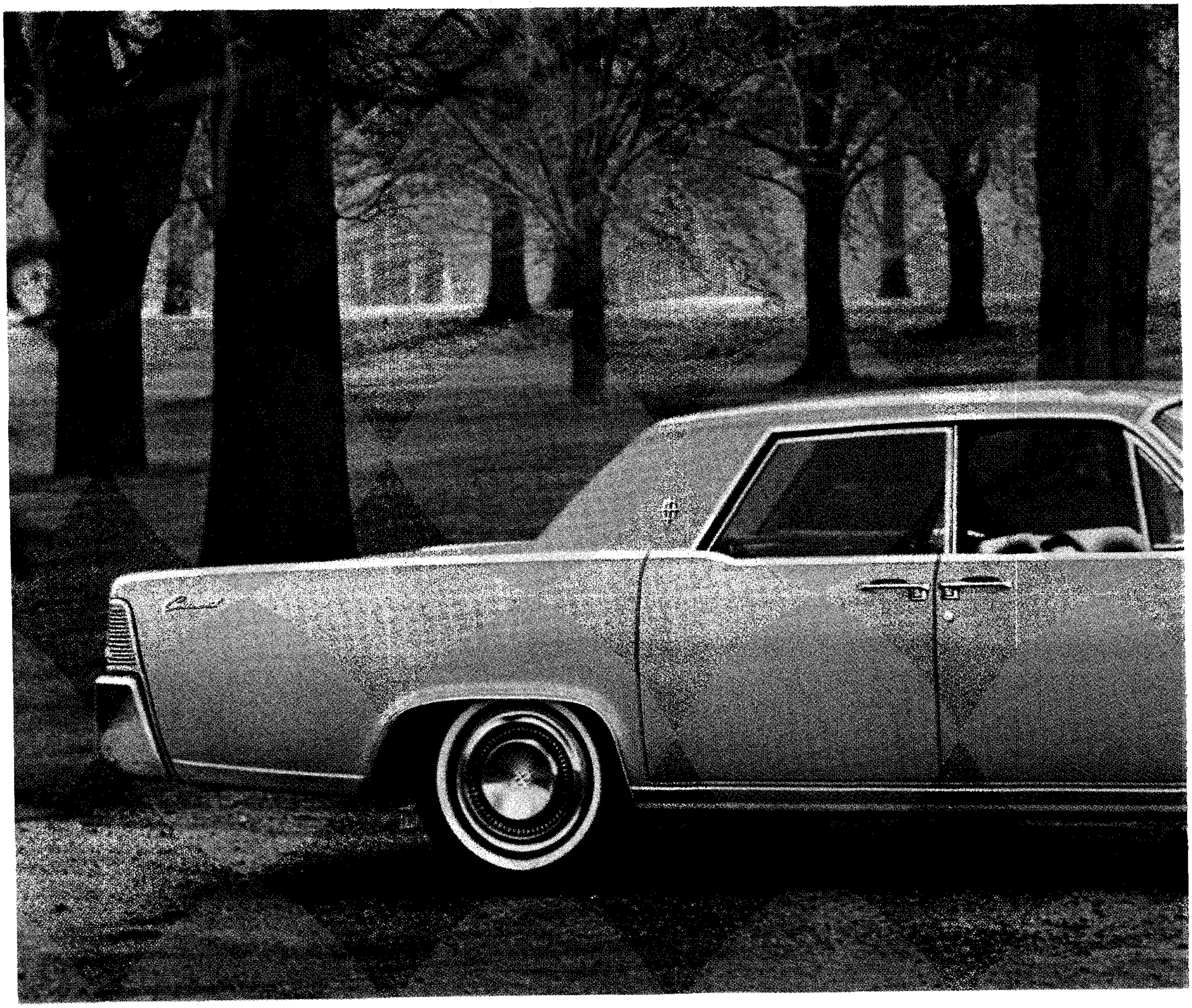

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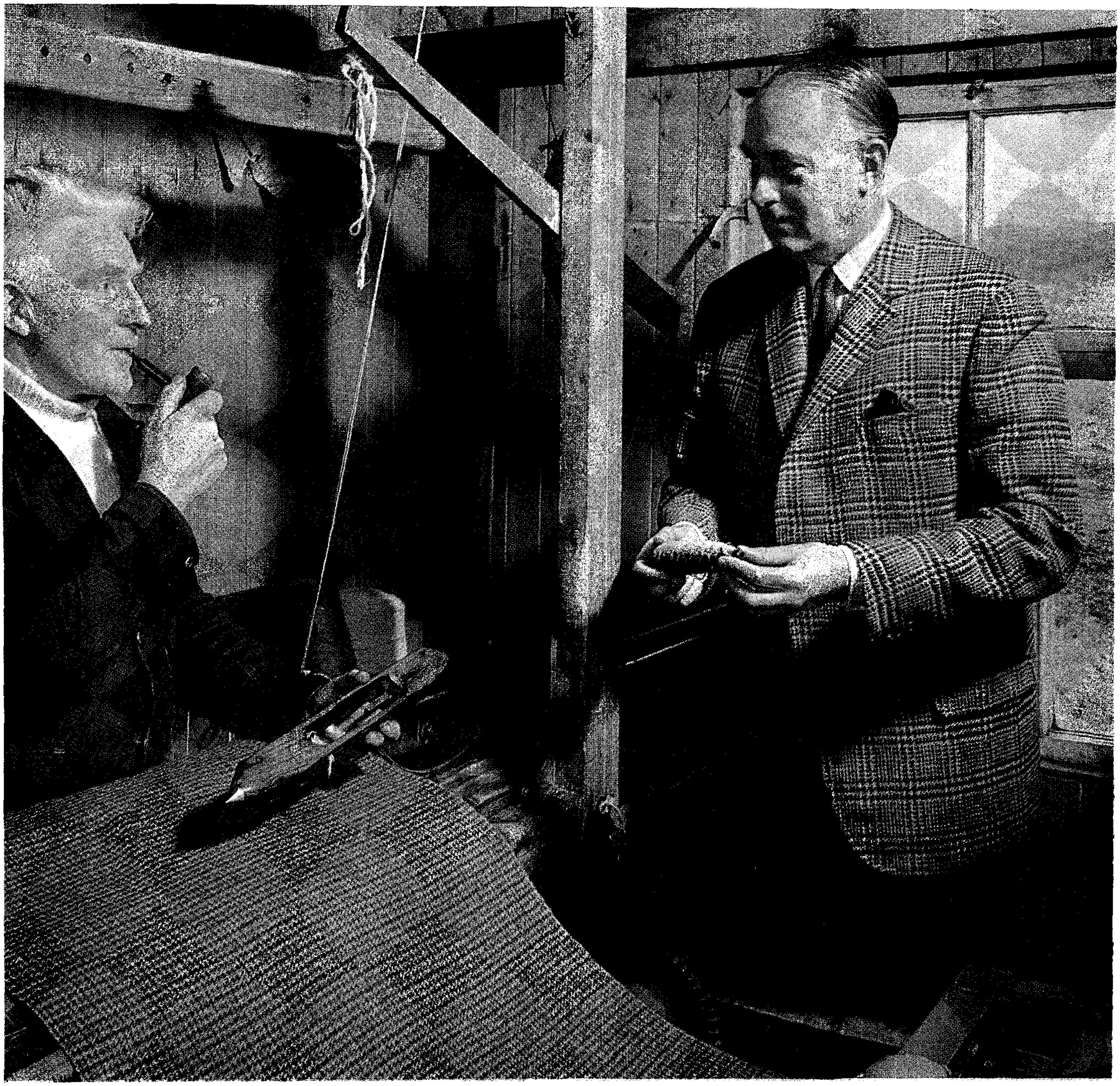

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stood why he takes them away in the first place. I've often told him that he can leave them here as long as he likes, and that he can have the whole closet to himself if he wants it. He's such a perfectionist I wouldn't be surprised if he tears them up and throws them in the first trash basket he comes to. Then he starts all over again. Starts fresh. Oh, I guess he has some secret place or other where he takes them and stores them away."

THE next night, I went into Goody's again. Gould was sitting at a table across from the bar. There was an empty beer glass in front of him. He was wearing the same dirty seersucker suit that he had been wearing at our first meeting, only now it was much dirtier and had a bad rip at the shoulder. It looked as if somewhere along the line someone had given his left sleeve an angry jerk, ripping it half off at the shoulder. I went over and sat down and returned the composition books that I had got from him, and thanked him for letting me read them.

"You were disappointed," he said accusingly.

"Oh, no," I said.

"Yes you were," he said. "I can tell."

"To be honest," I said, "I was. I understood from what you told me that the Oral History was mostly talk, but there wasn't any talk in the chapters you lent me or in the ones I saw at Siskind's."

Gould threw up his hands. "Naturally there wasn't," he said. "There are two kinds of chapters in the Oral History—essay chapters and oral chapters. As it happens, all those you read were essay chapters."

This remark instantly cleared up my puzzlement about the Oral History; it seemed to explain everything. I took Gould's empty glass over to the bar and got him a beer. Then, sitting down, I told him I would like very much to read some of the oral chapters.

"Oh, Lord," Gould said. "Since we've gone this far, there's something about the Oral History I'll have to tell you—something about its present whereabouts. I was hoping I could keep it quiet, for security reasons, but I can see now I would've had to let people know about it sooner or later anyhow." He frowned and cocked his eyes at the ceiling and stroked his bearded chin and seemed to be casting around in his mind for the simplest way to tell about something that was extraordinarily involved. "Oh, well,

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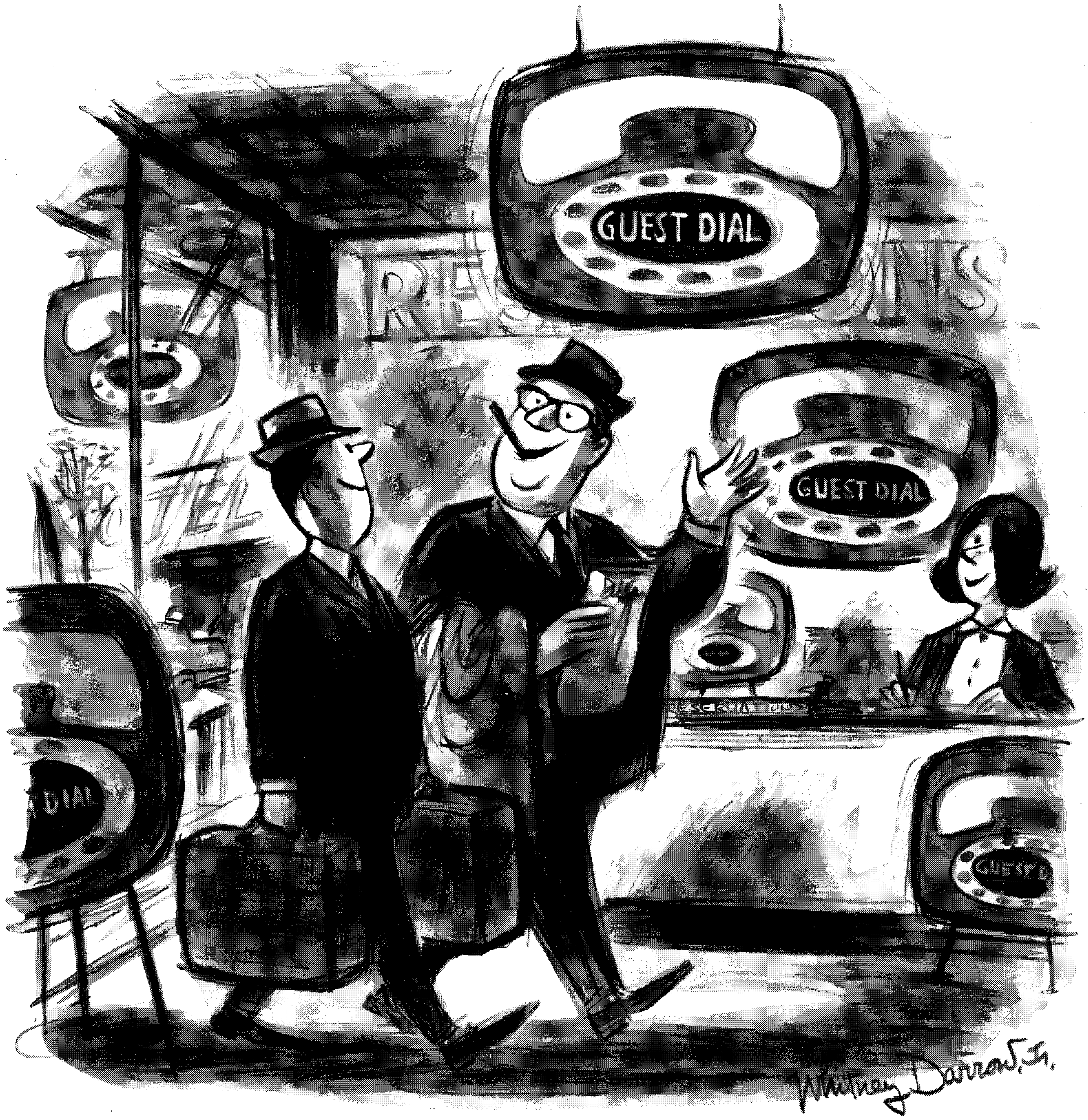
to go back a little," he said, "a woman I know who used to work in the main branch of the Public Library retired several years ago and bought a duck-and-chicken farm on Long Island, and last Thanksgiving she invited me out there. I'm not going to tell you her name or the exact location of her farm, so don't ask me any questions. It's an isolated place, out on a dirt road. Huntington is the nearest railroad station, but it's a considerable distance from Huntington. There are two houses on the place. One is a frame house, and a Polish farmer and his wife live in it and look after the ducks and chickens. The other is an old stone house, and my friend and a niece of hers live in it. My friend showed me over the house, including the cellar. The cellar was snug and dry and whitewashed, and it was partitioned into one large room and three small rooms. The small rooms were built to be used for storage, and had good strong doors. And the doors had locks on them—set-in locks, not padlocks. Now, early in January of this year, a month and a half or so after I was out there, a painter friend of mine told me that an art dealer had told him that the Metropolitan Museum was moving a good many of its most precious paintings to a bombproof location outside the city for the duration of the war, and I decided I'd better get busy and do something about the Oral History. I immediately thought of those rooms in my friend's cellar, and it seemed to me that one of them would be an ideal place for the Oral History. So I wrote to my friend and inquired into the possibility. She didn't think much of the idea at first—didn't want the responsibility—but I wrote to her again and said that a good librarian such as herself ought to be able to understand the importance to posterity of what I was asking her to do, and I promised her that generations yet unborn would be grateful to her and rise up and call her blessed, and finally she wrote and said for me to get the Oral History together and wrap it in two layers of oilcloth and tie some ropes around it—in other words, bale it up. I did so, and the following Sunday she and her niece drove in and picked it up and took it out and deposited it in her cellar. And that's where it is. And if you'll pay my train fare out to Huntington and back and my taxicab fare from the station out to her place and back and give me money enough to buy her a box of candy for a present, I'll take a run out there early next week and open the bale and select a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couple of dozen representative chapters—oral ones, that is—and bring them in."

We figured out how much money he would need for the trip, and I gave it to him.

He took his time about making the trip. I didn't see him again until the following Thursday, when he came to my office and said that he had gone out to his friend's farm the day before but hadn't been able to get at the Oral History. "My friend wasn't home," he said. "According to her niece, she's been away a couple of months. She's down in Florida. She has a brother who's a retired high-school English teacher, a bachelor, and he was spending the winter in St. Augustine, and sometime around the middle of April he had a stroke. She's very attached to him, and she went down there to look after him. And just before she left, the niece said, she locked up half the place, including the three rooms in the cellar, and took the keys with her. This upset me, and I begged the niece to write her at once and ask her to send back the key to the room the Oral History is in. 'Write her yourself,' the niece said. 'It's none of my business.' Then I decided it might be a lot wiser to telephone her, so the niece gave me the number of the place where she's staying, and I'd appreciate it very much if you'd let me have money enough to make the call."

I said I could arrange for him to make the call right then, through the office switchboard.

"That would be fine," he said, "except I'm not supposed to call her during the day. The niece told me I should call her at night, because she's at the hospital during the day. If you'll just let me have the money, I'll call her tonight from the pay phone in Goody's."

Next morning, shortly after I got to the office, Gould telephoned and said that after calling the woman person-to-person several times he had reached her around midnight. "She must be all tired out and nervous," he said, "because she scolded me severely. She reminded me that when she agreed to store the Oral History she had made it clear that I couldn't be taking it out and putting it back in but that I'd have to let it stay put for the duration of the war. 'You wanted it in a safe place,' she said, 'and it's in a safe place, so just relax.' I asked her when she expected to return, but I didn't get much satisfaction out of her. 'It might be weeks,' she said, 'and it might be months, and it might be years. And in the mean-

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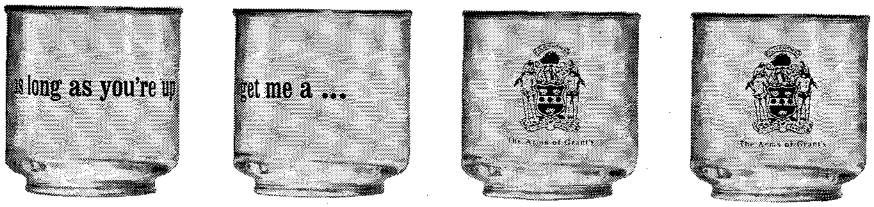

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time,' she said, 'quit bothering me.' I tried to reason with her, and she hung up on me."

"Would it do any good if I called her?" I asked.

"As soon as she found out what you were calling about," Gould said, "she'd hang up on you."

This put me in a predicament. Ever since my first interview with Gould, I had been tracking down friends and enemies of his and talking with them about him. Most of these people had known Gould for a long time and either were regular contributors to the Joe Gould Fund or had been in the past. In fact, several of them—E. E. Cummings, the poet; Slater Brown, the novelist; M. R. Werner, the biographer; Orrick Johns, the poet; Kenneth Fearing, the poet and novelist; Malcolm Cowley, the critic; Barney Gallant, the proprietor of Barney Gallant's, a Village night club; and Max Gordon, the proprietor of the Village Vanguard, another Village night club—had been giving him a dime or a quarter or a half dollar or a dollar or a couple of dollars once or twice a week for over twenty years. Each person I saw had suggested others to see, and I had looked up around fifteen people and spoken on the telephone with around fifteen others. All of them had been willing, or more than willing, to tell what they knew about Gould, and I had got a great many anecdotes and a great deal of biographical information about him from them. I had read the clippings concerning him in the morgues of three newspapers. (The oldest clipping I found was dated March 2, 1934, and was from the *Herald Tribune.* In it, Gould told the reporter that the Oral History was 7,300,000 words long. In another clipping from the *Herald Tribune,* dated April 10, 1937, he said that the Oral History was now 8,800,000 words long. In one from *PM,* dated August 24, 1941, Gould was called "an author who has written a book taller than himself." "The stack of manuscripts comprising the Oral History has passed 7 feet," *PM* said. "Gould is 5 feet 4.") At the suggestion of one of his classmates, I had gone to the library of the Harvard Club and hunted through the reports of his class—the class of 1911—for references to him. I had spent a day in the genealogy room in the Public Library looking through New England genealogies and town and county histories for information about his ancestors and family connections, and had been able to verify most of the statements he had made about them. Now all I needed

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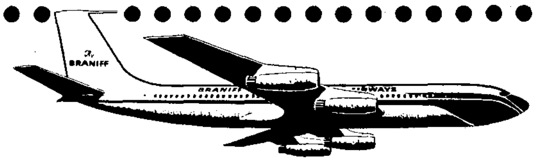

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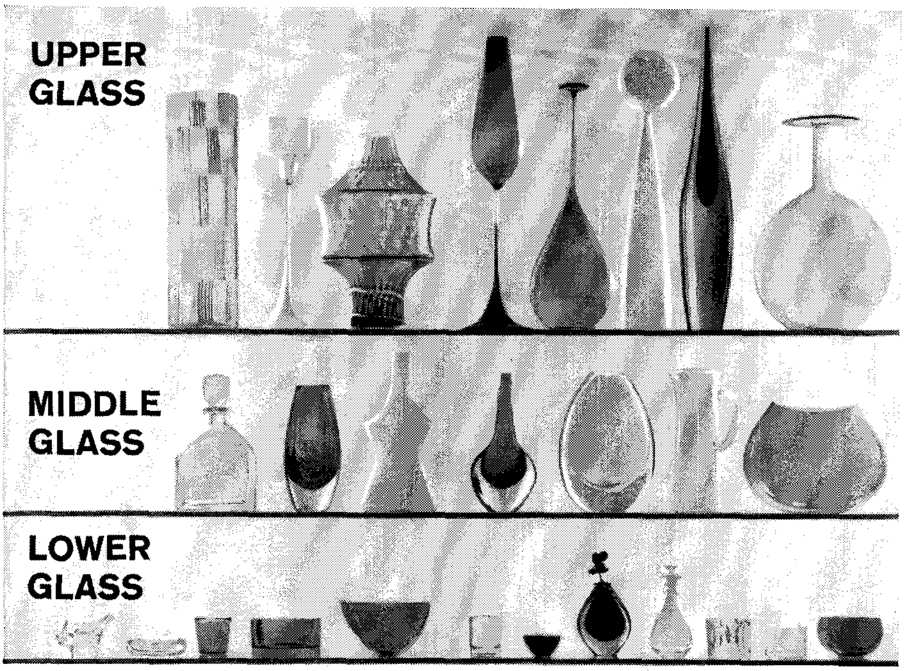

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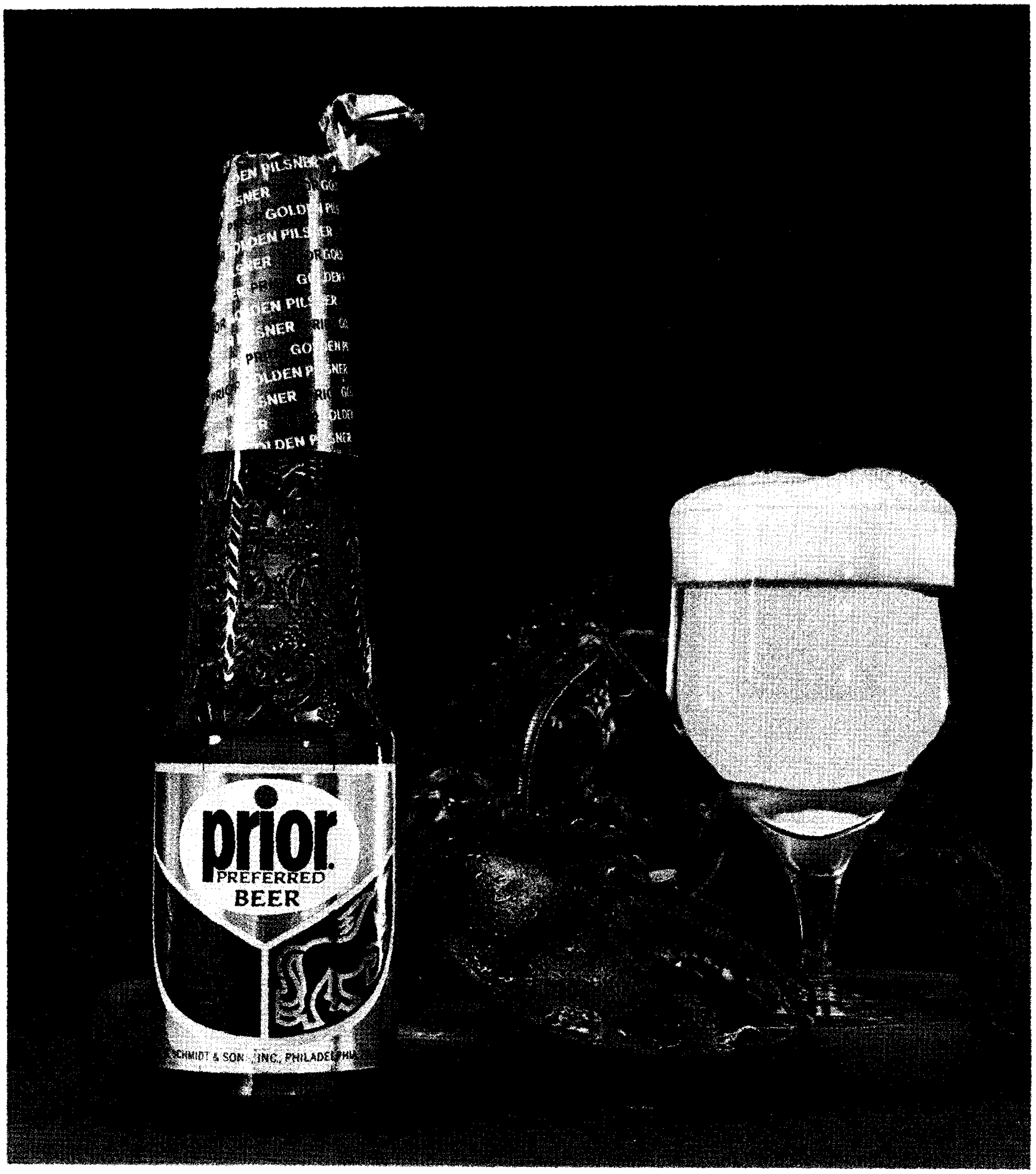
was one more thing, a look at the oral part of the Oral History, but that seemed to me to be essential. As far as I was concerned, the Oral History was Gould's reason for being, and if I couldn't quote from it, or even describe it at first hand, I didn't see how I could write a Profile of him. I could postpone further work on the Profile until the woman returned from Florida and let Gould into her cellar, but I knew from experience that postponing a project of this nature usually meant the end of it; I knew that my interest in it would fade as soon as I got involved in other matters, and that before long simply having it hanging over me would very likely cause me to turn against it. Furthermore, I was growing leery of Gould; I had begun to feel that, whatever the reason, he really didn't want me to see the oral part of the Oral History, and that when the woman returned, some brand-new difficulty might very well present itself. I decided on the spur of the moment that the best thing to do was to abandon the project right then and there and go on as quickly as possible to something else.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gould," I said, "but I think we'd better just drop the whole thing."

"Oh, no!" Gould said. His voice sounded alarmed. "Look," he said. "I have an abnormal memory. In fact, people have often told me that I probably have what the psychologists call total recall. I've lost chapters of the Oral History several times and reconstructed them entirely from memory. Once, I lost one and reconstructed it and then found the one I had lost, and a good many pages in the two of them matched almost word for word. If you'll meet me in Goody's tonight, I'll recite some chapters for you. I'll recite dozens of chapters. If you've got the patience to listen, I'll recite hundreds. You'll get as good an idea of the oral part of the Oral History that way as you would by reading it. Considering my handwriting, you may even get a better idea."

That night, around eight, Gould and I sat down at a table in a quiet corner in the back of Goody's. First, he drank two double Martinis, doing so, he said, for a particular purpose. "I have found," he said, "that gin primes the pump of memory." Then he began telling the life story of a man he said he used to run into in flophouses who was a kind of religious fanatic and was called the Deacon, telling it in the first person, just as the Deacon had told it to him. The Deacon was a gloomy periodical drinker. He was a backslidden member of some schismatic Lutheran sect, he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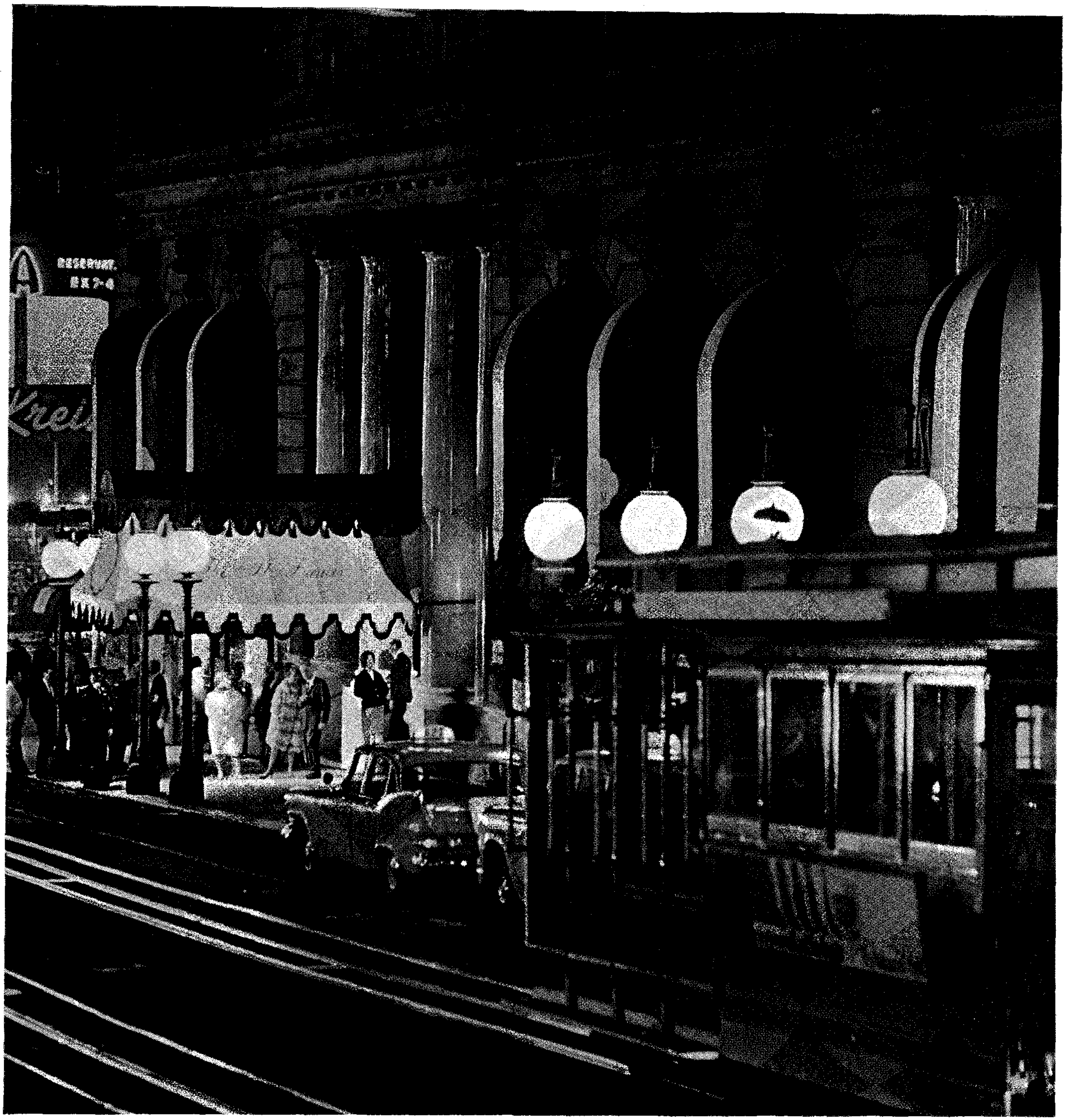

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was under the impression that he had lost his soul, he believed that he had discovered hints in the Bible concerning the exact date—year, month, day, and time of day—of the end of the world, and he often saw things at night. One summer night, for example, while he was sitting in a doorway on Great Jones Street, near the Bowery, he smelled sulphur and looked up and saw the Devil walk past and felt the heat of Hell emanating from him. Later the same night, he saw two mermaids in the East River. They were off Pier 26, at the foot of Catharine Street, frolicking in the moonlight. "They weren't exactly half women, half fishes," he told Gould. "They were more like half women, half snakes. When they saw me sitting on the pier looking at them, they held out their arms and wriggled and made certain other motions trying to tempt me to come in with them, and if I had done so they would've wrapped themselves around me and dragged me to the bottom."

Gould spent an hour or so on the Deacon's visions and torments. Then, after drinking another double Martini, he quoted some remarks that he said had been made to him by a doleful old Hungarian woman, known as Old Budapest or Old Buda the Pest, who used to sit in bars on Third Avenue, around Cooper Square, and talk on and on to anyone who would listen. Gould said he had filled many composition books with her talk. He recited a few of her soliloquies verbatim and paraphrased others and summarized others. Finishing with Old Buda, he drank a fourth Martini—a regular one this time. Then he ordered another, but decided not to drink all of it. Instead, he ordered a large beer, drank it, and then ordered a small beer and drank it. At this point, he described an eating place in which he said he had spent a lot of time during the early thirties. It was called Frenchy's Coffee Pot; it was on First Avenue, near Twenty-ninth Street, just across from the Pathological Building of Bellevue Hospital, a building that also housed the City Mortuary; it stayed open until two in the morning and opened again at six; and it was patronized by nurses, internes, orderlies, ambulance drivers, morgue attendants, embalming-school students, and other people who worked in the hospital and the mortuary. Whenever he could, Gould said, he would engage these people in conversation, and now he began to quote some of the things they had told him. "This part of the Oral History is pretty gory," he said. "It is called

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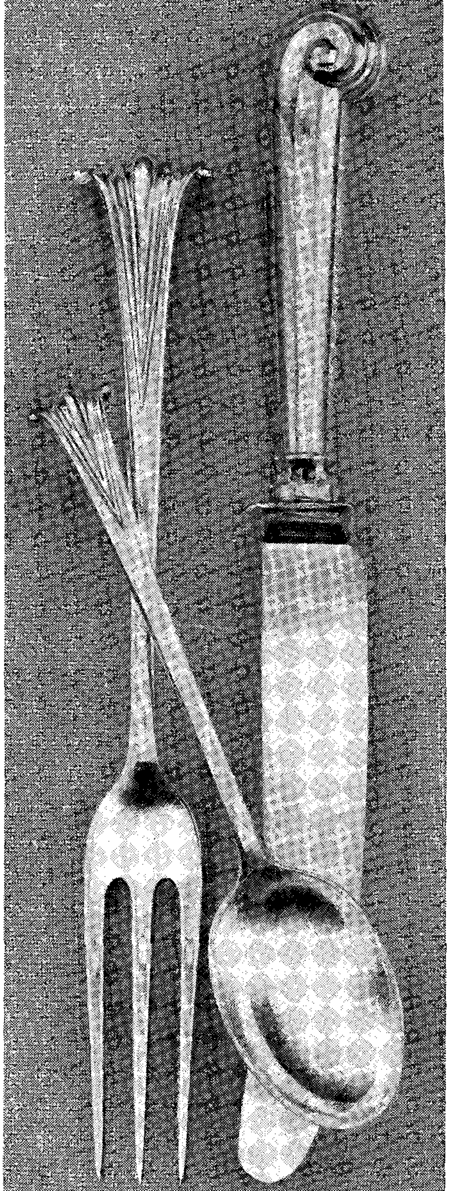

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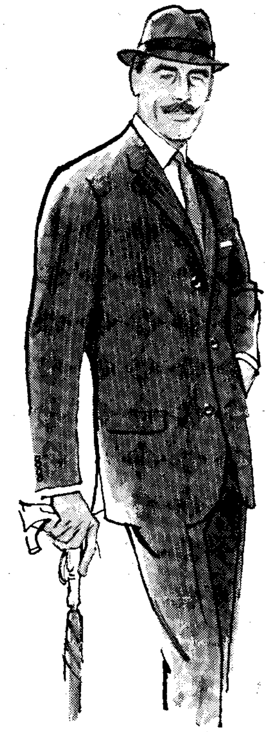
'Echoes from the Backstairs of Bellevue,' and it is divided into sections, under such headings as 'Spectacular Operations and Amputations,' 'Horrible Deaths,' 'Sadistic Doctors,' 'Alcoholic Doctors,' 'Drug-Addicted Doctors,' 'Women-Chasing Doctors,' 'Huge Tumors, Etc.,' and 'Strange Things Found During Autopsies.' "

Presently, after quoting at some length from each of his sections on Bellevue, Gould ordered another small beer and drank it, and then said that he would now quote for a little while from the longest and most important part of the Oral History. He said that he called this part "An Infinitude of Bushwa," and that it was about the Village, and that it ran through approximately seventy-five composition books. "It contains an enormous number of monologues, conversations, and disputes about a wide variety of art, literary, political, theological, and sexual matters that I overheard in the Village," he said, "and this will be very valuable to social historians in centuries to come, but the most valuable thing it contains is gossip—the things that people in the Village said about each other behind each other's backs during the twenties and thirties. As I say somewhere in my introduction to this part, which in itself takes up nine composition books, 'Malicious gossip, vicious and malicious. Spite and jealousy and middle-aged lust and middle-aged bile.' You can mention just about anybody who was around the Village during the last quarter of a century, and I've probably got something about him or her in this part of the History—something nasty. However and nevertheless and notwithstanding and be that as it may," he said, suddenly getting to his feet, "please excuse me a minute."

I had been so busy taking notes that I hadn't looked up for some time, and now I looked up and saw that Gould was drunk, or close to it. His eyes were blank and staring; he stared at me as if he had never seen me before. I was surprised, for his voice had been clear and his talk had been coherent. "I'll be right back," he said. Starting to step away from the table, he lurched into the aisle. Then, recovering himself, he made his way to the men's room, shuffling along cautiously and holding his arms out in front of him for balance, like a feeble old man.

When he returned, I said I was afraid that he was tired of talking, and suggested that we adjourn and meet again the following night. He shook his head vigorously. "I'm not in the least bit tired," he said. I closed my notebook



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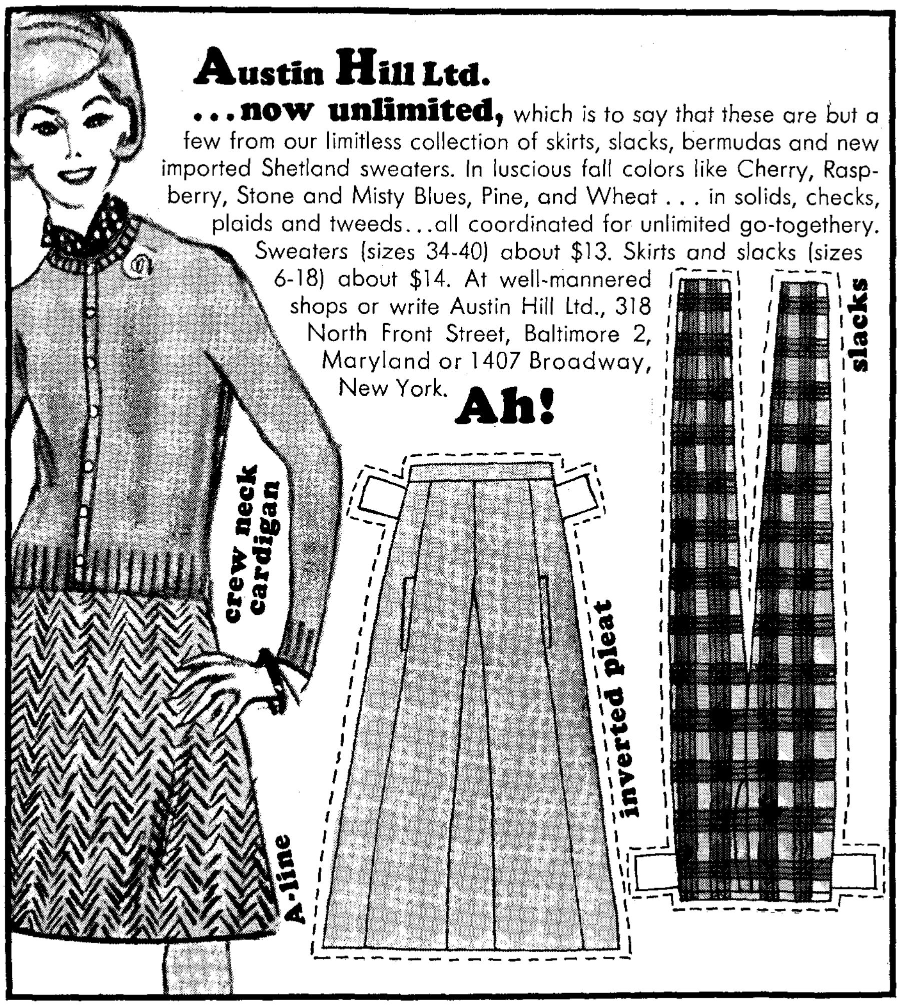
and started to put it in my pocket. "You're the one who's tired," he said. He reached over and grabbed my sleeve. "Don't go yet," he said. "I want to say something about my mother. I didn't say much about her the other day in the diner, and I feel I should. Don't bother taking notes. Just listen."

His mother had been a good mother, he said, except for one thing: She had never treated him as a grownup. While he was at Harvard, he said, and even after he had been living in New York City for years and had become well known as a bohemian and had grown a beard, she had occasionally sent him packages of a kind of penny candy, called peach pits, that he had liked as a child. This was typical of her, he said. "My mother did one thing to me when I was a boy," he said, "that I've never been able to forgive or forget. It may seem like a trivial incident to you, not worth thinking about twice, but I must've thought about it a thousand times. We were sitting in the parlor of our house in Norwood one evening after supper. I was studying, and I happened to look up and I saw that she was looking at me and apparently had been for some time and that tears were running down her cheeks. 'My poor son,' she said." Gould's eyes blazed. He was silent for a few moments. Then he forgot all about his mother and began talking about his father. He got wound up talking about his father; he couldn't seem to stop. His father had been a railroad enthusiast, he said, and a collector of timetables and of pictures of locomotives. Norwood is on a branch line of what was then the New England Railroad and is now the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and his father had been local surgeon for the railroad and a member of the International Association of Railway Surgeons. "One evening," Gould said, "my father put down his newspaper, which was the Boston *Evening Transcript*, you may be sure, and announced that he was going in to Boston in the morning to see a new locomotive that the railroad was getting ready to put into service, and then he announced that he was taking me with him. This was when I was around nine or ten, back before he had given up on me, so to speak, and it was one of the happiest days of my life. We got up before day and had breakfast together, and then we went in on an early train and stopped in the station restaurant in Boston and had a second breakfast. He had coffee and a cinnamon bun, and I had hot chocolate and a cinnamon bun. Then



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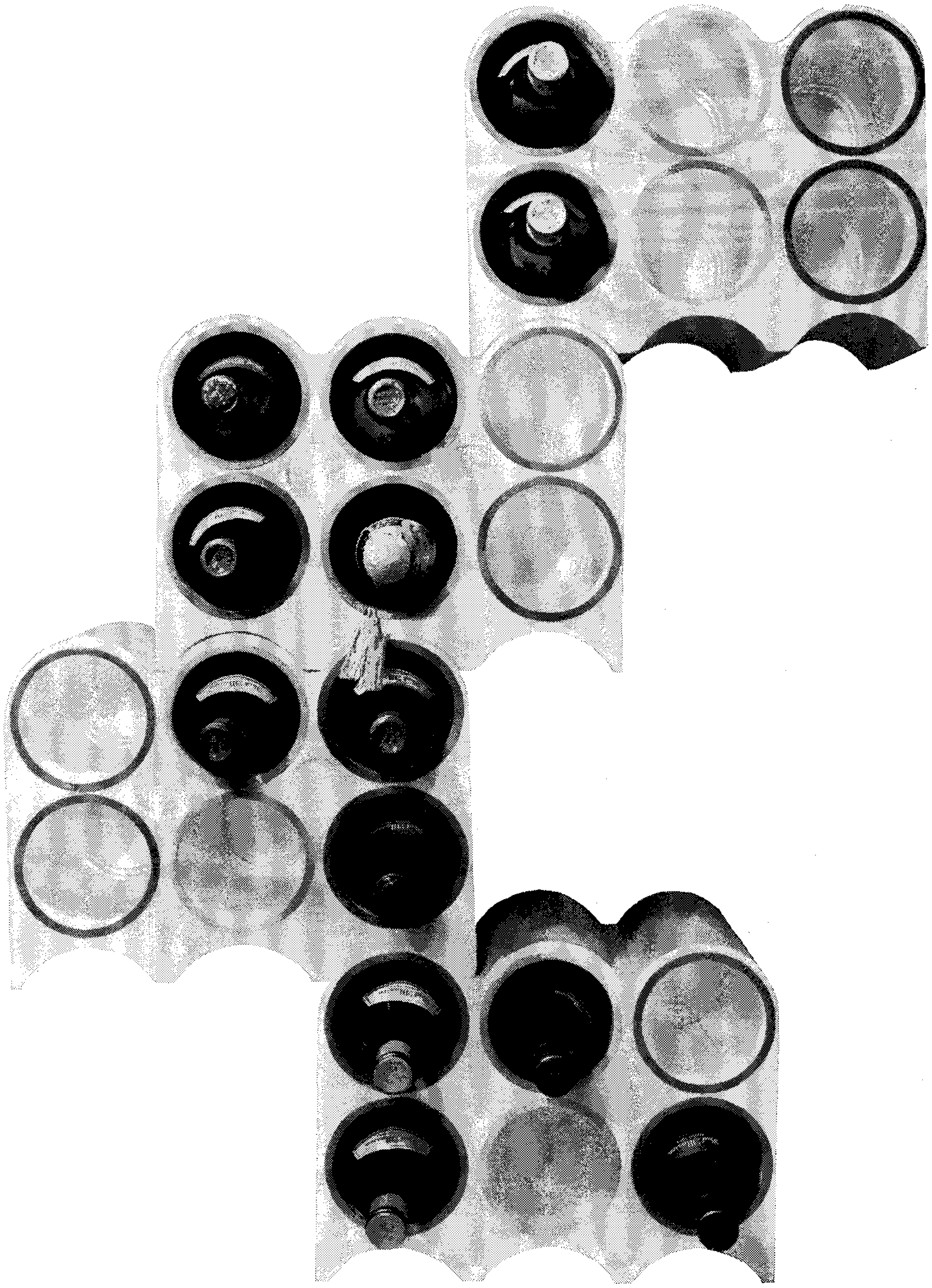

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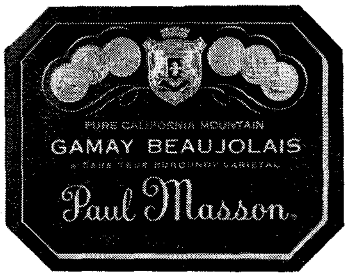

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we went out in the yards. There was a crowd of railroad men standing around the locomotive, looking it over, and my father knew one of them. 'How do you do, Mr. Delehanty,' my father said. 'This is my son Joseph.' "

Gould was so moved by this recollection that his voice broke and his eyes filled with tears and he was unable to continue talking. A few moments later, while he was dabbing at his eyes with a paper napkin and trying to regain his composure, one of the old bohemians at the bar came over to him and said, "I know how you feel, Joe. It was really quite a shock." Gould stared at the old bohemian. "What shock?" he asked. The old bohemian stared back at Gould. "Hearing about it," he said. "Hearing about what?" asked Gould. "Bob," said the old bohemian. Then, giving Gould a searching look and seeing that he was mystified, the old bohemian said that a man named Bob Something-or-Other (I didn't catch his last name), who was evidently another old bohemian and a friend of both of them, had keeled over in Goody's during the afternoon, while he was sitting at the bar, and had been taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where, according to a telephone call the bartender had just received, he had died not long after he arrived. Gould was visibly delighted by this piece of news. "Well, I must say," he said, "I think that was very commendable of Bob. In fact," he went on, "it's probably the most commendable thing he ever did." The old bohemian was taken aback, but a moment later his face changed and he laughed heartily. "Poor old Bob," said Gould, in mitigation. Then he and the old bohemian became engrossed in an intensely serious discussion about Bob's age—whether he had hit seventy or was still in his sixties—and I took the opportunity to say good night and depart.

Next night, Gould and I met again in Goody's. We met at six, and I listened to him until around midnight. We skipped the following night, which was Sunday night. On Monday night, we met again at six, and once again I listened to him until around midnight. I thought that we had agreed to meet at eight on Tuesday night, but when I arrived at eight I found that I had not made this clear to him and he had been waiting for me since six and was so anxious to start talking that he was in a state of agitation. To square myself, I listened to him until Goody's closed, at four o'clock in the morning. I saw him again on Wednesday night, and again on Thursday night, and again on Friday night. These sessions followed

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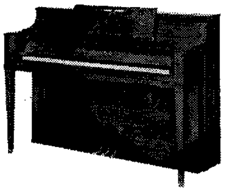

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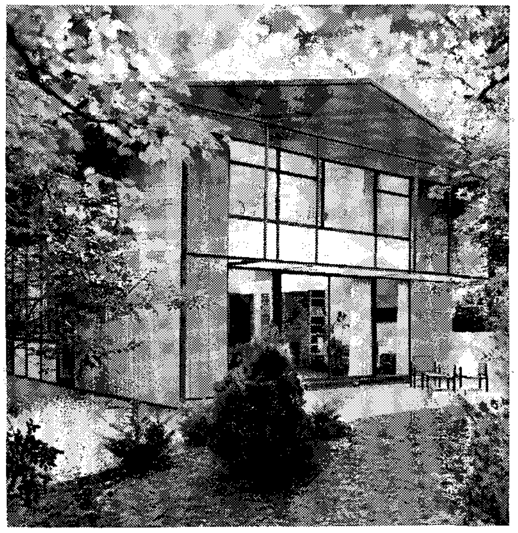

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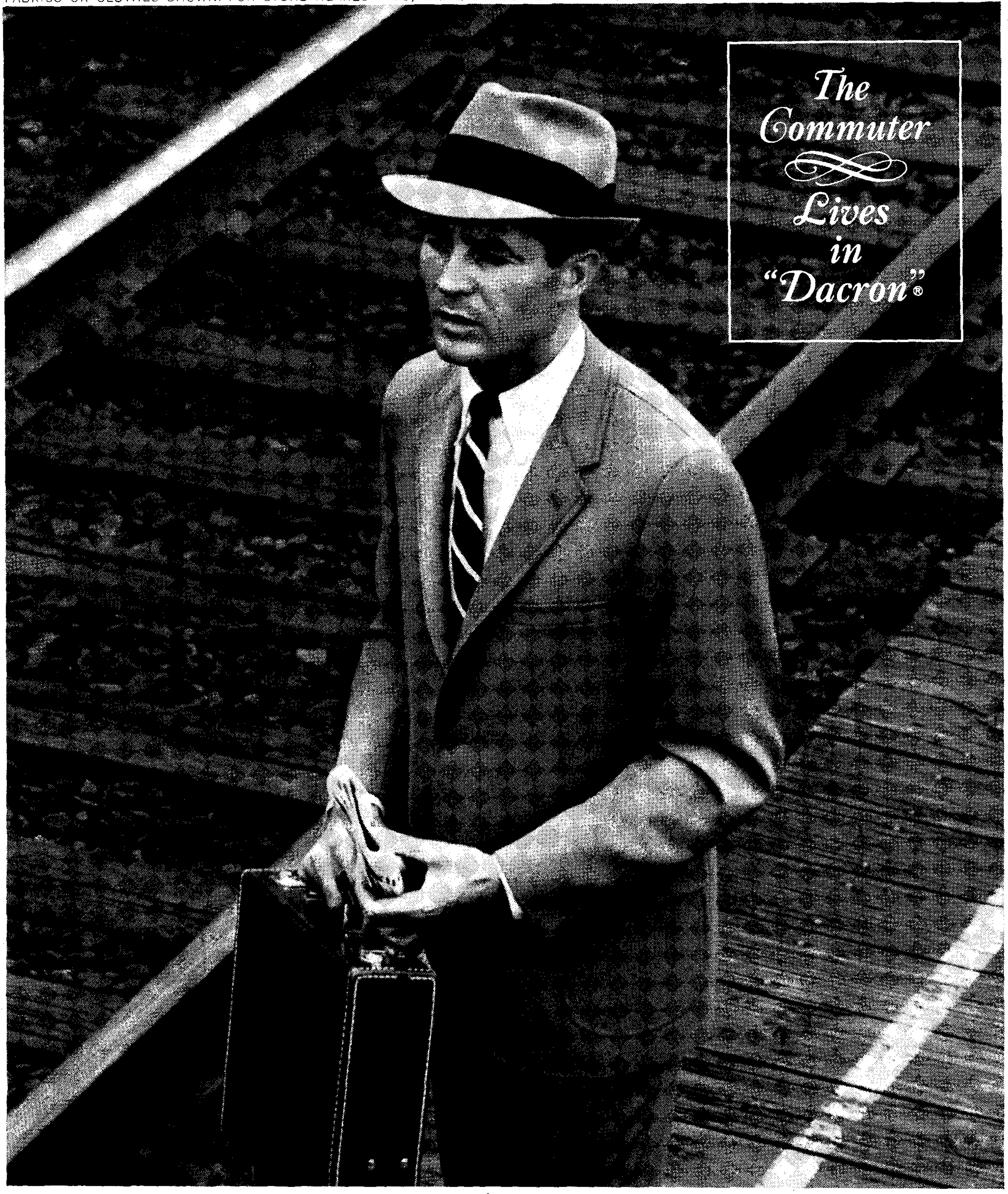

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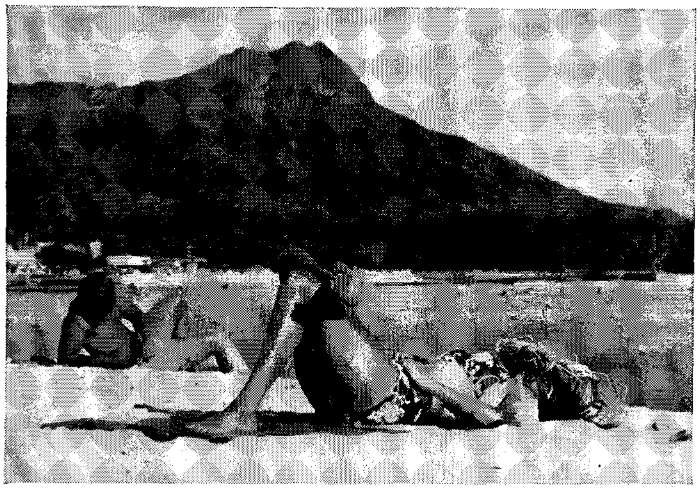

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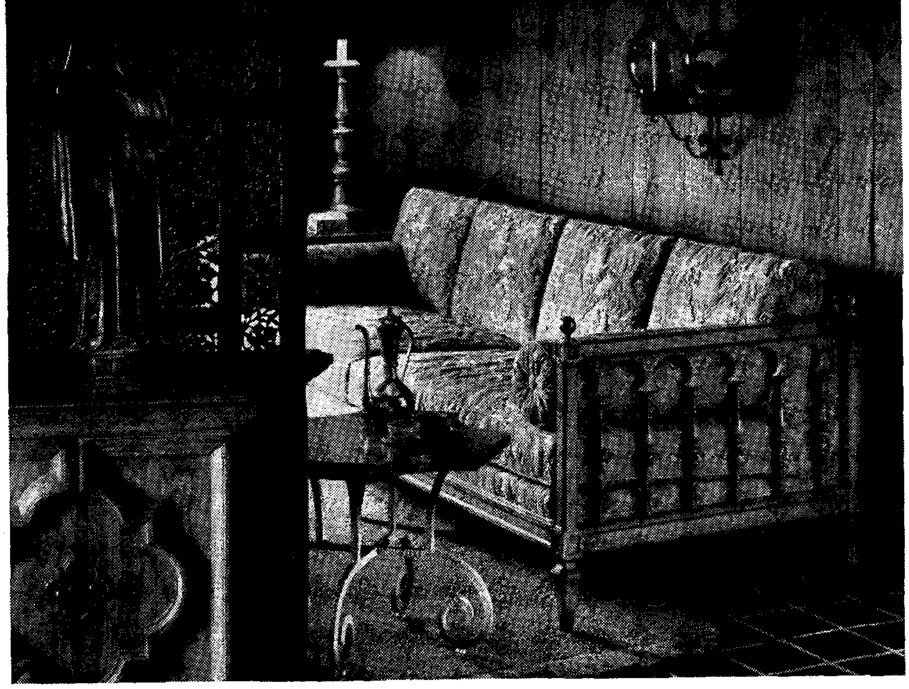

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a pattern. Gould would quote from the Oral History while the gin and beer were gradually taking hold, and then he would lose interest in the Oral History and talk more and more about himself, until presently he would give up and talk about nothing but himself. He seemed to think that no detail of his life was too trivial to tell about. He would tell about the first time he caught a fish or about the removal of his tonsils, he would tell fatuous family anecdotes, laughing all the while, and he would recall the ins and outs of conversations that he had had long ago with boyhood friends about the mysteries of the adult world. Once, he pointed out several scars on his cheeks and forehead and told how he got each one; I remember that he got a couple of those on his forehead when a Mason jar of stewed tomatoes that his mother had put up exploded. Late one evening, he paused for a moment and asked me if I was tired of listening to him, and I started to be polite and say "Oh, no!," but weariness made me frank and I said that I was, whereupon he snickered and said that he could sympathize with me but that he had been waiting for years to talk to someone about himself and really go into detail, and now that he had an opportunity to do so he was going to make the most of it. "And since you're going to write about me," he said, "you can't help yourself—it's your duty to listen to me, it's part of your job."

After the Friday-night session, which lasted ten hours—it started at 6 P.M. and ended at 4 A.M.—I decided that I had become sufficiently familiar with a representative group of chapters of the Oral History and that enough was enough and that I wouldn't listen to him any longer, although it was obvious that he had scarcely got started and could go on for weeks; I simply didn't have the endurance. I tried to tell him this but found myself hesitating and dissembling, and he interrupted me. "If you're trying to tell me that you don't want to hear any more," he said, a little angrily, "you don't have to apologize. I'm perfectly well aware that I talk too much."

On the following Monday, which was June 29th, I started writing the Profile of Gould. On Tuesday, around noon, Gould telephoned and said he was worried about the facts concerning his family background that he had given me, and wanted to come up and interpret them for me. There were subtleties involved that I might miss, he said, since he was a New Englander and I was not. He came and stayed until deep

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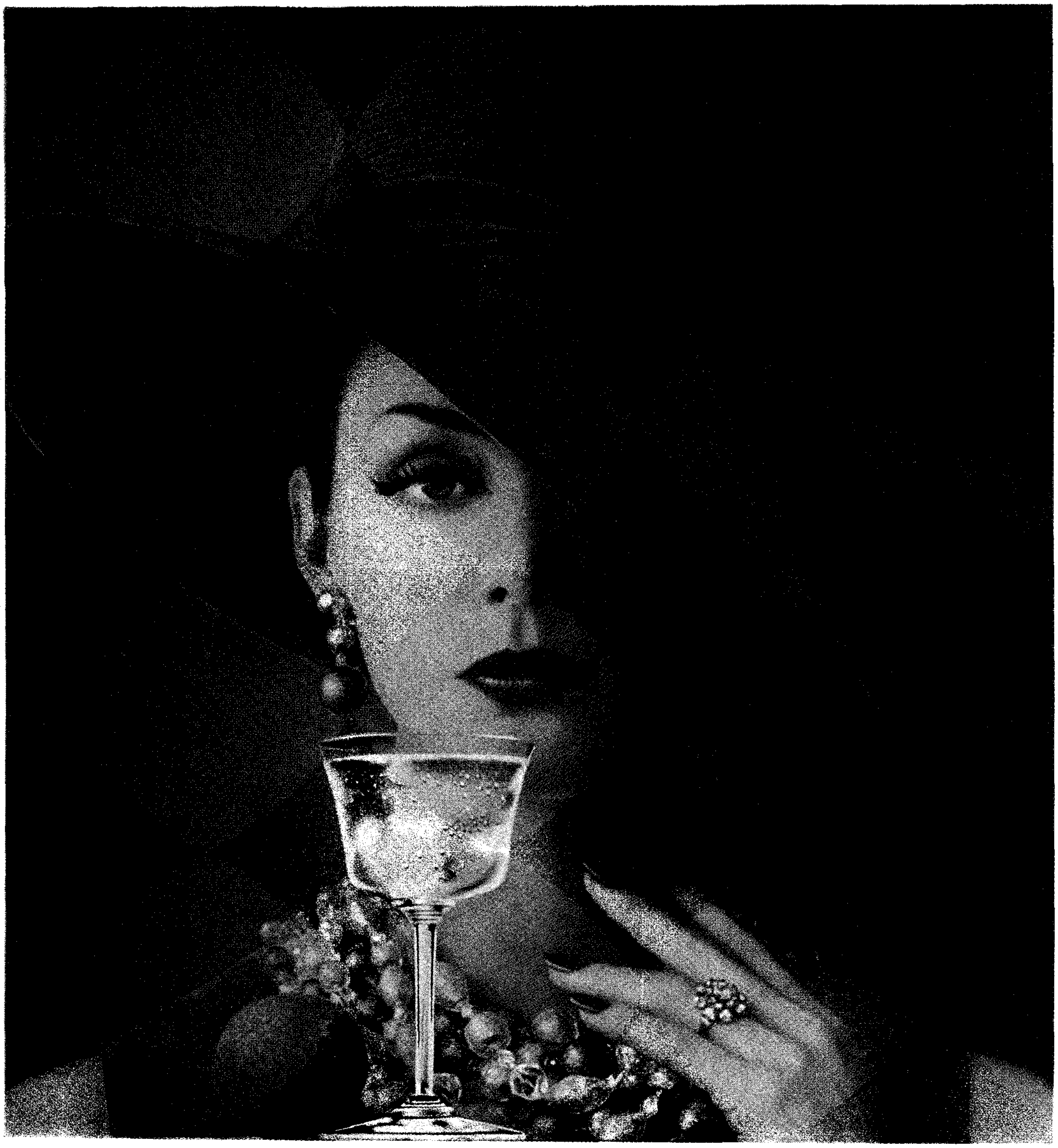

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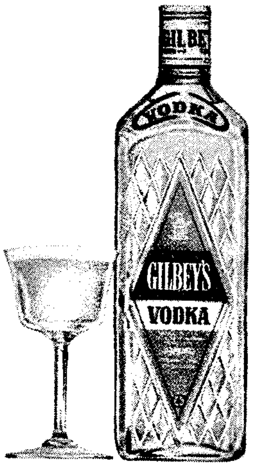

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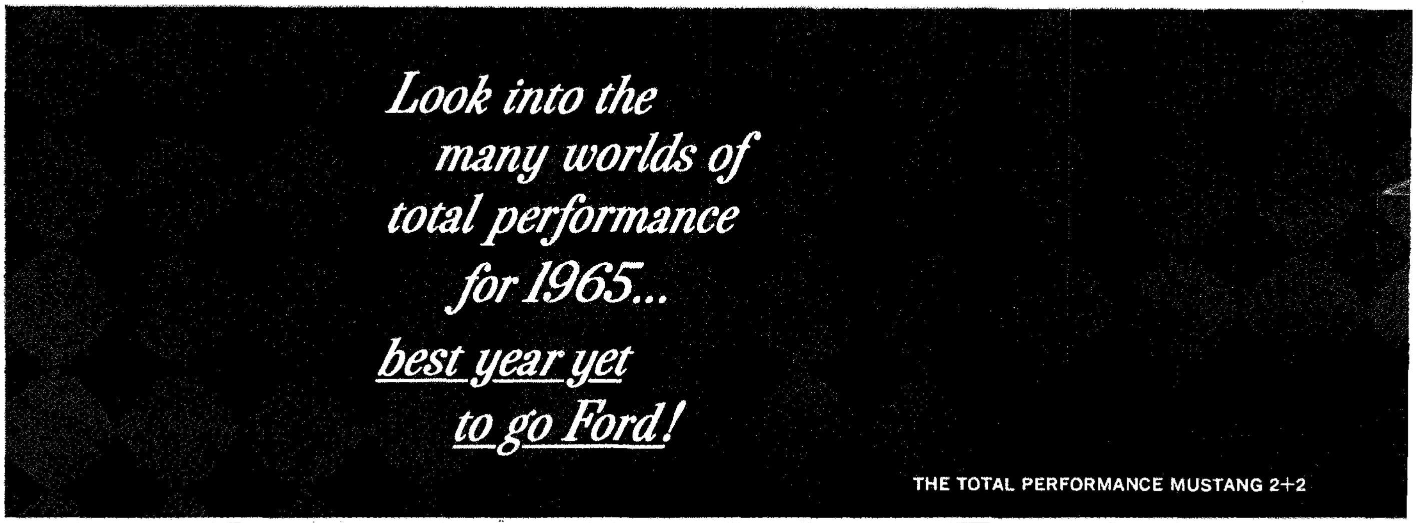

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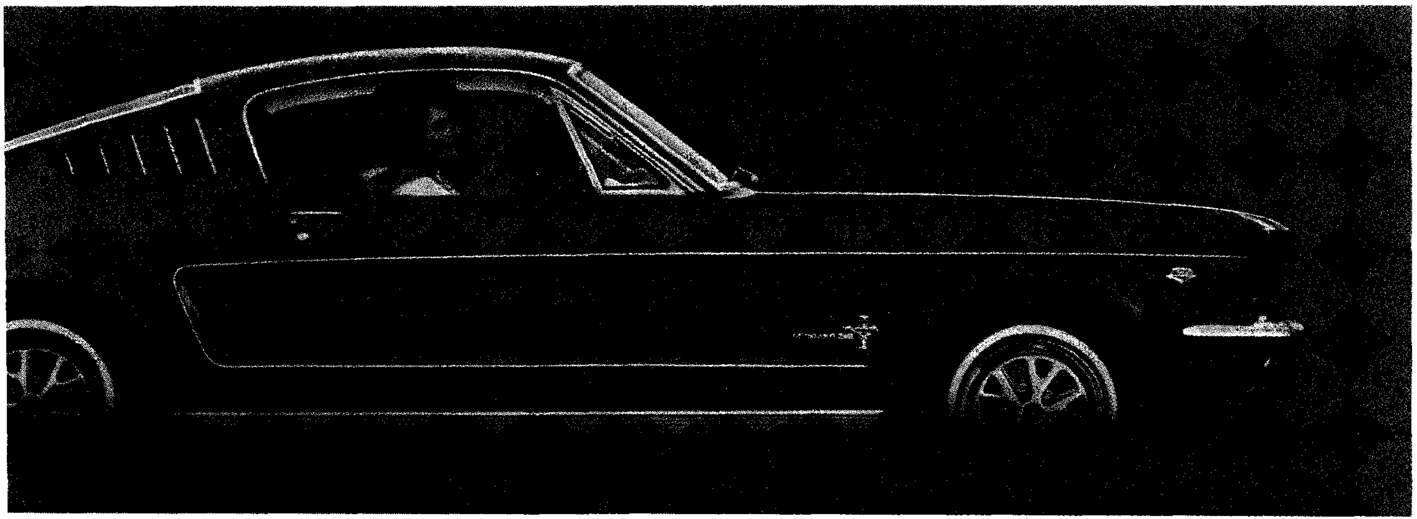

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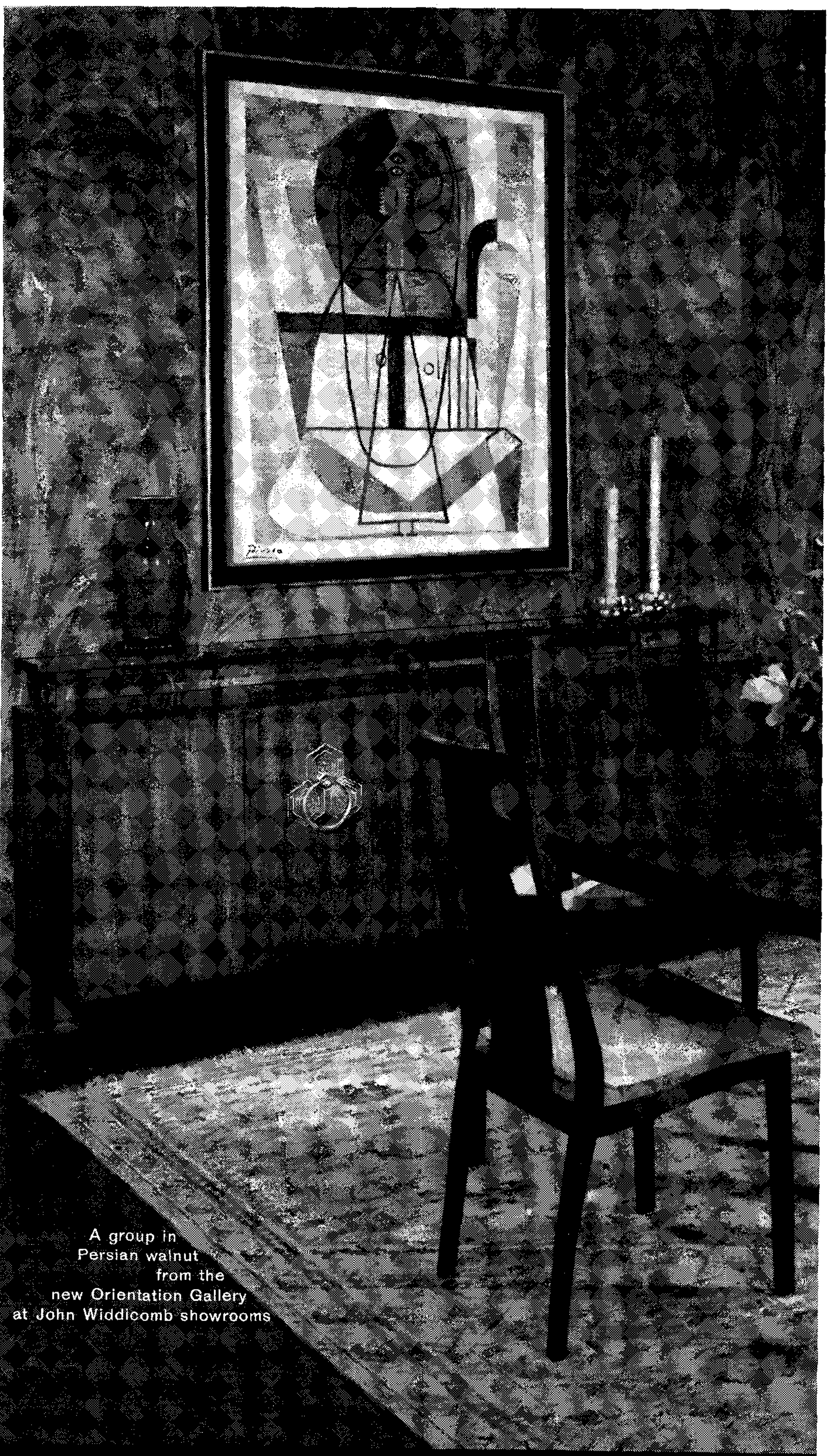
in the afternoon, but he didn't interpret any facts; he simply talked some more about himself. On Wednesday, bright and early, he telephoned and said he had spent most of the previous night going over our talks in his mind, and had been shocked to discover that he had forgotten to tell me a great many very important things. He said he wanted to come up and give me this additional information. I told him that I was sinking and suffocating and drowning in information, and begged him not to tell me anything else until I had finished writing the first draft of the Profile and he had read it. He could point out the gaps in it then, I said. On Thursday, in the middle of the morning, the receptionist came in and said that he was outside and wanted to see me. "He says it's very important," she said. I asked her to tell him that I had gone to a funeral. He sat in the reception room for an hour or so, and then left a note for me with the receptionist and went away. "It is my recollection that I told you the title of the Greenwich Village part of the Oral History was 'An Infinitude of Bushwa,'" he wrote in the note. "After much thought, I have decided to change this title, and I felt that I should inform you of this decision at once. The new title is 'The Bughouse Without Bars, or Descents by Day and Descents by Night Into the Intellectual Underworld of Our Time.' If you have occasion to refer to this part of the O.H., please keep this in mind." On Friday, he telephoned, and I lied to him. I told him that I was going on vacation and would be away for two weeks. During these two weeks, I came to my office early and left late, I had no interruptions, and I finished writing the Profile. Then I did go on vacation.

Soon after I returned, early in August, Gould telephoned. By that time, the Profile had been put in proof, and I asked him to come up and read it. He read it slowly and carefully, and said he was pleased with it. "Is there anything in it you want me to change?" I asked. "Not a word," he said. Next day, he came in and said he thought that a paragraph having to do with his knowledge of sea gulls should be made much longer. "People are going to want to know a lot more about that matter," he said. Two days later, he came in with a similar suggestion about another paragraph. Three days after that, he came in with a similar suggestion about still another paragraph. He got in the habit of coming in at least once a week and trying to talk me into adding a few sentences



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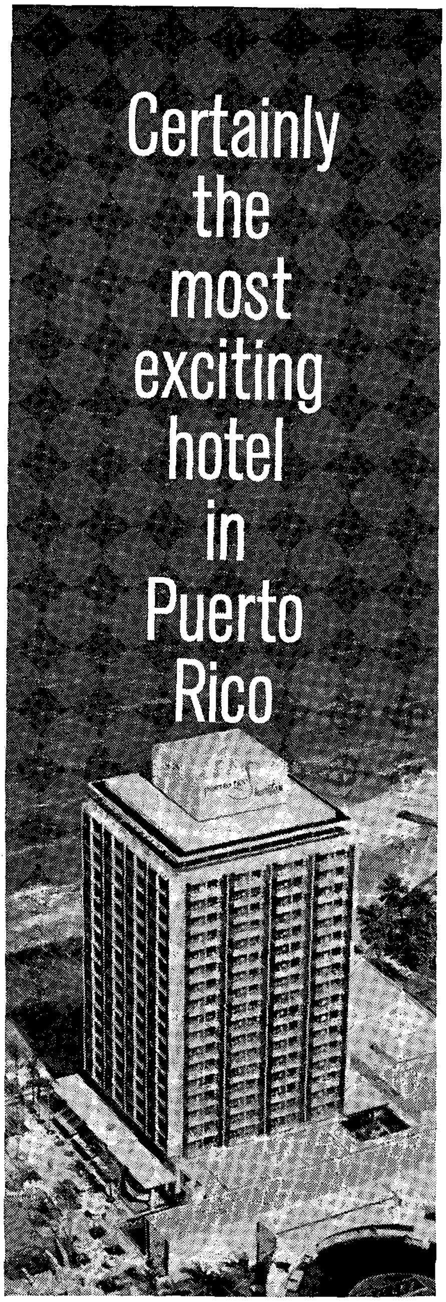
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here or a paragraph there. He never tried to get me to change anything; he just wanted me to put more in. On the majority of the days that he didn't come in, he telephoned me. The sound of his voice began to make me wince.

THE Profile was printed in the issue of *The New Yorker* for December 12, 1942, under the title of "Professor Sea Gull." The day before this issue went on the newsstands, I had to go down South, because of the sickness of a relative. I ran into some bad luck down there—I was thrown from a horse jumping a ditch and dislocated a shoulder, and while I was laid up from that I had pneumonia—and it was over three weeks before I returned to New York City; it was after the first of the year, in fact. When I got back to my office, there was a pile of letters on my desk from readers of the Profile. There were forty-five addressed to me, and seventeen addressed to Gould in care of me. Among the letters addressed to me was one from Gould himself.

"I have always had a feeling of being way ahead of my time," Gould wrote. "Consequently, I have always taken it for granted that the importance of the Oral History would not be recognized until sometime in the distant future, long after I am dead and gone, but now, thanks to your little piece, I am beginning to see signs that it may happen in my own lifetime. Strangers passing me on the street used to look at me with reactions ranging from bafflement to outright hostility, but now a steadily increasing number of them seem to know who I am and look at me with respect, and every now and then one of them stops me and asks questions about the Oral History. Serious and sensible questions. And people who really know me and have known me from old are beginning to look at me in a different light. I'm not just that nut Joe Gould but that nut Joe Gould who may wind up being considered one of the great historians of all time. As great as Froissart. As great as John Aubrey. As great as Gibbon. I have even noticed a change in the Village radicals. One of them who has been cutting me dead for a long time spoke to me the other day. He was patronizing, but he spoke. 'I know that you don't intend any such thing,' he said, 'but the Oral History may very well turn out to be a sort of X-ray of the soul of the bourgeoisie.' 'What makes you think you know what I don't intend?' I asked him. It may also interest you to learn that the countermen and waitresses in the Jefferson

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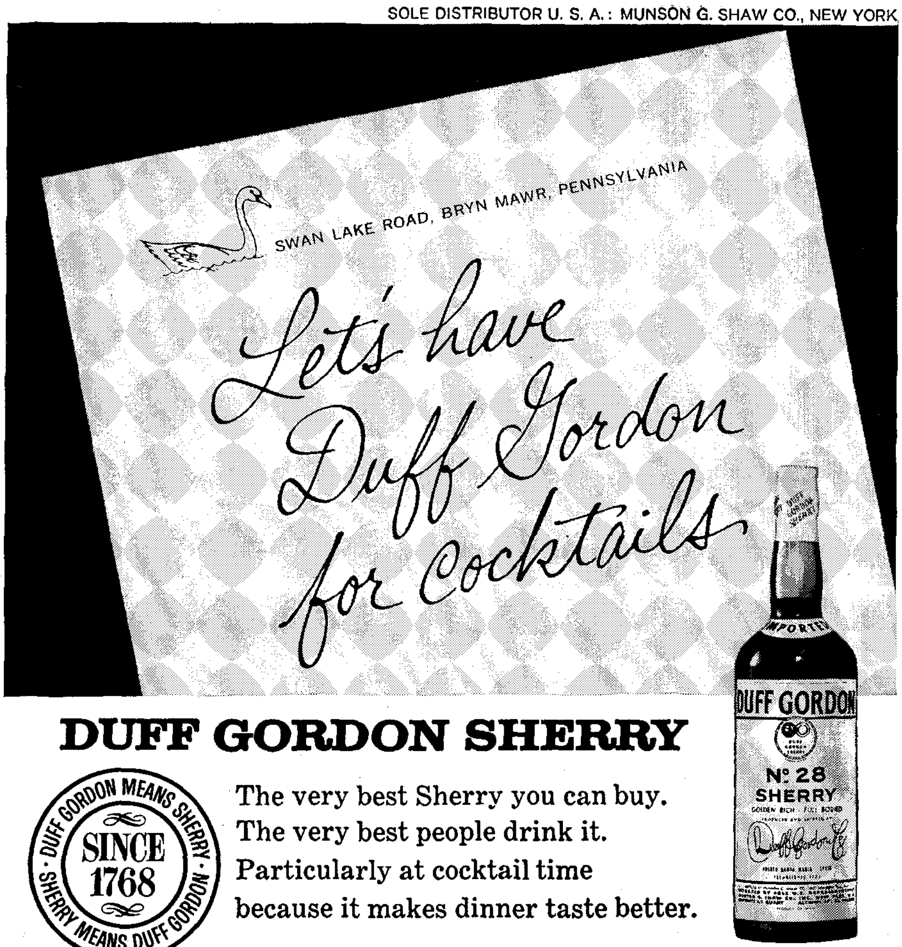
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Diner have begun to kid around with me again. When I go in there now, they call me the Professor or the Sea Gull or Professor Sea Gull or the Mongoose or Professor Mongoose or the Bellevue Boy, just as they used to, and I don't know why, but that pleases me. Sometimes, when they are kidding around, ignorant people like that have a kind of inspired audacity that is very cheerful and infectious. It lifts one's spirits. Book ignorant, that is. On some matters, I wish I knew one-tenth as much as they know. I still make the rounds of the places on Sixth Avenue, but I have a new hangout—the Minetta Tavern, at the corner of Macdougal Street and Minetta Lane, in the Italian part of the Village. The Minetta is an old-fashioned neighborhood bar-and-restaurant that attracts a few tourists now and then. The proprietor wants to encourage this, and he and I have reached what you might call an unspoken agreement. I sit at a table in there from late in the afternoon until around nine, ten, or eleven at night and work on the Oral History and give some Village atmosphere to the place. I am the resident bohemian, the house bohemian. In return, he sees to it that I get the table-d'hôte dinner free of charge so long as I order spaghetti and meat balls or something like that for the main course, and if I have to I can get by on one meal a day. Also, there are always people around who will buy me a beer or a glass of wine or if my need is great a Martini. Also, while talking to tourists and explaining the Oral History to them, I manage to pick up quite a few contributions to the Joe Gould Fund. . . ."

That night after work, I put the letters to Gould in my pocket and went down to the Minetta Tavern. Gould was sitting at the most conspicuous table in the place—it was up front and across from the bar and visible from the front window, on Macdougal Street, and from the side window, on Minetta Lane—and he was busily writing in a composition book. I gave him the letters, and he looked at them with suspicion. Then, after reading a few, he got into a state of excitement and began ripping them open and glancing through them and murmuring appreciatively to himself. All the letters were complimentary in one way or another. One was from a woman in Norwood who had been in his class in high school. It was written in pencil on ruled paper, it was six or seven pages long, it contained news about a number of people Gould said he had not heard of since he'd left home, and it was very friendly. Gould's

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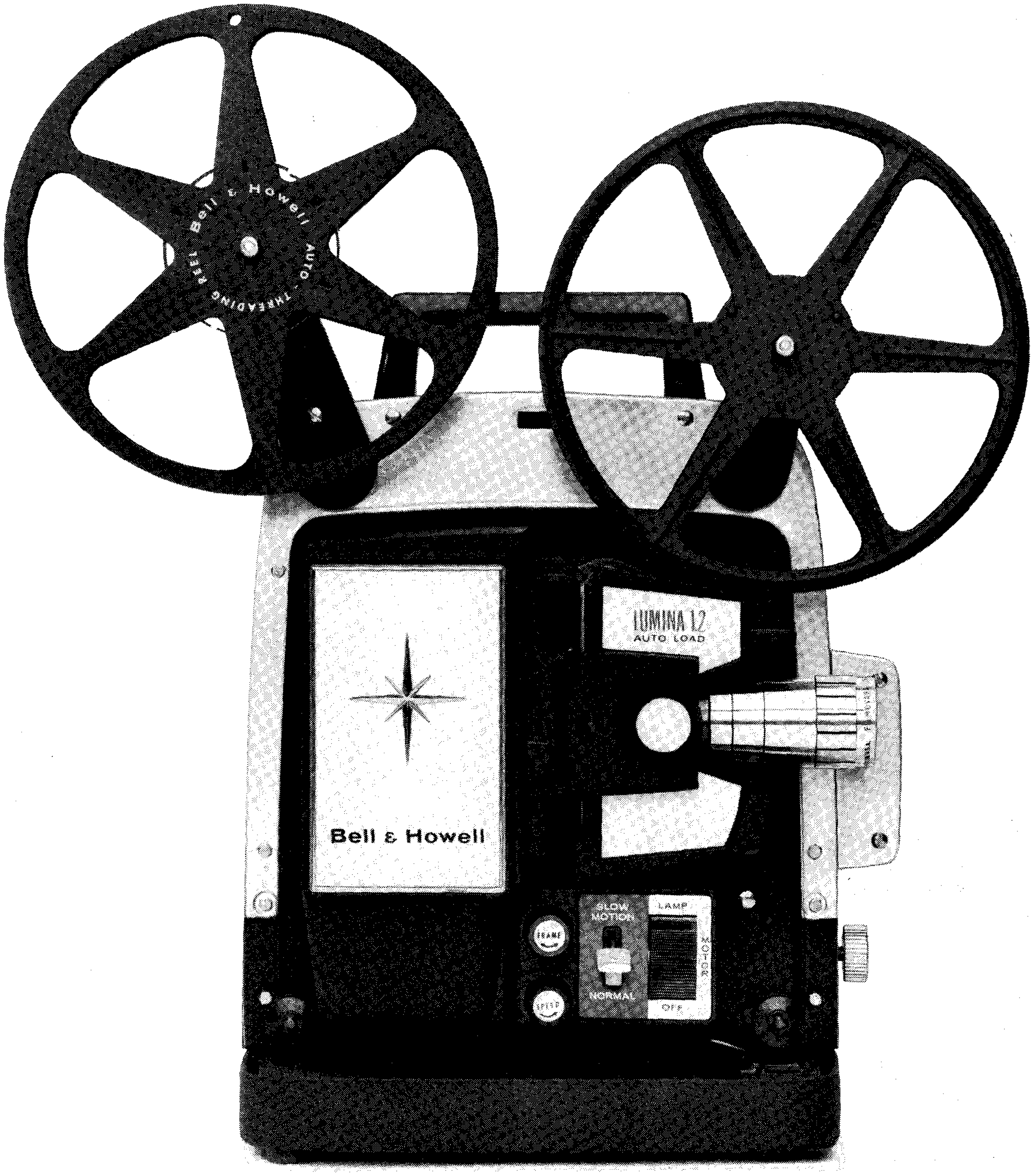
face shone as he read it. “Your old home is still one of the nicest-looking places in Norwood,” the woman wrote. “People my age and older call it the old Dr. Gould house. It is now a rooming house for teachers and nurses and widows and women in general of the better class living alone. Do you recall Mrs. Annie Faulkner? She owns it and runs it. Her capacity is eighteen women. Inside it looks pretty much the same as when you lived there. Some of the furnishings are the same, such as that big tall mirror in the front hall with the gold cupids on it. If I remember right, you had some relatives living in Boston and other places in Massachusetts who were very well fixed, and sooner or later maybe one of them will leave you a little something and if this ever happens (and you know as well as I do such things do happen in widely related old families like yours full of old maiden aunts and cousins who might just as well leave it to you as to their dearly beloved old cats or dogs or the Christian Science Church the way they're always doing it) why don't you come on back up here and buy back the old house and live part of the year anyway in Norwood? I was very proud to read about the history book you are writing, and I heard others say the same, and someday I predict there will be a statue of you in Norwood. . . .” Several of the letter writers had enclosed dollar bills. “Buy yourself a drink on me,” they wrote, or something to that effect. One, a Harvard classmate, had enclosed a five-dollar bill. Another, a retired Navy officer, had enclosed a check for twenty-five dollars. The retired Navy officer wrote that he spent a large part of his time sitting on the pier of a crab-picking plant near his home, in Annapolis, Maryland, watching sea gulls and listening to them. “I love sea gulls very much the way you do,” he wrote, “and I sometimes feel that I, too, can understand their language.”

I told Gould that I hoped he would write these people and thank them.

“Write them!” he said. “I'm going to get busy tonight and try my best to start a correspondence with each and every one of them. Maybe I can persuade some of them to become regular contributors to the Joe Gould Fund.”

Gould went over to the bar to show one of the letters to a man he knew who was standing there. The composition book in which he had been writing was lying open on the table, and I looked at it. On the first page, in big, careful capital letters, was “DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER



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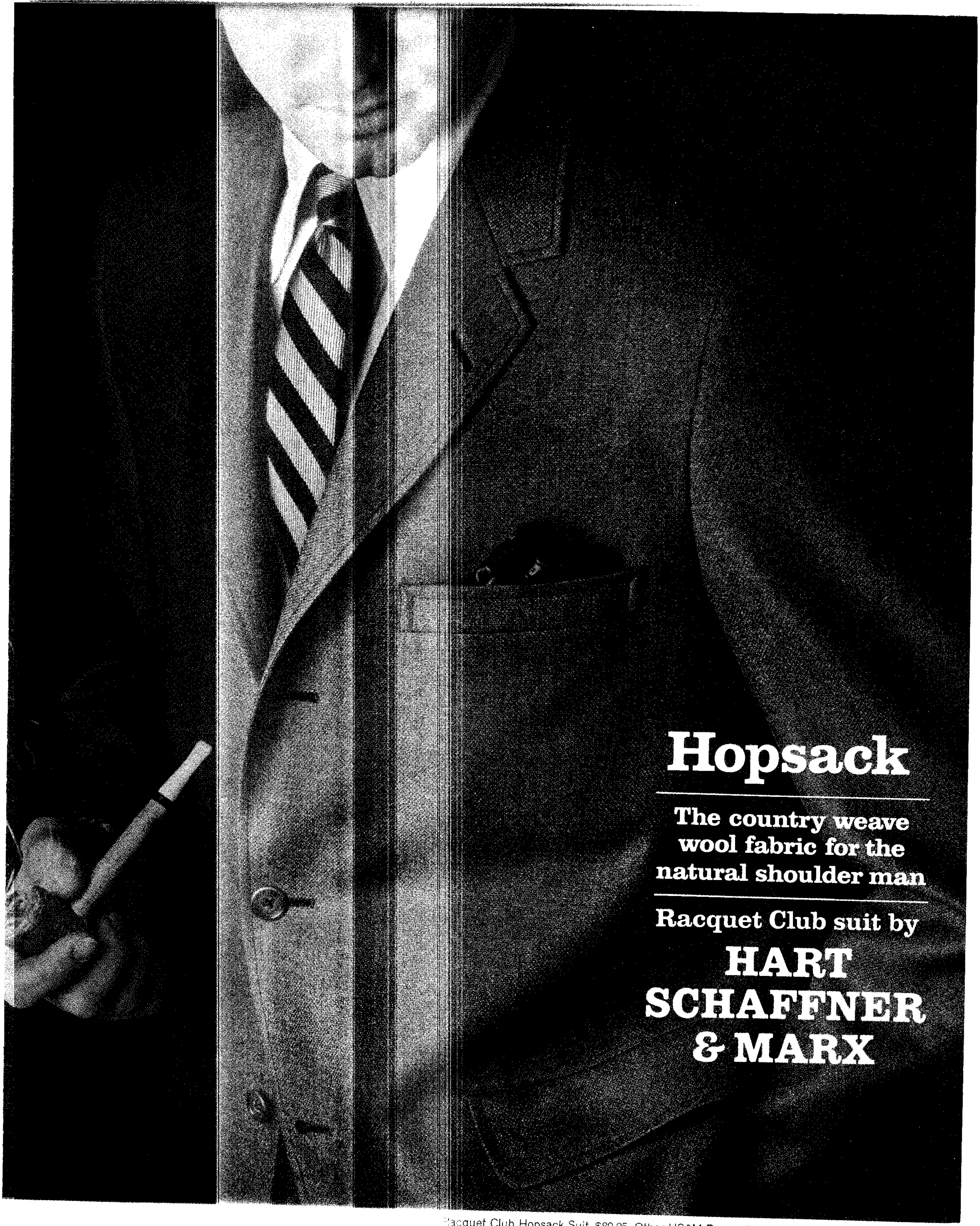
GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." I reflected that this was the fourth version of this chapter I had seen. When he returned, I said, "I see you're still working on the chapter about your father's death." This made him irritable. "Is there anything wrong in that?" he asked. "The other night, I got into a discussion about this very thing with Maxwell Bodenheim and some other old bohemians in Goody's. Max knows from perpetually looking over my shoulder that I've been working on my father's death for years. He knows I keep putting it aside and returning to it. And he was making fun of me for spending so much time on it. 'Don't tell me you're still trying to bury your father,' he said to me. Max himself has written a whole shelf of books—a whole shelf of novels, that is; a whole shelf of no-good novels; a whole shelf of *long* no-good novels—and he thinks that gives him the right to tell everybody else how to do. I told him that all I'm trying to do is write an account of the matter that will be a little masterpiece and last forever. That's all. 'Quality,' I told him, 'not quantity.' I told him that that little five-line poem I once wrote on the death of the *Dial* was worth more than all his claptrap novels put together. 'One five-line poem that's perfect of its kind,' I said, 'is worth more than any number of huge, formless, shapeless books.' "

The thought crossed my mind that this was an odd way for the author of a book as huge and formless and shapeless as the Oral History to be talking.

I had taken the letters to Gould on a Monday night. On the following Wednesday morning, another letter arrived for him. I forwarded it to him at the Minetta Tavern. On Friday morning, four more letters arrived for him, and I decided to go by the Minetta that night on my way home and give them to him. Instead of which, shortly after lunch the receptionist stuck her head in my office and said that Gould was outside in the reception room and wanted to know if there was any mail for him. My heart sank. Oh, God, I remember thinking, I'm in for it now. He'll come in looking for letters practically every day from now on. And every time he comes in, he'll talk and talk and talk. And he'll keep on doing it, year in and year out, until I die or he dies. "Please send him in," I said. He came into my office, and I gave him the letters, and he looked each one over, front and back. "I wrote to all those people who wrote to me, just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as I said I would," he said, "and these are the first replies."

"If you're going to keep on writing to them," I said, "wouldn't it be better to use the Minetta Tavern as your mail address?"

"If you don't mind," he said, his voice suddenly becoming indignant, "I'll continue to use *The New Yorker* as my address. The people at the Minetta are nice to me now, but they might get tired of me at any time and freeze me out, and if they did, I wouldn't like to have to go back there inquiring about my mail." Then he said something that brought me up short. "Look," he said. "You're the one who started all this. I didn't seek you out. You sought me out. You wanted to write a story about me, and you did, and you'll have to take the consequences."

"Please forgive me," I said. "You're right."

The next moment, Gould became conciliatory. "In other words," he said, giggling, "if you lie down with dogs, you have to expect to get up with fleas."

After that, just as I had feared, Gould started coming in frequently. He would come in two or three times a week, usually in the afternoon. When he was cold sober, Gould was shy—shy but desperate. He was a little like one of those men who are too shy to talk to strangers but not too shy to hold up a bank. If he was in this state when he came in, he would walk right past the receptionist and burst into my office without knocking and pick up his mail, if he had any, and collect a contribution to the Joe Gould Fund and snatch that morning's *Herald Tribune* out of my wastebasket and be out and gone in a matter of minutes. If he had been drinking when he came in, he would sit down and talk, and I would have to drop everything and listen to him. I didn't really mind this so much—in this state, he was apt to be full of whatever gossip was floating around at the moment in the barrooms and dumps of the Village, and I had developed a morbid interest in such gossip. Also, I could generally count on getting him out in half an hour or so. If he happened to be suffering from a hangover when he came in, however, my afternoon was shot. In this state, he was driven to talk, he was determined to talk, he would not be denied, and I would be lucky if I got him out in an hour and a half or two hours, or even three. He would sit on the edge of an old swivel chair in a corner of my office, his portfolio on his lap, his clothes smelling of the fumigants and disinfectants used

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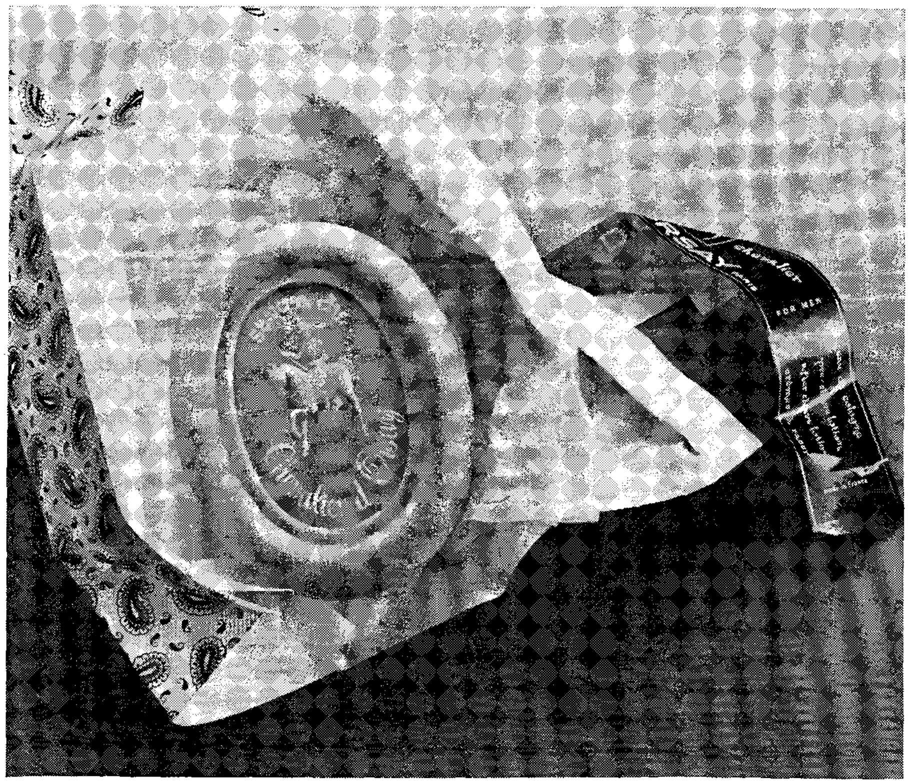

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in flophouses, rheumy-eyed, twitching, scratching, close to hysteria, and he would talk on and on and on. His subject was always the same—himself. And I would sit and listen to him and try my best to show some interest in what he was saying, and gradually my eyes would glaze over and my blood would turn to water and a kind of paralysis would set in. I was young then, and much more courteous to older people—and to everyone else, for that matter, as I look back on it—than I should have been. Also, I had not yet found out about time; I was still under the illusion that I had plenty of time—time for this, time for that, time for everything, time to waste.

I kept hoping that Gould would talk himself out, but the months went by and he showed no sign of doing so. He continued to come in as often as ever. One afternoon in August, during one of his visits, I suddenly realized, to my dismay, that as time passed, talking to me was becoming more and more important to him, instead of less and less. After a little reflection, I thought I saw why this was so. It didn't have much to do with me as a person. In fact, I don't think that Gould particularly liked me. He once said that he couldn't stand Southerners and that I was no exception, and although he was drunk when he said it, and apologized later, he probably meant it at least as much as he didn't mean it. It was simply that by listening to him for long sessions while I was working on the Profile—on one occasion for ten consecutive hours, on a couple of occasions for eight consecutive hours, on three or four occasions for six consecutive hours—and by continuing to listen to him whenever he came in and insisted on talking, I had probably come to know more about his past than anybody else in the city and perhaps than anybody else in the world, and had become a kind of stand-in relative of his, or fellow ex-Norwoodian. Despite the difference in our ages, when he talked to me he might have been talking to someone who had known him all his life. When he spoke of his Uncle Oscar, for example, he knew that I knew he was referring to his mother's brother, Oscar Vroom, whom his mother virtually worshipped, and he knew that I knew what his father thought of Oscar Vroom and what Oscar Vroom thought of his father. When he mentioned various people he had known while he was growing up in Norwood, such as Mrs. Betty Allsopp, he knew that I knew the parts they had played in his life. (He believed that Mrs. Allsopp

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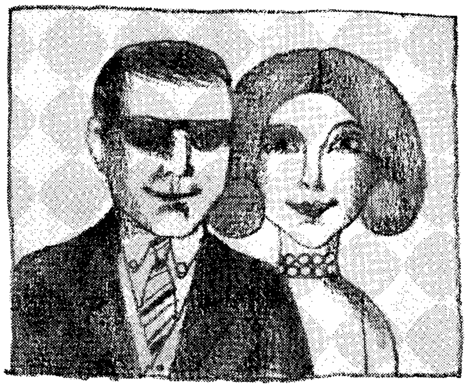

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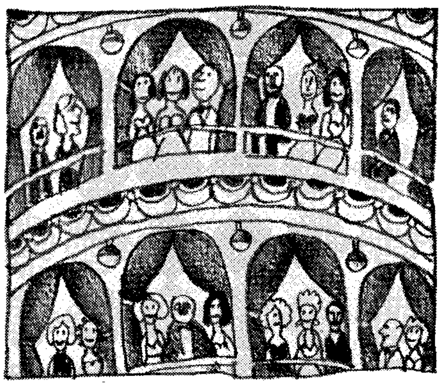

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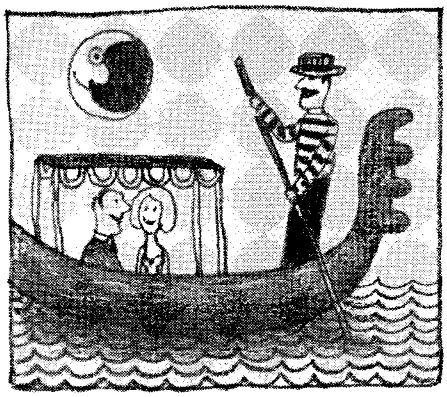

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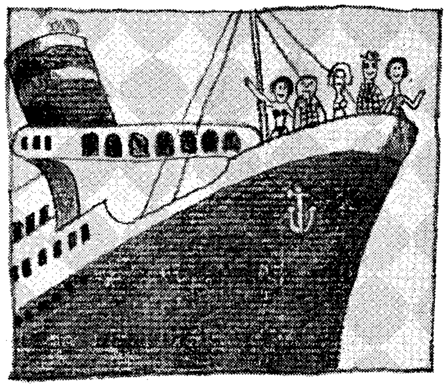

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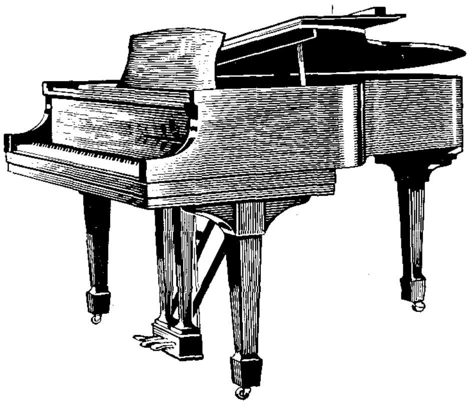

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was responsible for the fact that he had had a great deal of dental trouble and had had to start wearing false teeth before he was thirty. Mrs. Allsopp was a family friend and lived across the street. She was a widow, she was his mother's age, and she was small and delicate and pretty. One hot summer day when he was around fourteen, she invited him into her kitchen for a glass of lemonade and he tried to pull up her dress and she slapped him so hard, according to him, that she deadened the nerves of eight of his teeth—four upper and four lower—and ruined his bite.) When he mentioned the Bigelow Block and the Folan Block and the Sanborn Block, he knew that I knew he was referring to store-and-office buildings that were landmarks in Norwood, and he knew that I was aware of some of the emotional connotations that their names had for him. When he spoke of Ed Goodbird or of Water Chief or of Ash-kob-dip, he knew that I knew he was referring to old Indians he had known in North Dakota, and he knew that I knew how much he admired each of them, and why. In his years in the Village, he had pursued a succession of women bohemians, most of whom had been would-be poets or would-be painters, and many of whom had been alcoholics or extreme eccentrics, or both, and several of whom had wound up in state mental hospitals, and when their names came into his talk he knew that I knew which ones had been responsive to him and which ones had been unresponsive and which ones not only had been unresponsive but had complained about him to the police. He had given behind-their-back nicknames to many people in the Village, and when he referred to the Spitter or to the Nickel Snatcher or to Old Aunt Cousin Little Sister Susy Belle Susy Sue, he knew that I knew whom he meant. By knowing so much about his past, I had, in effect, I realized, become a part of his past. By talking to me, he could bring back his past, he could keep it alive. I realized also that there was no getting away from the fact that the more he talked to me the more I would know about his past, and the more I knew about his past the more important talking to me would become to him. This scared me, and I set out deliberately to get him off my back and, if necessary, onto somebody else's back as soon as possible.

The best way to do this, I decided, was to get an editor or a publisher interested in the Oral History. Gould had once told me that he had lugged armfuls of the Oral History into and

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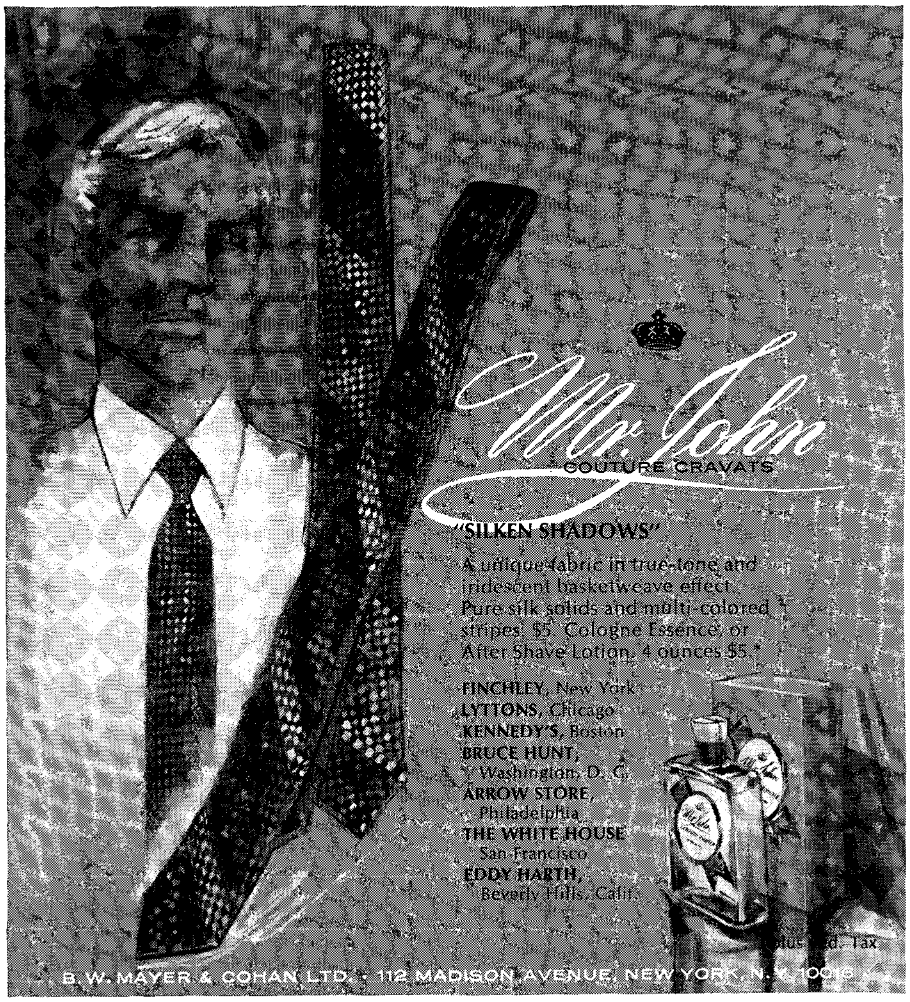
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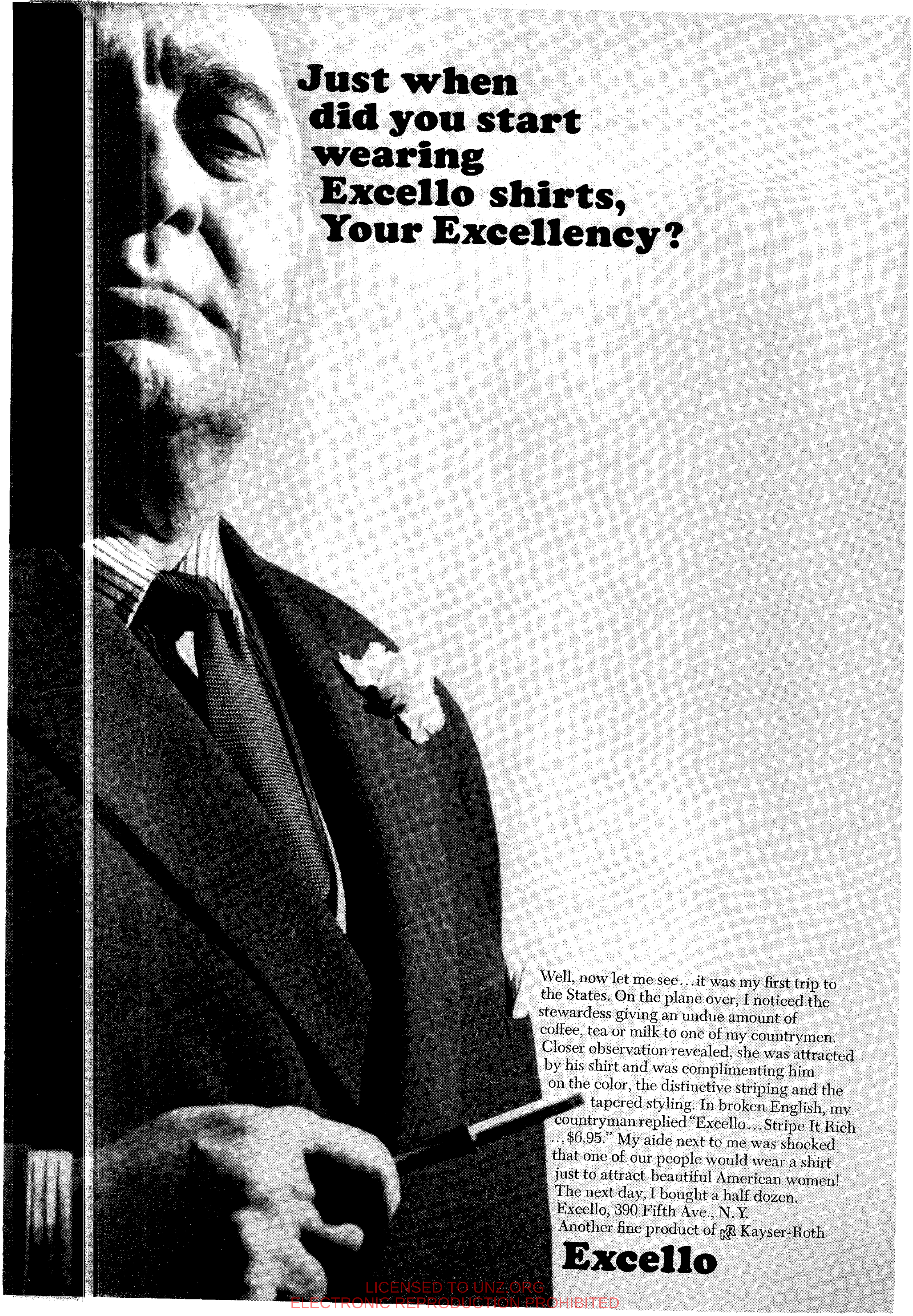
out of fourteen publishing offices and had then given up trying to find a publisher for it. "Half of them said it was obscene and outrageous and to get it out of there as quick as I could," he said, "and the others said they couldn't read my handwriting." I had an idea that Maxwell Perkins, the editor at Scribner's who had worked with Thomas Wolfe, might possibly take an interest in Gould, and I called him first. His secretary said he was out of town. I told her a little about Gould and asked her if she thought Mr. Perkins would see him and have a talk with him. "No," she said. "I don't." "Why?" I asked. "Mr. Gould has already been here," she said. "He came in out of the blue one day not long ago and insisted on seeing Mr. Perkins. I saw him instead, and he gave me two perfectly filthy copybooks to give to Mr. Perkins, each containing a manuscript chapter of his history. He seemed to think he might be able to get a large advance from Mr. Perkins on the strength of them. I spent most of the next day deciphering his handwriting and making copies of the chapters for Mr. Perkins to read. One chapter was about the death of his father, although it wandered all over the Western Hemisphere, and the other was something about Indians. Mr. Perkins read them and was not impressed. Some days later, Mr. Gould returned, and Mr. Perkins saw him and told him he was sorry but he couldn't give him an advance, whereupon Mr. Gould became quite difficult. I don't think Mr. Perkins would be at all eager to see him again."

A friend of mine named John Woodburn was an editor at Harcourt, Brace, and I called him next. Woodburn said that it had occurred to him several times that a representative selection of chapters from the Oral History might make a book, and that he would like very much to have a talk with Gould, but that he was too busy. He was working day and night going over a manuscript with a novelist who was leaving for Europe, he said, and he himself was supposed to leave on a business trip in a few days. Then, impulsively, he said that he would see Gould. "Ask him to come in at noon tomorrow," he said. "I have a luncheon date that I've been looking forward to, but I'll break it and have a sandwich sent in, and we can talk for at least half an hour. I have a number of questions I'd like to ask him about the Oral History, and you never can tell—maybe something will come of it." I telephoned Gould at the Minetta that



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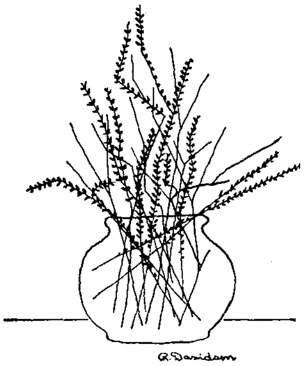
night and told him about the appointment. He wanted to know if I knew anything about Harcourt, Brace's policy in regard to giving advances to authors against royalties and if so how much of an advance should he ask for, and he also wanted to know if I had ever seen a Harcourt, Brace contract and if so did it stipulate that the total amount of the advance would be paid upon the signing of the contract between author and publisher or did it stipulate that a certain percentage would be paid upon the signing of the contract and the rest upon the delivery of the manuscript. I begged him not to talk to Woodburn about such things—it was entirely too early for that—but to spend the time describing the Oral History and answering Woodburn's questions. The next afternoon, Woodburn telephoned me. He was in a rage. Gould hadn't shown up. That night, I went down to the Minetta and saw Gould and asked him what had happened. He said he had gone into a bookstore and picked out some Harcourt, Brace books and looked them over and had come to the conclusion that Harcourt, Brace would not be the appropriate publishers for the Oral History and had decided not to keep the appointment. By the way he said "appropriate," he strongly implied that he did not think Harcourt, Brace was good enough to publish the Oral History. "Oh, for God's sake, Mr. Gould," I said. "Harcourt, Brace is one of the best publishing houses in the country, and you know it is."



I had another friend in the publishing business—Charles A. Pearce, of Duell, Sloan & Pearce—and a few days later I called him and discussed the matter with him. It turned out that he, also, had thought of the possibility of putting out a book of selections from the Oral History. "I'd like to have a talk with Gould and explore the idea," Pearce said, "but I don't want to make an appointment with him. If he broke an appointment with Woodburn, he'd most likely do the same with me. Also, I'd prefer to have a casual talk with him, so he won't start right away thinking about advances and royalty percentages and movie rights and North American serial rights and worldwide translation rights, and all that. Who does he think he is, anyway—Mary Roberts Rinehart? Suppose we do it this way. My office is only a few minutes from yours. The next time he comes in and sits down and it looks as if he's going to stay a while, why don't you call me, and I'll take a cab right up. I'll make it appear that I just happened to drop in." At that time, Pearce's firm was at 270 Madison Avenue, which is on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, and the distance from his office to mine was only four blocks up and one and a half over. On Friday afternoon, September 3, 1943, around three o'clock, Gould showed up in my office. He said that he had lost his fountain pen and that he wanted me to make a contribution to the Joe Gould Fund so he could buy a new one. He also needed some composition books, he said. Then he sat down in the swivel chair and began talking. He had a hangover, but it didn't seem to be a particularly bad one; that is, he was unduly talkative but he wasn't unduly incoherent. I excused myself and went into the next office and telephoned Pearce. Twenty minutes later, Pearce put his head in my door and said he had happened to be in the neighborhood and thought he'd drop in and say hello. "Please come in," I said, and I introduced him to Gould.

Pearce and Gould talked for a few minutes about a Village poet they both knew, and then Pearce said that he had been hearing about the Oral History for years and would like to read some of it.

" 'Some of it'!" said Gould. "Everybody wants to read 'some of it.' Nobody wants to just read it. From now on, I'm not going to let anybody read some of it. They'll read all of it or none of it."

"Well," Pearce said, "I'll do that. It may take me a long time, but if you'll bring it to my office or tell me where to go and get it, I'll make a start today or tomorrow."

"It's entirely too bulky," Gould said.

"Bring it in a little at a time," said Pearce. "When I finish reading one batch, I'll drop you a line and you can bring in another. I've often worked that way with authors of long books."

"It's stored in a place out on Long Island that's hard to get to," Gould said.

"We could hire a car over at Carey's limousine service, at Grand Central," Pearce said, "and drive out and get

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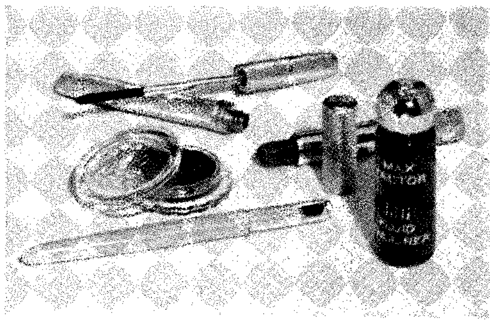

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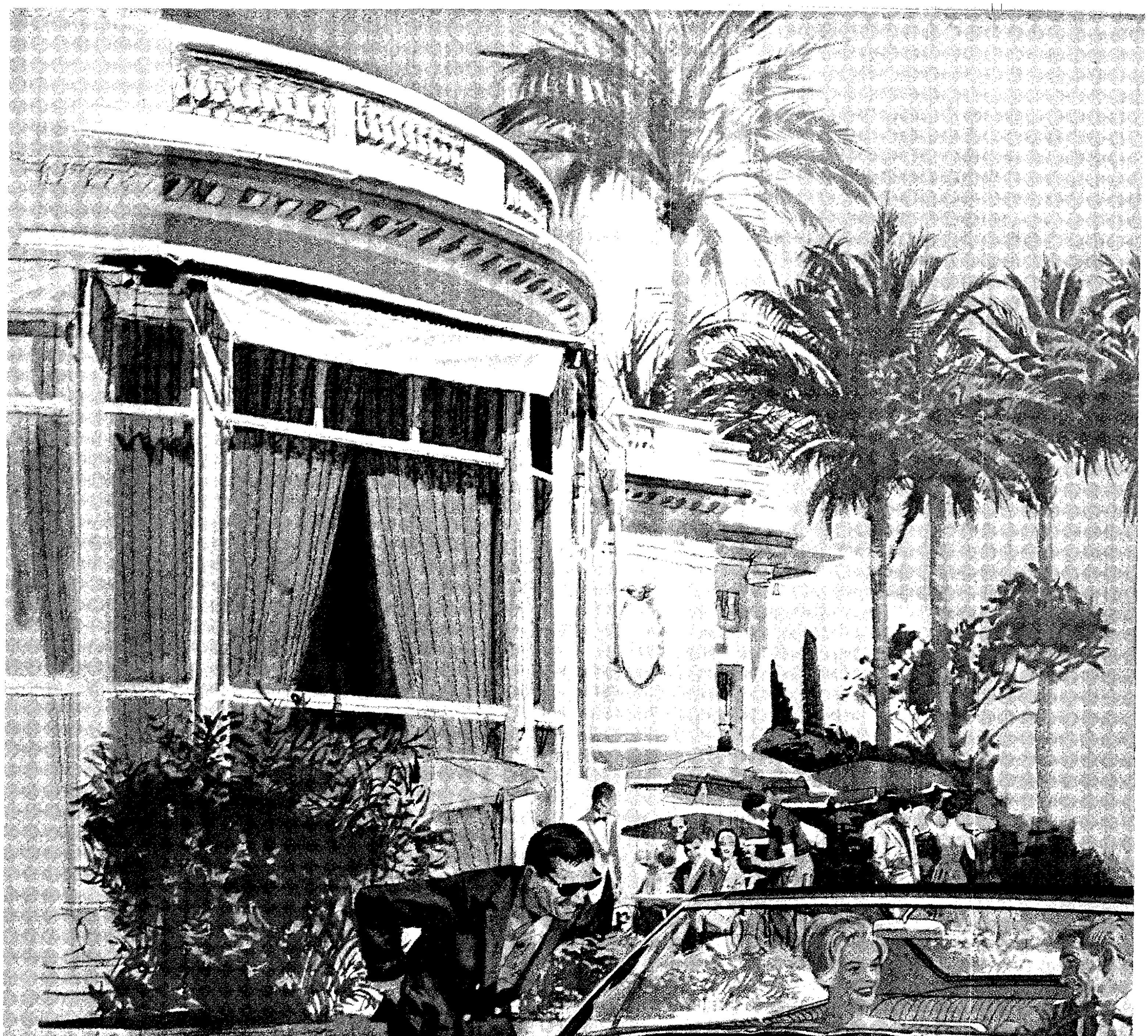
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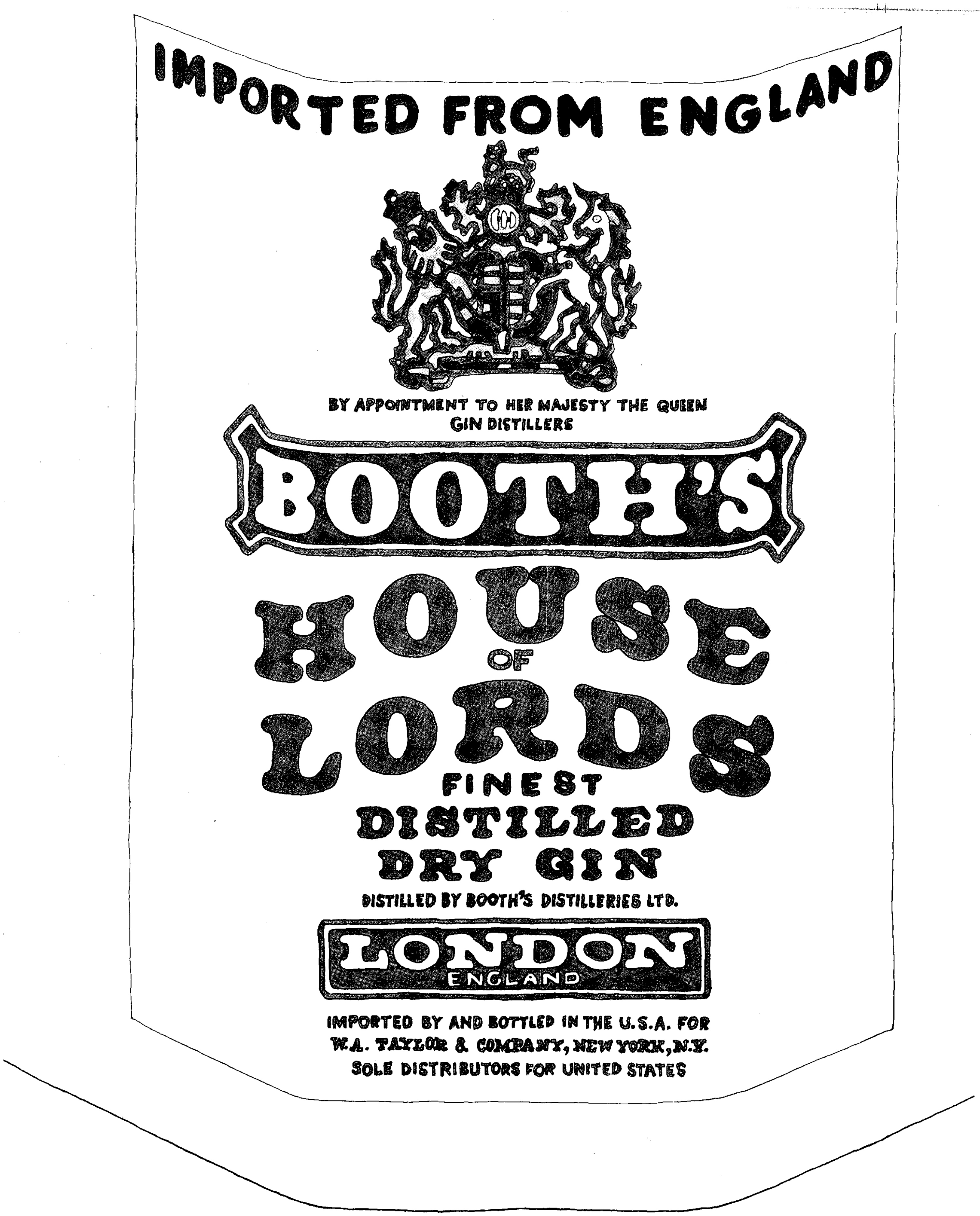
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it. If you aren't too busy, we could drive out right now."

"I don't want to bring it back into New York City," Gould said. "I don't think it would be safe here. I don't think anything is safe here. I expect the whole place to go up in smoke any day now."

"We have some fireproof cabinets in the office that we keep manuscripts in," Pearce said, "and you could store it in one of them. We also have a big fireproof safe that we keep contracts in, and other important papers, and you could store it in there."

"What's the use?" said Gould. "After you got it, you probably couldn't read my handwriting."

"That's no problem," said Pearce. "We have a secretary in our office who's a wizard at reading hard-to-read handwriting. She prides herself on it. You could come in for a day or two and sit down beside her and help her until she got the hang of your handwriting, and then she could type up some chapters from various sections, and then, eventually, maybe we could publish a book of selections from the Oral History."

"No, indeed!" said Gould. "Absolutely not! It has to be published in its entirety. All or nothing."

"Well, now," said Pearce, "unless you let me read it—and you really don't seem to want me to—how can I tell if it's feasible to publish it in its entirety?"

Gould took a deep breath. "I've always been resolved in the back of my mind that the Oral History would be published posthumously," he said, "and I'm going to stick to that." He hesitated a moment. "There are revelations in it," he continued, "that I don't want the world to know until after I'm dead."

This stopped Pearce. He and Gould talked for a few minutes about things unrelated to the Oral History, and then he said he had to be running along.

"If you ever change your mind," he said to Gould, "please give me a ring."

Gould gazed at him morosely and said nothing.

I was exasperated. As soon as Pearce was out of the room, I turned on Gould. "You told me you lugged armfuls of the Oral History into and out of fourteen publishing offices," I said. "Why in hell did you do that and go to all that trouble if you've always been resolved in the back of your mind that it would be published posthumously? I'm beginning to believe," I went on, "that the Oral History doesn't exist." This remark came from my uncon-

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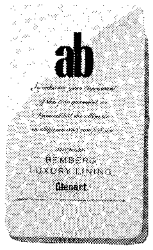

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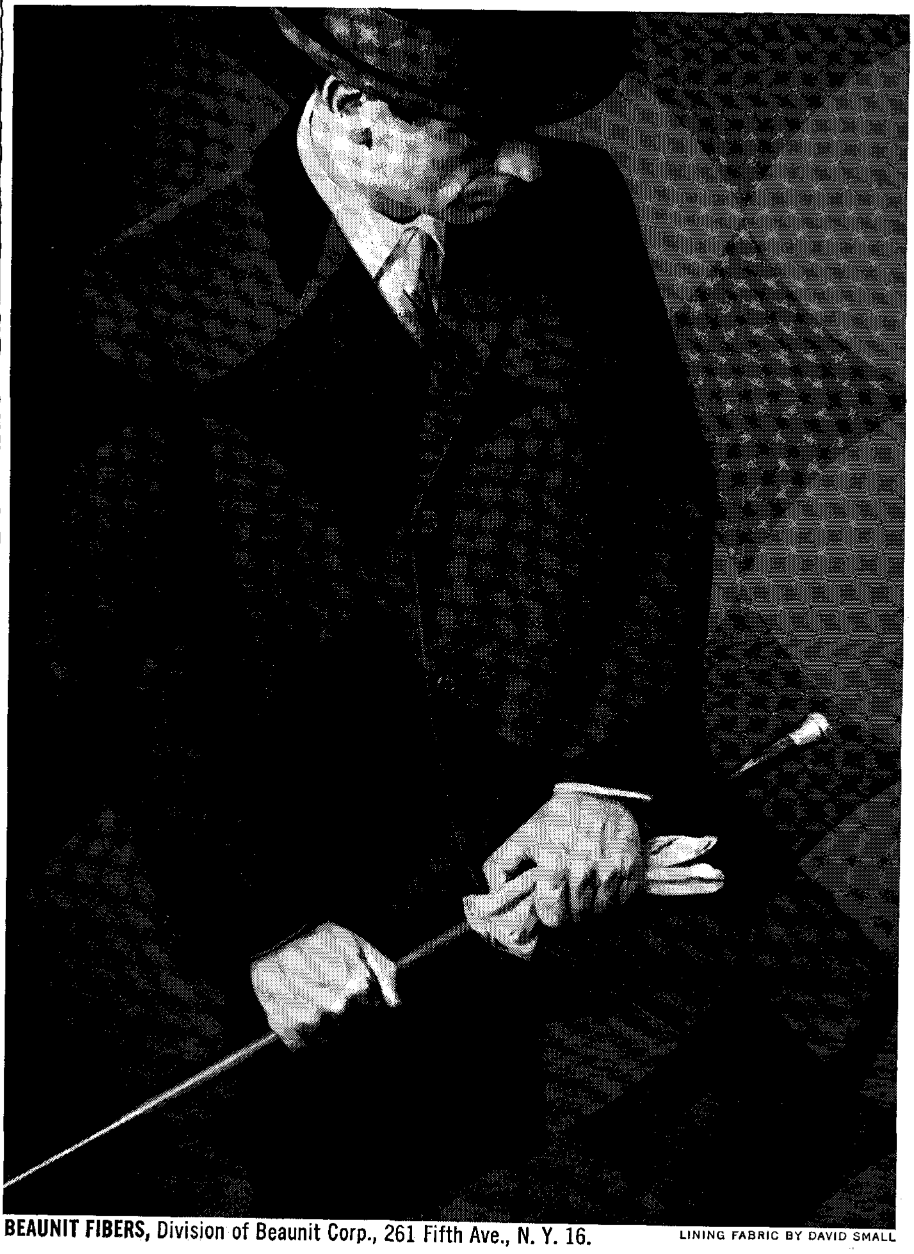

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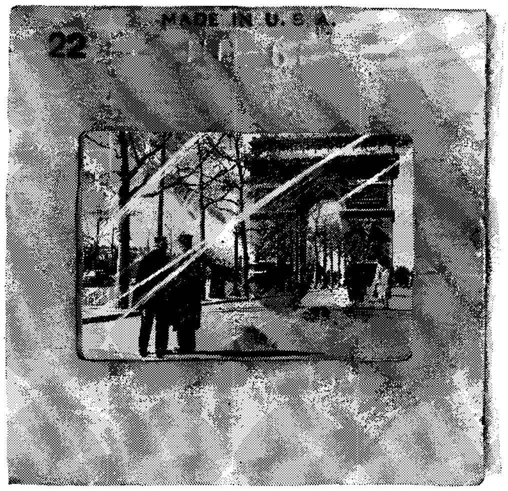

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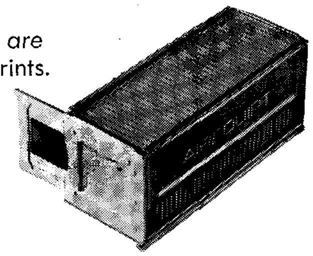

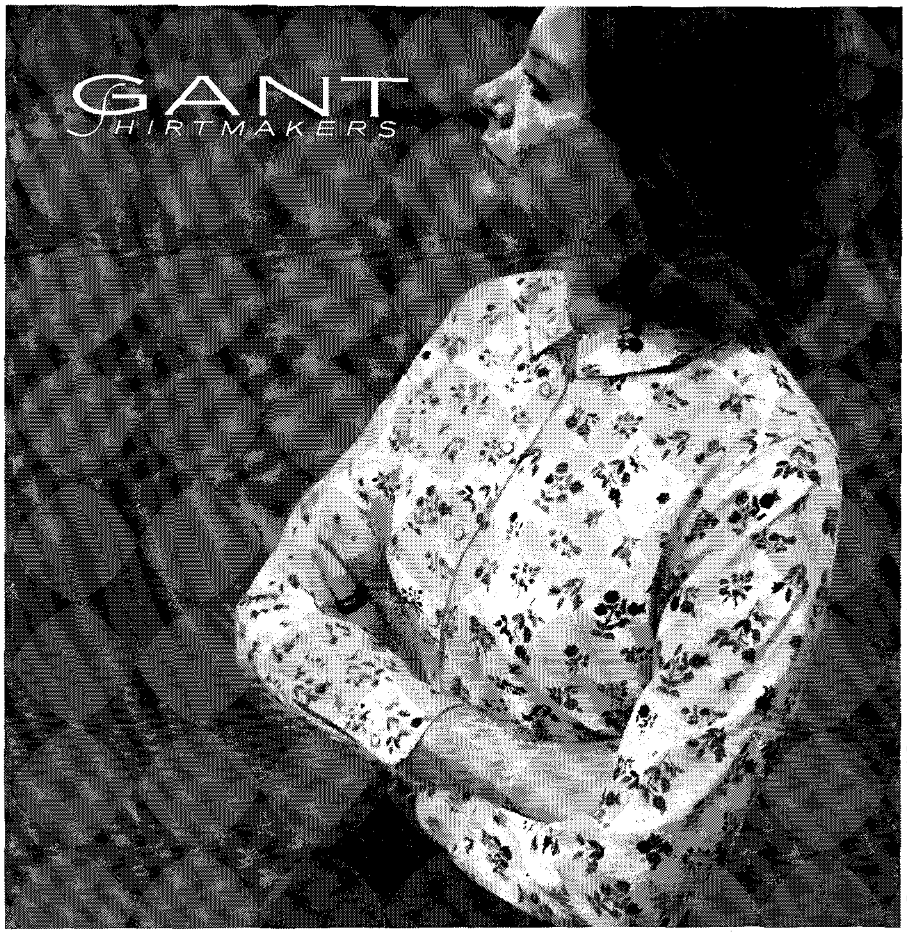

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scious, and I was barely aware of the meaning of what I was saying—I was simply getting rid of my anger—but the next moment, glancing at Gould's face, I knew as well as I knew anything that I had blundered upon the truth about the Oral History.

"My God!" I said. "It doesn't exist." I was appalled. "There isn't any such thing as the Oral History," I said. "It doesn't exist."

I stared at Gould, and Gould stared at me. His face was expressionless.

"The woman who owns the duck-and-chicken farm doesn't exist," I said. "And her brother who had the stroke doesn't exist. And her niece doesn't exist. And the Polish farmer and his wife who look after the ducks and chickens don't exist. And the ducks and chickens don't exist. And the cellar that the Oral History is stored in doesn't exist. And the Oral History doesn't exist."

Gould got up and went over to the window and stood there looking out, with his back to me.

"It exists in your mind, I guess," I said, recovering a little from my surprise, "but you've always been too lazy to write it down. All that really exists is those so-called essay chapters. That's all you've been doing all through the years—writing new versions of those chapters about the death of your father and the death of your mother and the dread tomato habit and the Indians out in North Dakota, and correcting them and revising them and tearing them up and starting all over again."

Gould turned and faced me and said something, but his voice was low and indistinct. If I heard him right—and I have often wondered if I did hear him right—he said, "It's not a question of laziness." Then, evidently deciding not to say any more, he turned his back on me again.

At that moment, one of the editors knocked on the door and came in with proofs of a story of mine. He said that some last-minute changes were having to be made in a story that had been scheduled to run in the next issue, and that because there might not be time enough to complete them, my story had been tentatively scheduled to run in its place, and that he would like to go over the proofs with me.

"Does it have to be done right now?" I asked.

"Well, as you might gather," he said, rather sharply, "we're kind of in a hurry."

I saw that I couldn't very well put this off, and I asked Gould if he would mind waiting in the reception room un-

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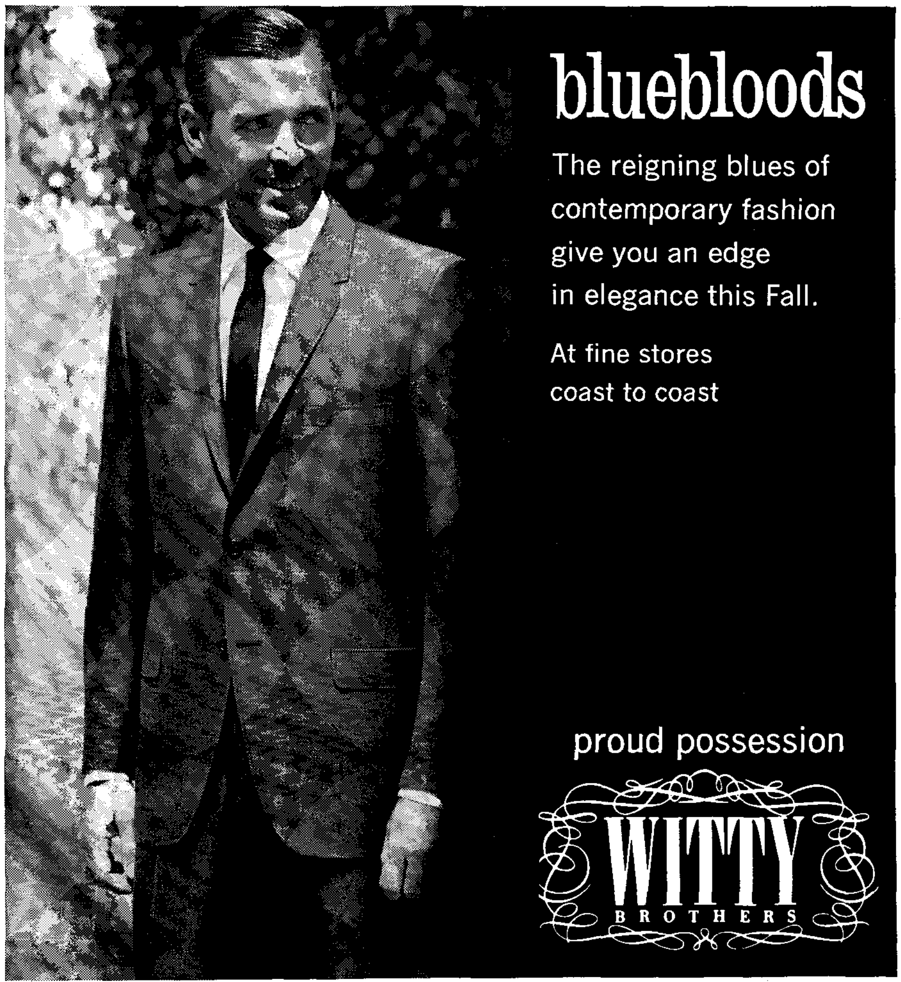

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til I got through. He picked up his portfolio and went over and stood at the door. "No," he said, "I don't think I'll wait. I think I'll go on back downtown. The only reason I came up here today was to ask you for a contribution." I said that I would give him the contribution but that I wanted to ask him some questions about the Oral History first and that I hoped he would wait. He mumbled something and started down the hall toward the reception room.

The proofs took around half an hour. The second I got through with them, I went out to the reception room. Gould wasn't there. The receptionist said he had sat there for five minutes or so and had then left without saying a word. Well, anyway, I thought, I've got him off my back. God knows this wasn't the way I intended to do it, but I've probably got him off my back for good.

I returned to my office and sat down and propped my elbows on my desk and put my head in my hands. I have always deeply disliked seeing anyone shown up or found out or caught in a lie or caught red-handed doing anything, and now, with time to think things over, I began to feel ashamed of myself for the way I had lost my temper and pounced on Gould. My anger began to die down, and I began to feel depressed. I had been duped by Gould—I didn't think there was much doubt about that—and so had countless others through the years. He had led me up the garden path, just as he had led countless others up the garden path. However, I had thought about the matter only a short while before I came to the conclusion that he hadn't been talking about the Oral History all those years and making large statements about its length and its bulk and its importance to posterity and comparing it to such works as "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" only in order to dupe people like me but also in order to dupe himself. He must have found out long ago that he didn't have the genius or the talent, or maybe the self-confidence or the industry or the determination, to bring off a work as huge and grand as he had envisioned, and fallen back on writing those so-called essay chapters. Writing them and rewriting them. And, either because he was too lazy or because he was too much of a perfectionist, he hadn't been able to finish even them. Still, a large part of the time he very likely went around believing in some hazy, self-deceiving, self-protecting way that the Oral History did exist—oral chapters as well as essay chapters. The oral part of it might not exactly be

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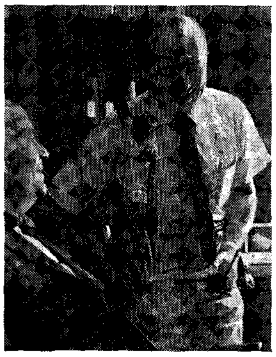

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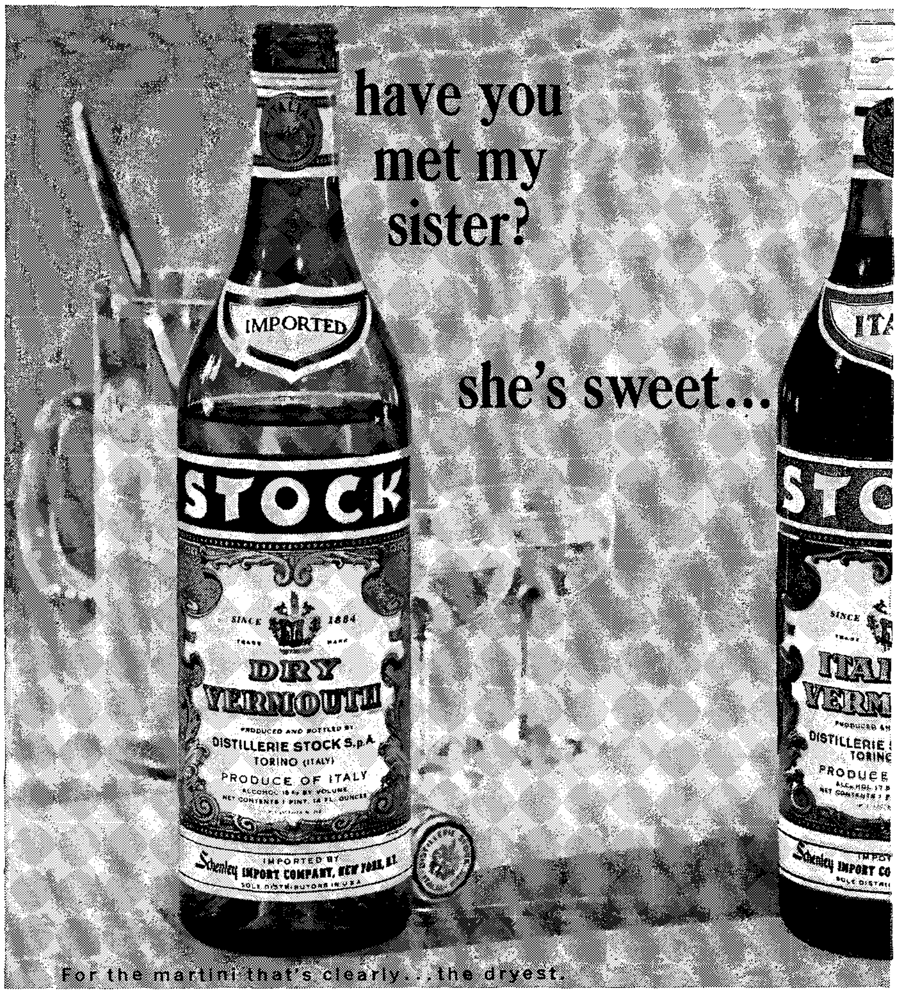

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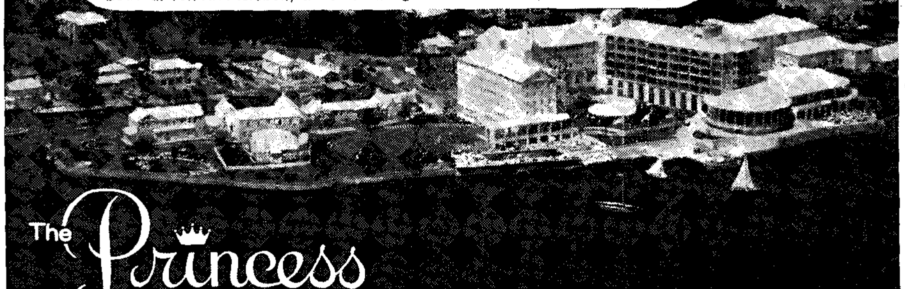

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down on paper, but he had it all in his head, and any day now he was going to start getting it down.

It was easy for me to see how this could be, for it reminded me of a novel that I had once intended to write. I was twenty-four years old at the time and had just come under the spell of Joyce's "Ulysses." My novel was to be "about" New York City. It was also to be about a day and a night in the life of a young reporter in New York City. He is a Southerner, and a good deal of the time he is homesick for the South. He thinks of himself as an exile from the South. He had once been a believer, a believing Baptist, and is now an unbeliever. Nevertheless, he is still inclined to see things in religious terms, and he often sees the city as a kind of Hell, a Gehenna. He is in love with a Scandinavian girl he has met in the city, and she is so different from the girls he had known in the South that she seems mysterious to him, just as the city seems mysterious; the girl and the city are all mixed up in his mind. It is his day off. He has breakfast in a restaurant in Fulton Fish Market, and then starts poking around the parts of the city that he knows best, gradually going uptown. As he wanders, he encounters and reëncounters men and women who seem to him to represent various aspects of the city. He goes up Fulton Street and walks among the gravestones in St. Paul's churchyard, and then goes to certain streets on the lower East Side, and then to certain streets in the Village, and then to the theatrical district, and then to Harlem. Late at night, on Lenox Avenue, he joins a little group of men and women, some white and some Negro, who have just come out of a night club and are standing in a circle around an old Negro street preacher. He had seen the old man earlier, preaching at a street corner in the theatrical district, but had not listened to him. Now he listens. The old man is worldly wise and uses up-to-date New York City slang and catch phrases, but he also uses a good many old-fashioned Southern expressions, the kind that are mostly used by country people, and the young reporter realizes that the old man is also a Southerner, and, like himself, a country Southerner. His sermon is apocalyptic. There are fearful warnings and prophecies in it, and there are phrases snatched from bloody old Baptist hymns, and there are many references to Biblical beasts and fruits and flowers—to the wild goats of the rocks and to the pomegranates in the Song of Solomon and to the lilies of the field that toil not, neither do they spin. The old serpent is in it, and

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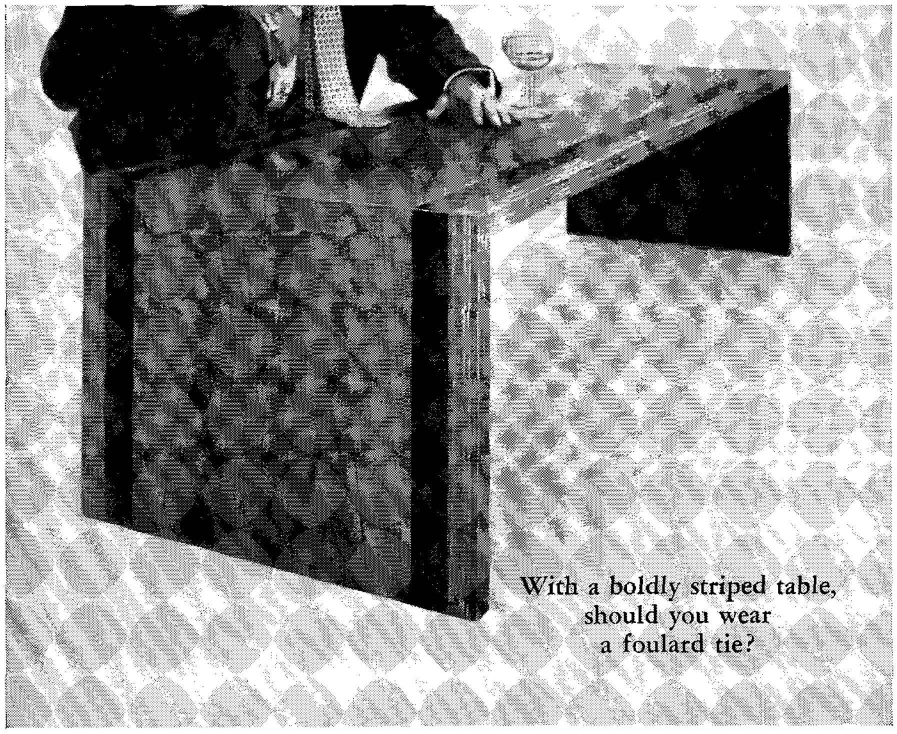

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METROPOLITAN

the Great Whore of Babylon, and the burning bush. Like the Baptist preachers the young reporter had listened to and struggled to understand in his childhood, the old man sees meanings behind meanings, or thinks he does, and tries his best to tell what things "stand for." "Pomegranates are about the size and shape of large oranges or small grapefruits, only their skins are red," he says, cupping his hands in the air and speaking with such exactitude that it is obvious he had had first-hand knowledge of pomegranates long ago in the South. "They're filled with fat little seeds, and those fat little seeds are filled with juice as red as blood. When they get ripe, they're so swollen with those juicy red seeds that they gap open and some of the seeds spill out. And now I'll tell you what pomegranates stand for. They stand for the resurrection. The resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and your resurrection and my resurrection. Resurrection in particular and resurrection in general. All seeds stand for resurrection and all eggs stand for resurrection. The Easter egg stands for resurrection. So do the eggs in the English sparrow's nest up under the eaves in the 'L' station. So does the egg you have for breakfast. So does the caviar the rich people eat. So does shad roe." The young reporter intends to stay for only a few minutes, but he is held fast by the old man's rhetoric. Even though he feels that he has heard it all before a hundred times, he is enthralled by it. The old man reminds him of the Fundamentalist evangelists who were powerful in the South while he was growing up and who went from town to town holding revival meetings in big tents. He had hated and feared these evangelists—their reputations were based on the hideousness of their descriptions of Hell; the more hideous the description and the wilder the sermon, the better the evangelist was considered to be—but nevertheless they had left him with a lasting liking for the cryptic and the ambiguous and the incantatory and the disconnected and the extravagant and the apocalyptic. He finds himself drawing oblique conclusions from the old man's statements in order to make them have some bearing on his own spiritual state. "All you have to do," the old man says, "is open your eyes and see the light, the blessed gospel light, and you can enter into a new time. You can enter into it and live in it and dwell in it and reside in it and have your being in it. You can live in the three times in one time. At one and the same time, believing in Him, you can live in the time gone by, you can

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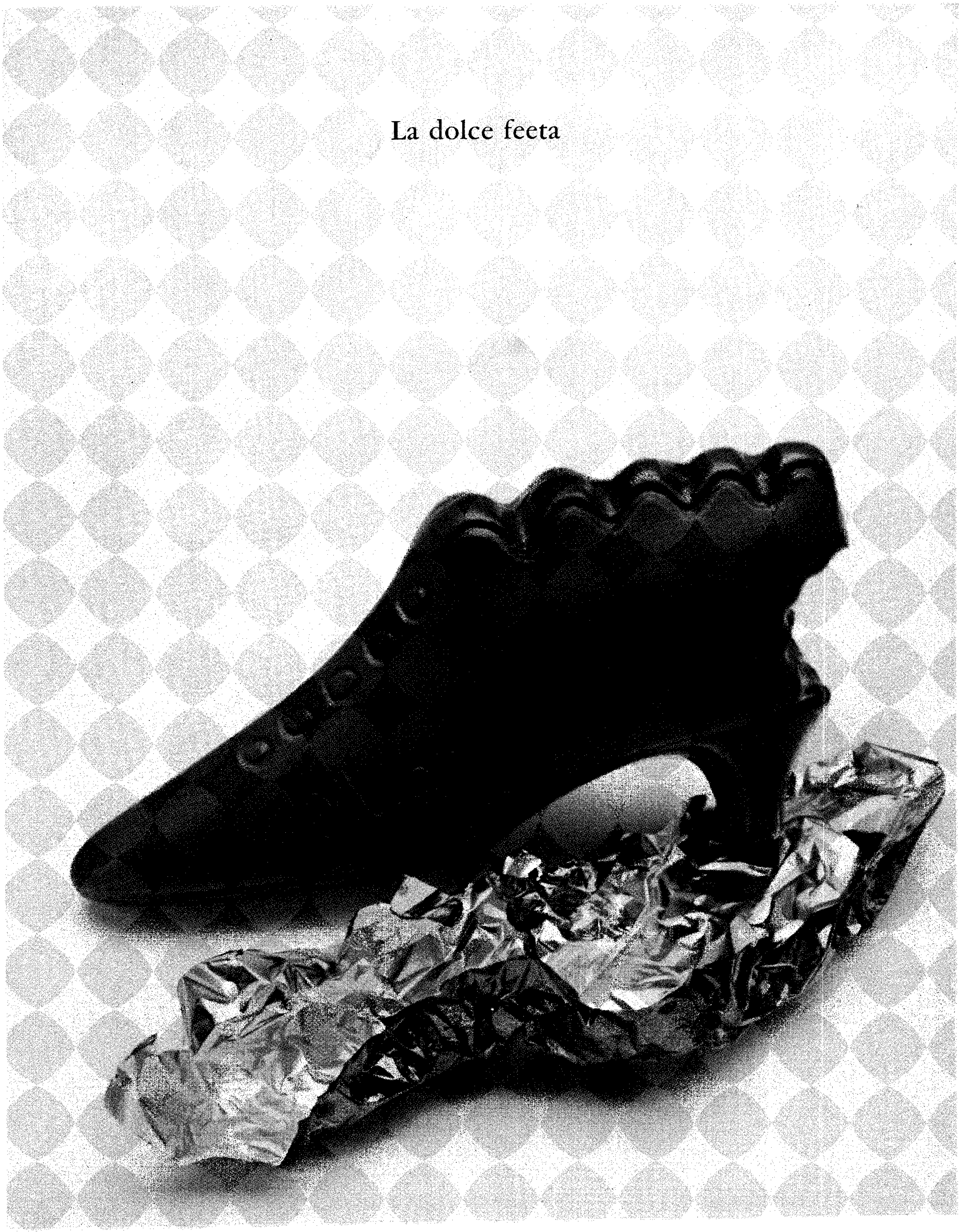

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live in the time to come, and you can live in the now, the here and now." As the young reporter listens, it dawns on him that it is not the South that he longs for but the past, the South's past and his own past, neither of which, in the way that he has been driven by homesickness to think of them, ever really existed, and that it is time for him to move out of the time gone by and into the here and now—it is time for him to grow up. When the sermon is over, he goes back downtown feeling that the old man has set him free, and that he is now a citizen of the city and a citizen of the world.

I had thought about this novel for over a year. Whenever I had nothing else to do, I would automatically start writing it in my mind. Sometimes, in the course of a subway ride, I would write three or four chapters. Almost every day, I would discard a few characters and invent a few new ones. But the truth is, I never actually wrote a word of it. Time passed, and I got caught up in other matters. Even so, for several years I frequently daydreamed about it, and in those daydreams I had finished writing it and it had been published and I could see it. I could see its title page. I could see its binding, which was green with gold lettering. These recollections filled me with almost unbearable embarrassment, and I began to feel more and more sympathetic to Gould.

Suppose he *had* written the Oral History, I reflected; it probably wouldn't have been the great book he had gone up and down the highways and byways prophesying it would be at all—great books, even halfway great books, even good books, even halfway good books, being so exceedingly rare. It probably would have been, at best, only a curiosity. A few years after it came out, copies of it would have choked the "Curiosa" shelves in every second-hand bookstore in the country. Anyway, I decided, if there was anything the human race had a sufficiency of, a sufficiency and a surfeit, it was books. When I thought of the cataracts of books, the Niagaras of books, the rushing rivers of books, the oceans of books, the tons and truckloads and trainloads of books that were pouring off the presses of the world at that moment, only a very few of which would be worth picking up and looking at, let alone reading, I began to feel that it was admirable that he *hadn't* written it. One less book to clutter up the world. One less book to take up space and catch dust and go unread from bookstores to homes to second-hand bookstores and junk stores and thrift shops to still other homes to still other second-hand book-

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I suddenly felt a surge of genuine respect for Gould. He had declined to stay in Norwood and live out his life as Pee Wee Gould, the town fool. If he had to play the fool, he would do it on a larger stage, before a friendlier audience. He had come to Greenwich Village and had found a mask for himself, and he had put it on and kept it on. The Eccentric Author of a Great, Mysterious, Unpublished Book—that was his mask. And, hiding behind it, he had created a character a good deal more complicated, it seemed to me, than most of the characters created by the novelists and playwrights of his time. I thought of the variety of ways he had seen himself through the years and of the variety of ways others had seen him. There was the way the principal of the school in Norwood had seen him—a disgusting little bastard. There was the way Ezra Pound had seen him—a native hickory. There was the way the know-it-all Village radical had seen him—a reactionary parasite. There were a great many of these aspects, and I began to go over them in my mind. He was the catarrhal child, he was the son who knows that he has disappointed his father, he was the runt, the shrimp, the peanut, the half-pint, the tadpole, he was Joe Gould the poet, he was Joe Gould the historian, he was Joe Gould the wild Chippewa Indian dancer, he was Joe Gould the greatest authority in the world on the language of the sea gull, he was the banished man, he was the perfect example of the solitary nocturnal wanderer, he was the little rat, he was the one and only member of the Joe Gould Party, he was the house bohemian of the Minetta Tavern, he was the Professor, he was the Sea Gull, he was Professor Sea Gull, he was the Mongoose, he was Professor Mongoose, he was the Bellevue Boy.

I was still adding to the list when the receptionist cracked my door open and put her head in. "Mr. Gould has just come back," she said. "He was down at the lunch counter in the lobby all this time, having coffee."

"Bring him right in," I said. Then, for some reason—perhaps because of my new-found respect for Gould—I changed my mind. "No, don't," I said. "I'll go out myself and bring him in."

I stood up, and as I did so, a thought entered my mind that caused me to sit back down. If I asked Gould the questions I had planned to ask him, I suddenly realized, and if he came right out and admitted that the Oral History did not exist—that it was indeed a mare's-

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nest—I might be put in the position of having to do something about it. I might very well be forced to unmask him. I found this thought painful. The Oral History was his life preserver, his only way of keeping afloat, and I didn't want to see him drown. I didn't want to blow the whistle on him. I didn't want to tear up his meal ticket, so to speak, or break his rice bowl. I didn't want to have to take any kind of stand on the matter at all. He wasn't harming anybody. He lived off his friends, it was true, but only off crumbs from their tables. Given a long life, he might yet write the Oral History. It would be better for me to leave things the way they were—up in the air. This was probably cowardly, but if it was, so it was. I was thankful now that when I pounced on him he hadn't admitted anything—he hadn't said yea, he hadn't said nay, he had said merely that it wasn't a question of laziness. And there was no law that said I had to ask him questions and try to trip him up and pin him down and worm the pure truth out of him. Suppose he chose to deny everything, and suppose he turned on me and denounced me, leaving it up to me to make the next move. I might be pretty close to certain of this, that, and the other, but I might have a hell of a time proving it. While I was trying to make up my mind what to do, Gould walked in, not bothering to knock.

"Are you going to give me the contribution?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," I said.

I gave him the money he wanted. He didn't thank me but said what he usually said when someone gave him a contribution to the Joe Gould Fund—"This will come in handy." Then he went over and sat in the swivel chair and put his portfolio on the floor at his feet. "You said you had some questions you wanted to ask me," he said.

"I did have," I said, "but I don't now. There were some things I thought I wanted to know, but I guess I really don't. Let's just forget it."

A look of relief appeared on Gould's face. Then, to my surprise, seeming to sense that I didn't intend to go one bit further into the matter, he looked disappointed. I could see from his expression that he wanted very much to confide in me—it was that half-noble, half-fatuous expression that people put on when they have decided to bare their souls—and once again my attitude toward him changed. I became disgusted with him. I was doing my best to keep from unmasking him, and here he was doing his best to unmask himself. "Oh, for God's sake," I felt like saying to

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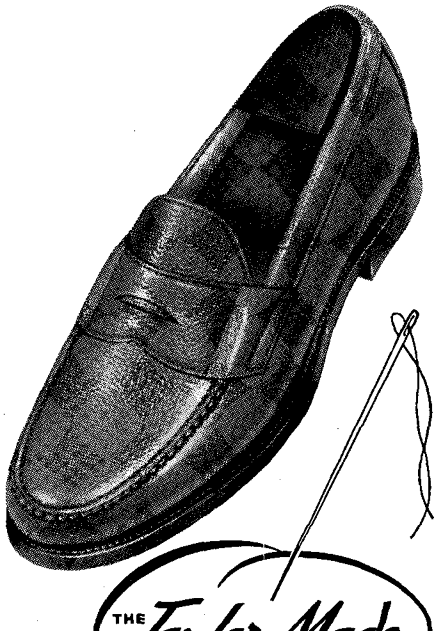

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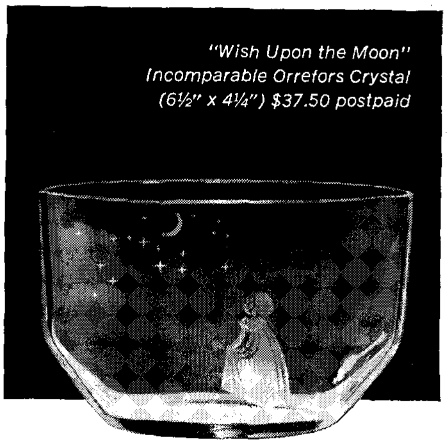
him. "Don't lose your nerve now and start confessing and confiding. If you've pretended this long, the only decent thing you can do is to keep right on pretending as long as you live, no matter what happens." Instead, I said, "Please forgive me, but you really must excuse me now. It's getting late and I have some things I have to do."

This gave him the right to be huffy. "Oh," he said, "I'm ready to go. I've been ready to go for what seems like hours, but you held me up. After all, I've got things to do myself."

He picked up his portfolio and walked out without saying goodbye.

FOR quite a while after that, Gould distrusted me. He continued to come to see me, but nowhere near as often and never just to talk. He came only when he wanted a contribution to the Joe Gould Fund, and only, I suspect, when he was stony broke and couldn't run down any of his old reliables. He walked in and asked for what he wanted in as few words as possible and got it or some part of it and then stood around awkwardly for a few minutes and then hurried off. Although he continued to use *The New Yorker* as his mail address, he stopped asking for his letters the moment he came in, and, to preserve his dignity, waited for me to give them to him. Hoping to make things easier for him, I began forwarding letters to him at the Minetta. However, as an excuse to see how he was getting along, I would occasionally let a few accumulate and then go by the Minetta and give them to him. The first few times I did this, I behaved as if nothing had happened, and sat down at his table as I always had, no matter whether he was alone or others were there, but I soon found that if others were there my presence made him ill at ease. If someone asked him something about the Oral History, or even brought it into the conversation, he would glance at me uneasily and try to change the subject. I think he was afraid that at any moment I might stand up and announce that there was no such thing as the Oral History, that it was all imagination and lies. I made him self-conscious; I got in his way; I cramped his style. From then on, I never sat down with him unless he was alone. If others sat down, I would look at my watch, and pretend to be surprised at how late it was, and leave. Then, one evening, Gould suddenly became his old self again. I was sitting at his table when a couple of tourists, a man and his wife, came over from the bar and asked him a question about the



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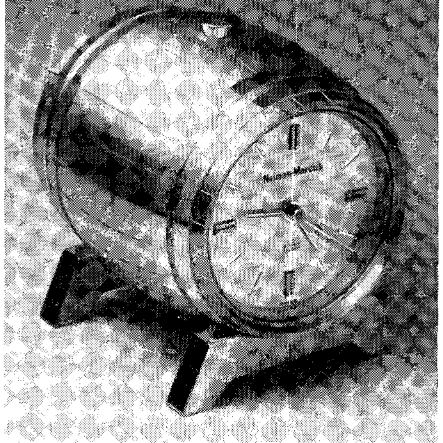

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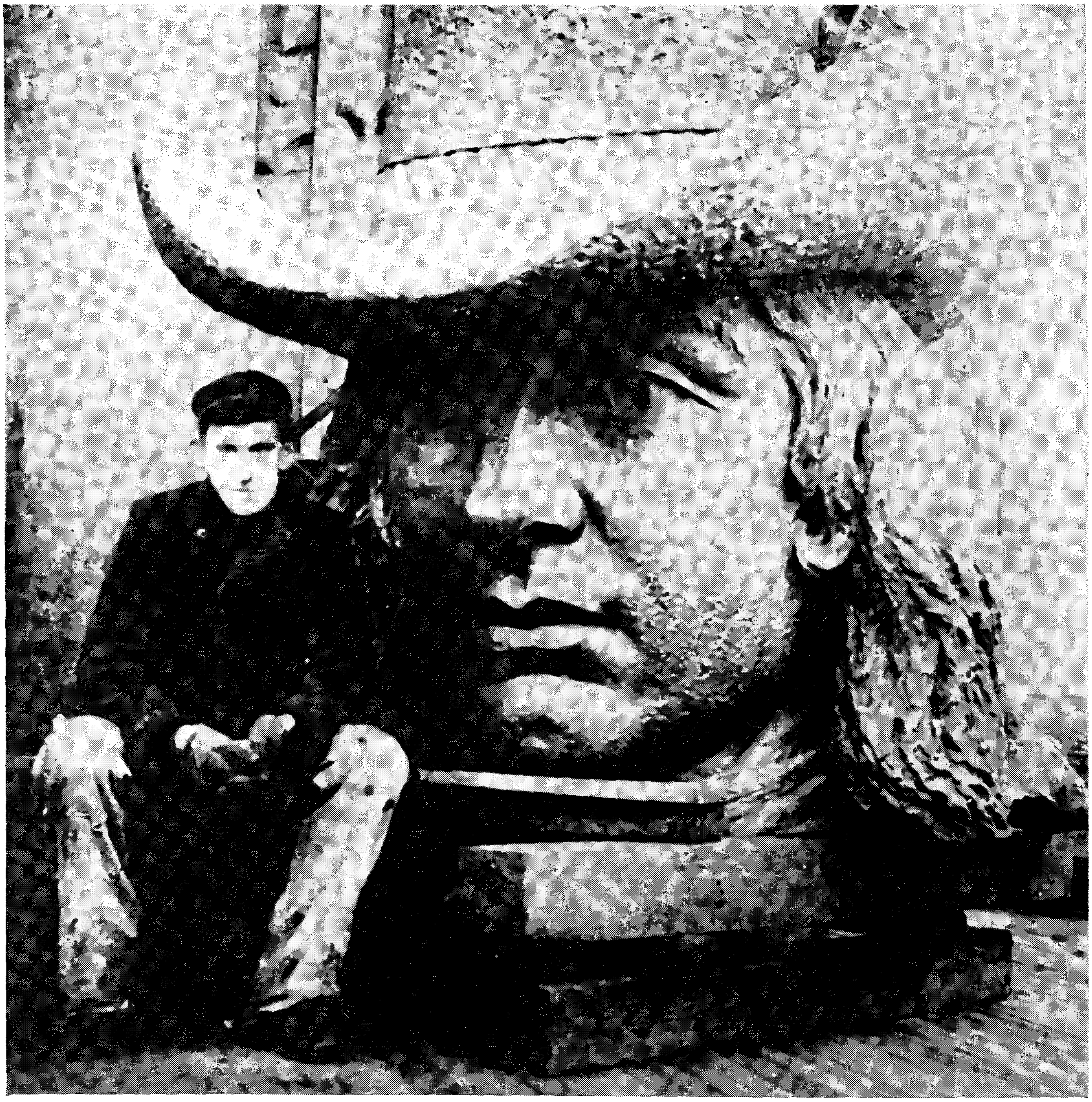

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Oral History. Without glancing at me and without any hesitation, he started describing the Oral History for them, and in no time at all was comparing himself to Gibbon—speaking of what he called "the fortunate immediacy" of his position in relation to New York City as contrasted with what he called "the unfortunate remoteness" of Gibbon's position in relation to the Roman Empire. I was greatly relieved to hear him talking like this, not only because I could see that he had got over his distrust of me but also because I could see that he had got his mask firmly back in place. Furthermore, I couldn't help admiring his spirit. He was like some down-on-his-luck but still buoyant old confidence man. He put his heart into his act. Right before my eyes, he changed from a furtive little barfly into an illustrious scholar. And the most he could hope to get out of the tourists was a few drinks and a dollar or two.

IN the spring of the next year—the spring of 1944—a chance encounter that Gould had with an old acquaintance set some things in motion that made life easier for him for a while. Around eight o'clock one morning early in May, he left the Hotel Defender, at 300 Bowery, where he had spent the night, and started out on his daily round of soliciting contributions to the Joe Gould Fund. He was hungry, and he was suffering from a hangover, a bad case of conjunctivitis, and a bad cold. He intended to go first to the subway station at Sheridan Square and stand for an hour or so near the uptown entrance and waylay friends and acquaintances hurrying to work. On the way over, trying to pull himself together, he sat down on the steps of a tenement in one of the pushcart blocks on Bleecker Street. He threw his head back and started squirting some eye drops in his eyes, and at that moment a woman named Mrs. Sarah Ostrowsky Berman, who had come down to the pushcarts from her apartment on Union Square to buy some of the small, sweet Italian onions called *cipollini*, caught sight of him and impulsively went over and sat down beside him. Mrs. Berman was the wife of Levi Berman, the Yiddish poet, and she was a painter. She had come here from Russia when she was a girl, and while making a living sewing in sweatshops she had taught herself to paint. Although her paintings were awkward, they were imaginative and they had a hallucinatory quality, and they had been admired and highly praised by a number of people in the art world. She was a gentle,

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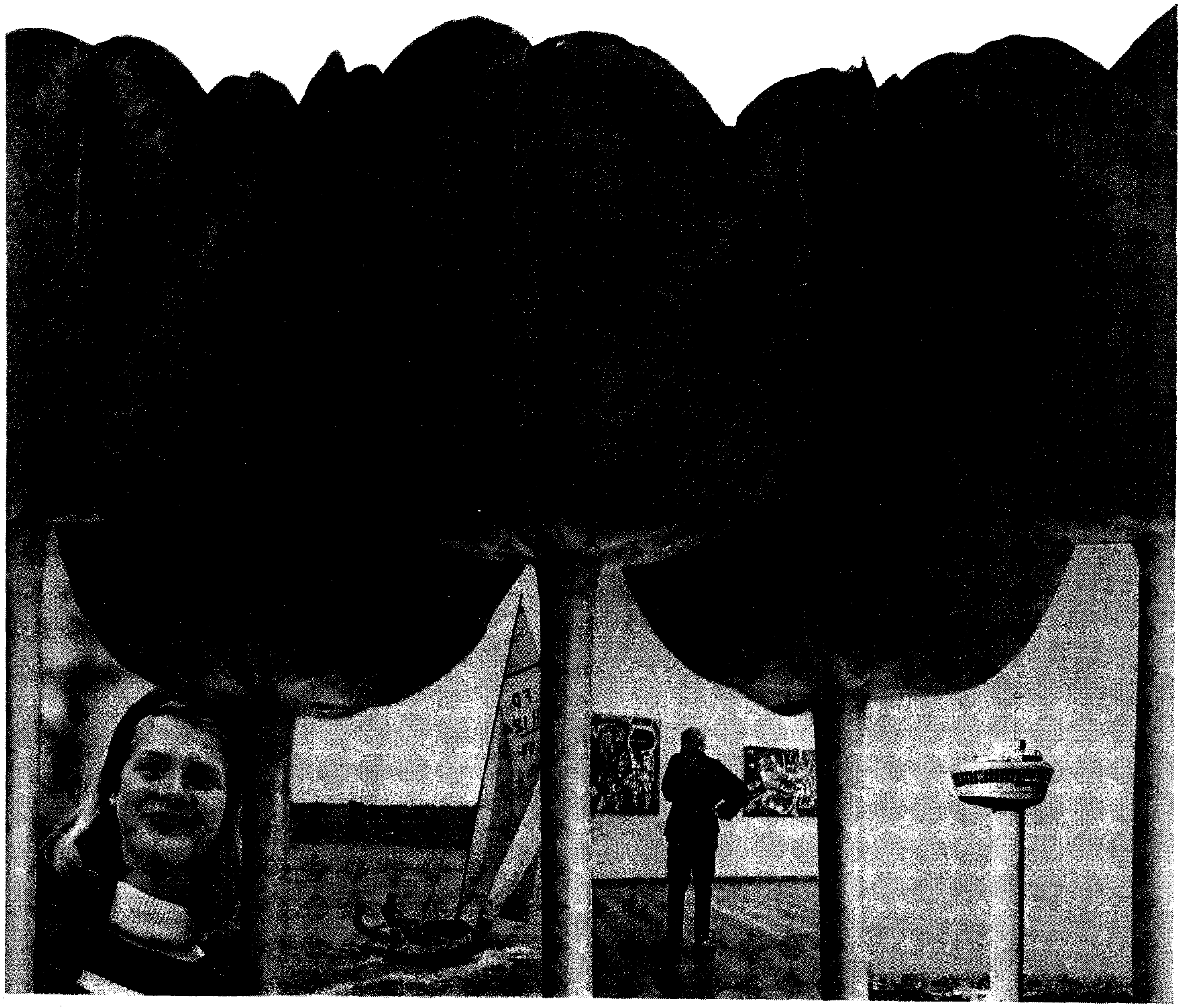

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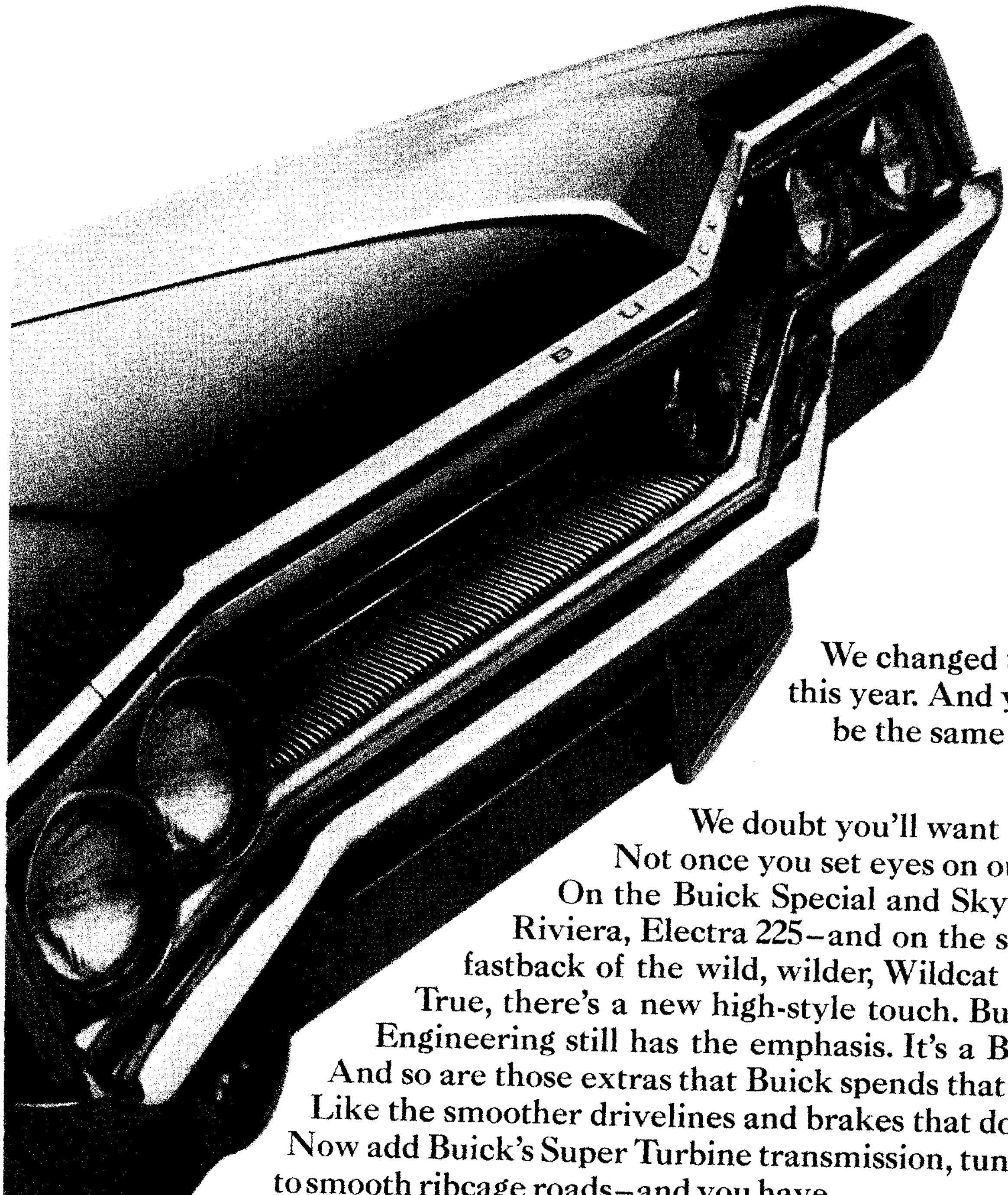

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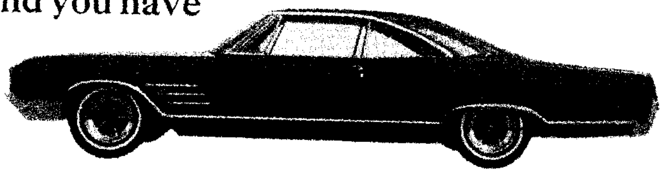

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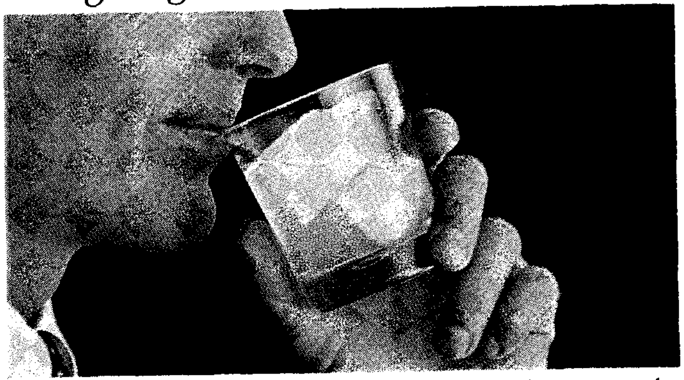

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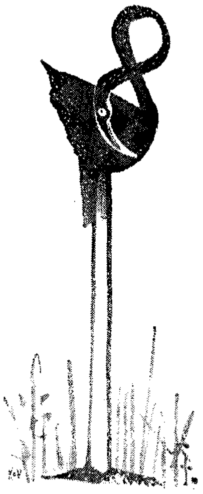
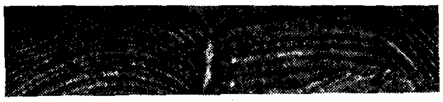
self-effacing woman, and somewhat otherworldly, and she was maternal but childless. She had often run into Gould at parties in the Village in the late twenties and early thirties and had had several long talks with him, but she had not seen him for years, and she was shocked by the changes that had taken place in him. She asked him how he was getting along on the Oral History, and he groaned and shook his head and indicated that he didn't have the strength right then to talk about the Oral History. She asked him about his health, and he pulled up his pants legs and showed her some sores that had recently appeared on his legs. Mrs. Berman got a cab and took him to her apartment. She made some breakfast for him. She washed his feet and legs and put some medicine on his sores. She gave him some clean socks and a pair of her husband's old shoes. She gave him some money. Then, after he had gone, she sat down and made a list of all the people she knew who had known Gould in the period in which she had known him, including some who had moved to other parts of the country or to Europe, and she spent the rest of the day writing impassioned letters to them.

"Joe Gould is in bad shape," she wrote in one of these letters. "He is using up time and energy he should be devoting to the Oral History running around all over town getting together enough dimes and quarters for the bare necessities, and it is killing him. I have always felt that the city's unconscious may be trying to speak to us through Joe Gould. And that the people who have gone underground in the city may be trying to speak to us through him. And that the city's living dead may be trying to speak to us through him. People who never belonged anyplace from the beginning. People sitting in those terrible dark barrooms. Poor old men and women sitting on park benches, hurt and bitter and crazy—the ones who never got their share, the ones who were always left out, the ones who were never asked. Sitting there and dreaming of killing everybody that passes by, even the little children. But there is a great danger that Joe Gould may never finish the Oral History and that those anonymous voices may never speak to us. Something must be done about him at once. If it isn't, some morning soon he and a part of us will be found dead on the Bowery. . . ."



Among the people Mrs. Berman wrote to were two old friends of hers who had once been married to each other and had been divorced—Erika Feist and John Rothschild. Miss Feist was a German-born woman who had come here in the early twenties and had become a painter. Rothschild was a New Englander who had roomed with Malcolm Cowley for a while at Harvard and had got acquainted with Gould through Cowley soon after coming to New York City to make a living, and had been contributing to the Joe Gould Fund ever since. He was the director of a travel agency called The Open Road, Inc. One night a week or so later, Mrs. Berman received a long-distance call from Miss Feist, who, after her divorce, had moved from a studio in the Village to a farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Miss Feist said that while she was married to Rothschild she had got to know and respect an old friend of his, a very reserved and very busy professional woman who was a member of a rich Middle Western family and had inherited a fortune and who sometimes anonymously helped needy artists and intellectuals, and that she had spoken to this woman about Gould. Independently of her, she said, Rothschild had also spoken to the woman about Gould. Miss Feist said that the woman had agreed to help Gould to the extent of sixty dollars a month. There were two conditions. First, Gould must never be told who the woman was or anything about her that might enable him to find out who she was. Second, some discreet and responsible person in New York City who knew Gould would have to receive the checks from the woman—they would come once a month—and disburse the money, passing it on to Gould in weekly installments and seeing to it that he spent it on room and board and not on liquor. It would have to be someone Gould respected and would heed. When Mrs. Berman heard this, she said, "Vivian Marquié," and Miss Feist said, "Yes, exactly." Mrs. Vivian Marquié was an old friend of Gould's and the proprietor of an art gallery on Fifty-seventh Street called the Marquié Gallery. As a young woman, she had been a social worker and had lived in the Village. She had met Gould at a party in 1925 or 1926 and had been helping him ever since. In recent years, she had been providing him with most of his clothes; she knew sev-



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eral men who were close to him in size, and she kept after them, and every now and then they gave her some of their old suits and shirts to give to him. He went to her gallery a couple of times a week for contributions to the Joe Gould Fund.

The following day, Miss Feist telephoned Mrs. Marquié at her gallery and explained the situation. Mrs. Marquié said that she herself had been worried about Gould and that she would be glad to handle the money and make it go as far as possible. Mrs. Marquié's maiden name was Ward, and she was a native of Lawrence, Long Island. Her husband, Elie-Paul Marquié, was a Frenchman. He was an engraver and etcher, and he was also a gourmet and an amateur chef. Through him she had become acquainted with a good many French people in the restaurant business. One of these was a man named Henri Gerard, who operated three rooming houses on West Thirty-third Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, just across the street from the General Post Office, that were known collectively as the Maison Gerard. They were old brownstones, and their numbers were 311, 313, and 317. In the basement of No. 311, he ran an unusually inexpensive restaurant that was also known as the Maison Gerard. Mrs. Marquié had a talk with Gerard about Gould. Gerard was used to the problems of people who had to get by on very little; most of his tenants were in that category. He said that for sixty dollars a month he could give Gould room and board and also see to it that he had a little left over for such things as cigarettes and carfare. His room would cost him three dollars a week, and he could get breakfasts for twenty-five cents, lunches for fifty cents, and dinners for fifty cents. Mrs. Marquié agreed to send Gerard a check at the end of each week covering Gould's approximate expenses, and Gerard agreed to deduct what Gould owed from the check, and give him whatever was left over in cash. If he skipped a meal, he wouldn't be charged for it. If he skipped what seemed to be an undue number of meals, Gerard would let Mrs. Marquié know, in case he might be going without them in order to have some money to spend on liquor. Before the week was out, Gould was installed in a room on the fifth floor, which was the attic floor, of No. 313. In the days when brownstone houses of this kind were private houses, all the rooms on this floor had been maids' rooms, and Gould's room had obviously been the

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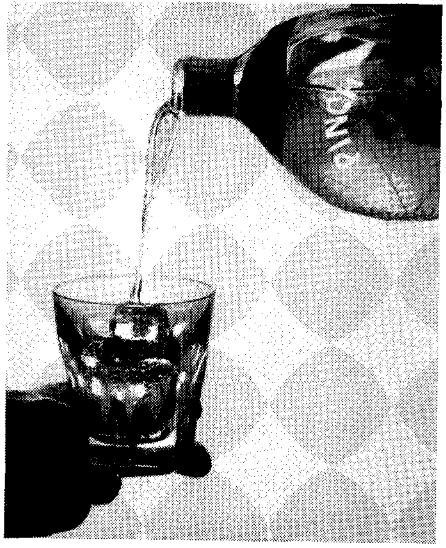

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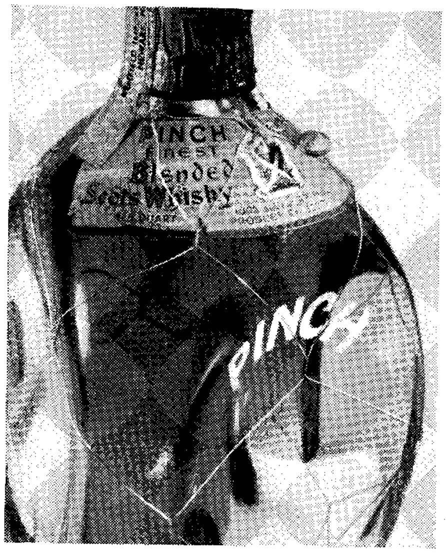
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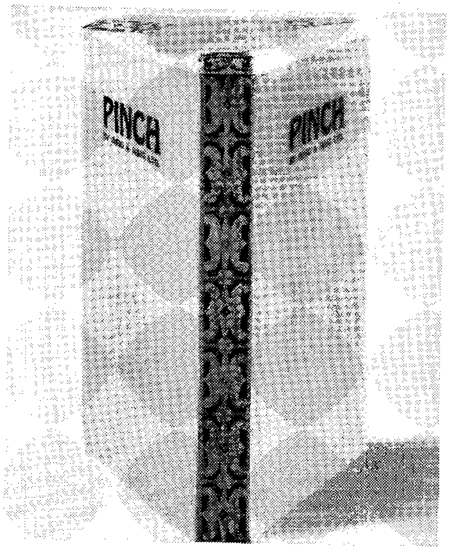
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one that was customarily occupied by the newest, greenest maid. It was around behind the banisters at the top of the stairwell, it had a skylight instead of a window, and it was just big enough for a bed, a chair, a table, and a dresser.

At first, Gould wasn't able to get much pleasure out of living at the Maison Gerard or out of anything else connected with his new way of life, for the mystery of the identity of his patron tormented him. It was all he could think about. For a while, he turned up at Mrs. Marquié's gallery at least once a day, and sometimes as often as three or four times a day, and asked her seemingly innocent questions in an effort to trick her into giving him some clue. She begged him to stop it, but he couldn't. The speculation that seemed most likely to him was that it was someone who had been in his class at Harvard, and Mrs. Marquié encouraged him to believe this. Then, one day, instead of using the phrase "your patron," she forgot herself and used the word "she," and that inflamed Gould's imagination. He spent every afternoon for a couple of weeks going through newspaper files in the Public Library and searching for information about rich women in general and rich women who were patrons of the arts in particular, but he wasn't able to find any clues. His mind was dominated for several days by the idea that the woman might somehow be one or the other of two well-to-do old spinster sisters who were cousins of his and lived together in Boston. He had always been afraid of them, and he hadn't seen or heard of them since a few years after he got out of Harvard, when he had asked them to lend him some money with which to revisit the Indian reservations in North Dakota and they had refused. However, he finally got up his nerve and called them collect. One of them accepted the call and listened to him for about a minute while he tried in a roundabout way to find out what he wanted to know, and then interrupted him and said that she couldn't imagine what he was leading up to but that, whatever it was, she didn't want to hear it and that if he ever called her or her sister again she would put the police on him. Two or three nights later, lying in bed unable to sleep, he recalled an elderly woman, reputed to be very rich, whom he had once met at a party on Washington Square and with whom he had had a pleasant conversation about Edgar Allan Poe, and he decided that *she* might be the woman. In the morning, after a chain of telephone calls, he found out

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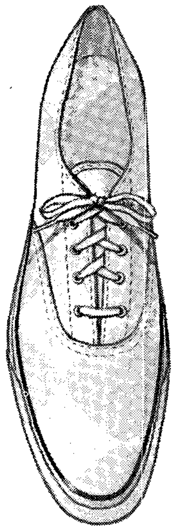

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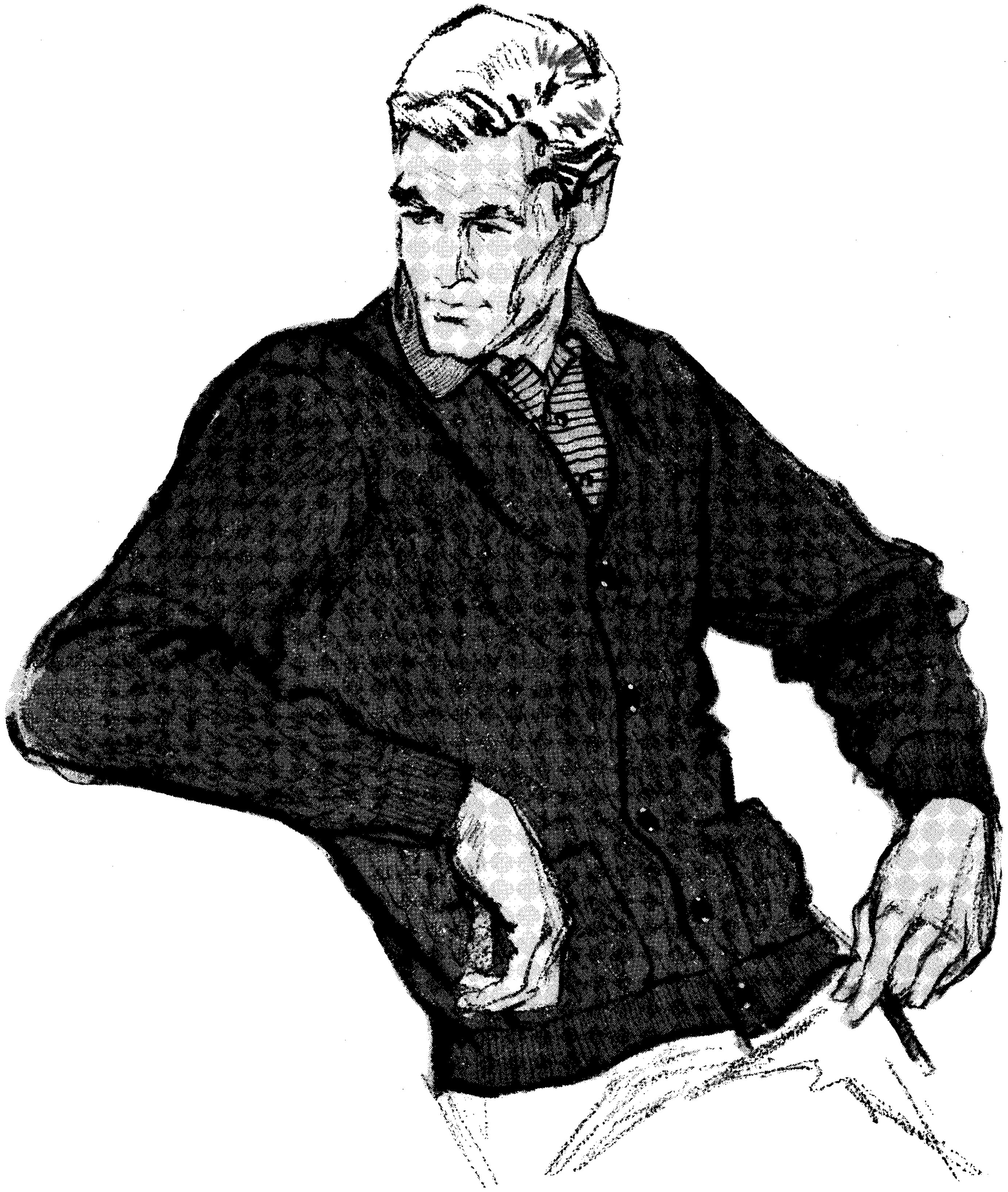

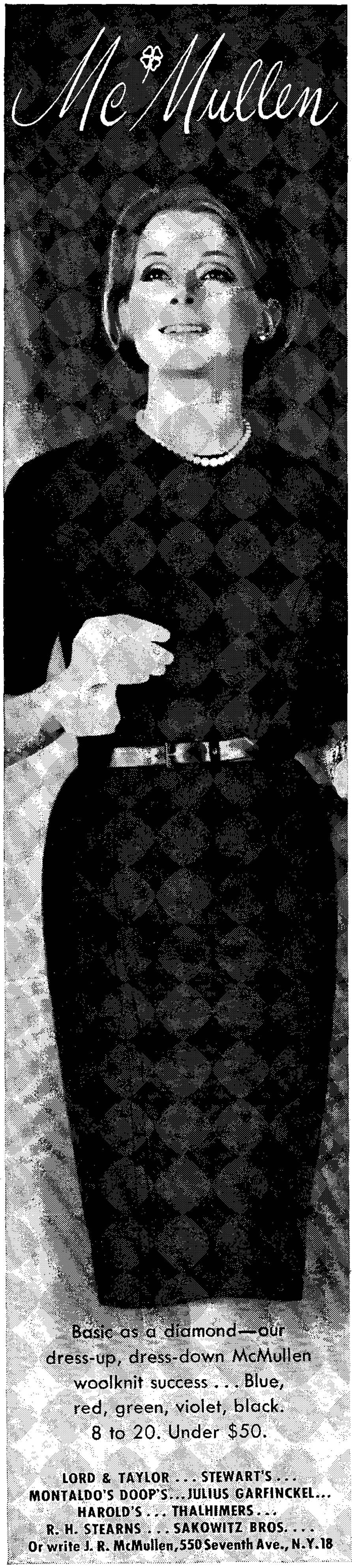
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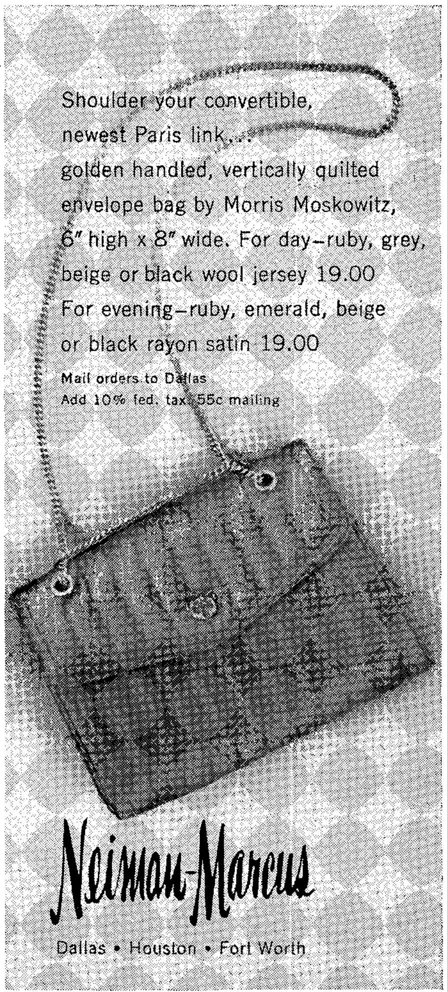
that she was dead. Next, he got it in his head that it might be some woman who had become interested in him through reading the Profile and that I knew who she was, and he came to me and asked me for her name. He demanded her name. Years later, quite by chance, I did find out who the woman was, and went to see her and had a talk with her, but at that time I didn't know who she was, and I told Gould so. He went away unconvinced and returned a few days later with a long letter that he had written to the woman. He wanted me to read it and send it on to her. The letter had a preamble, all in capitals, which read, "A RESPECTFUL COMMUNICATION FROM JOE GOULD TO HIS UNKNOWN PATRON (WHO WILL BE CHERISHED BY POSTERITY FOR HER GENEROSITY TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ORAL HISTORY WHETHER SHE CHOOSES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS OR NOT) PROPOSING THAT INSTEAD OF 60 DOLLARS MONTHLY SHE GIVE HIM A LUMP SUM OF 720 DOLLARS YEARLY THE PRINCIPAL ARGUMENT BEING THAT THIS WOULD PERMIT HIM TO GO ABROAD AND LIVE IN FRANCE OR ITALY WHERE BY EXERCISING A LITTLE PRUDENCE WHICH HE IS FULLY PREPARED TO DO THE MONEY WOULD GO TWICE AS FAR." It seemed to me that Gould's purpose in writing this letter was to provoke the woman into some kind of communication with him, no matter what, and this alarmed me. I urged him to tear the letter up and forget about lump sums and living abroad, and all the rest of it, or the woman might hear that he was already complaining and get annoyed and cut the money off. If he went ahead and finished the Oral History, or at least got some work done on it, I said, maybe she would come forth and make herself known to him. He told me to stop giving him advice; he could handle his own affairs. Then, a moment later, an agonized look appeared on his face and he exclaimed, "I'd almost rather know who she is than have the money!" He stopped talking until he had got control of himself. "How would you feel," he went on presently, "if you knew that somewhere out in the world there was a woman who cared enough about you not to want you to starve to death but at the same time for some reason of her own didn't want to have anything to do with you and didn't even want you to know who she was?" He watched me craftily. "A woman who had an illegitimate baby when she was young and hated the father of it and let it be adopted might behave that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way," he said, "if she got to be old and rich and respectable and suddenly found out by reading a Profile in *The New Yorker* that the baby was now a middle-aged man living in poverty on the Bowery." He paused for a moment. "I know I sound crazy," he continued, "but when I was a boy I used to daydream that I had been adopted, and lately I've been having those daydreams all over again." He left the letter on my desk and went away, and a few days later he returned and retrieved it and took it up to Mrs. Marquié and asked her to read it and send it on to the woman. Mrs. Marquié had always been gentle with Gould, but at this point she spoke sharply to him, and something she said must have brought him to his senses, for from that time on he kept his curiosity about his patron to himself.

Not long after this, Gould stopped coming to my office (I had begun forwarding letters to him at the Maison Gerard), and I lost track of him for a while. I saw him around the middle of June. During the next six months, for one reason or another, I spent more time out of New York City than in it, and I didn't see him again until one afternoon in December. On that afternoon, I was walking past the Jefferson Diner when I heard the peremptory sound of metal rapping on glass, and looked up and saw Gould staring out at me from a booth in the diner and rapping on the window with a coin to get my attention. I went in and sat down with him. "Hold on to yourself and don't faint," he said, "and I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

It was the same booth we had sat in when I had my first talk with him. His face and hands were as dirty as ever, but his color was good and his eyes were clear and he had put on a little weight. As usual, he had on a suit that was a size or two too big for him. It was somebody's castoff—the ruins of a suit—but it was well cut and it was made of some kind of expensive, Scottish-looking material, and it had been a good suit in its time. He even had on the vest. He wore a hat whose sides were deeply dented and whose brim was turned up on one side and down on the other. It was an extraordinarily rakish hat, and almost any veteran Villager could have identified it at a glance; it was one of E. E. Cummings's old hats. I told Gould that he looked the best I had ever seen him, and I was surprised at the smugness of his response.

"Oh, I'm doing all right," he said, smiling complacently. "I'm doing fine. I

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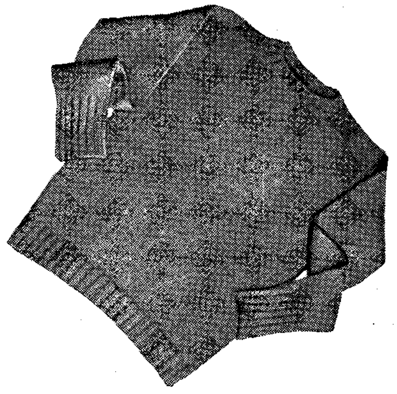

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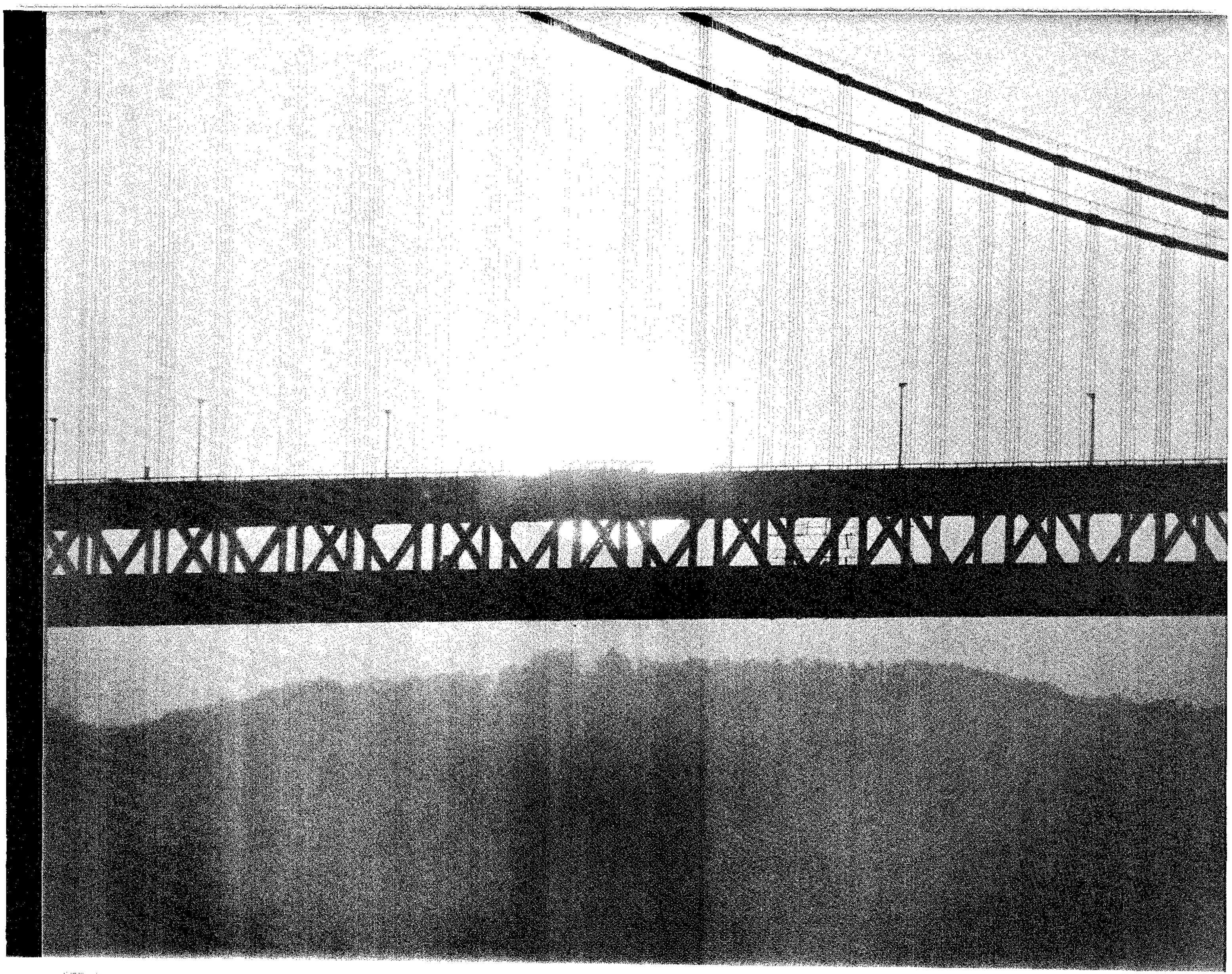

"Harry, I think I'm going to cry."

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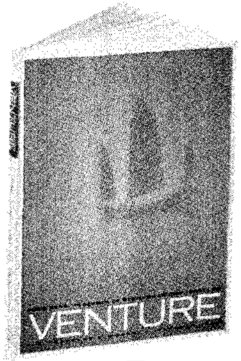
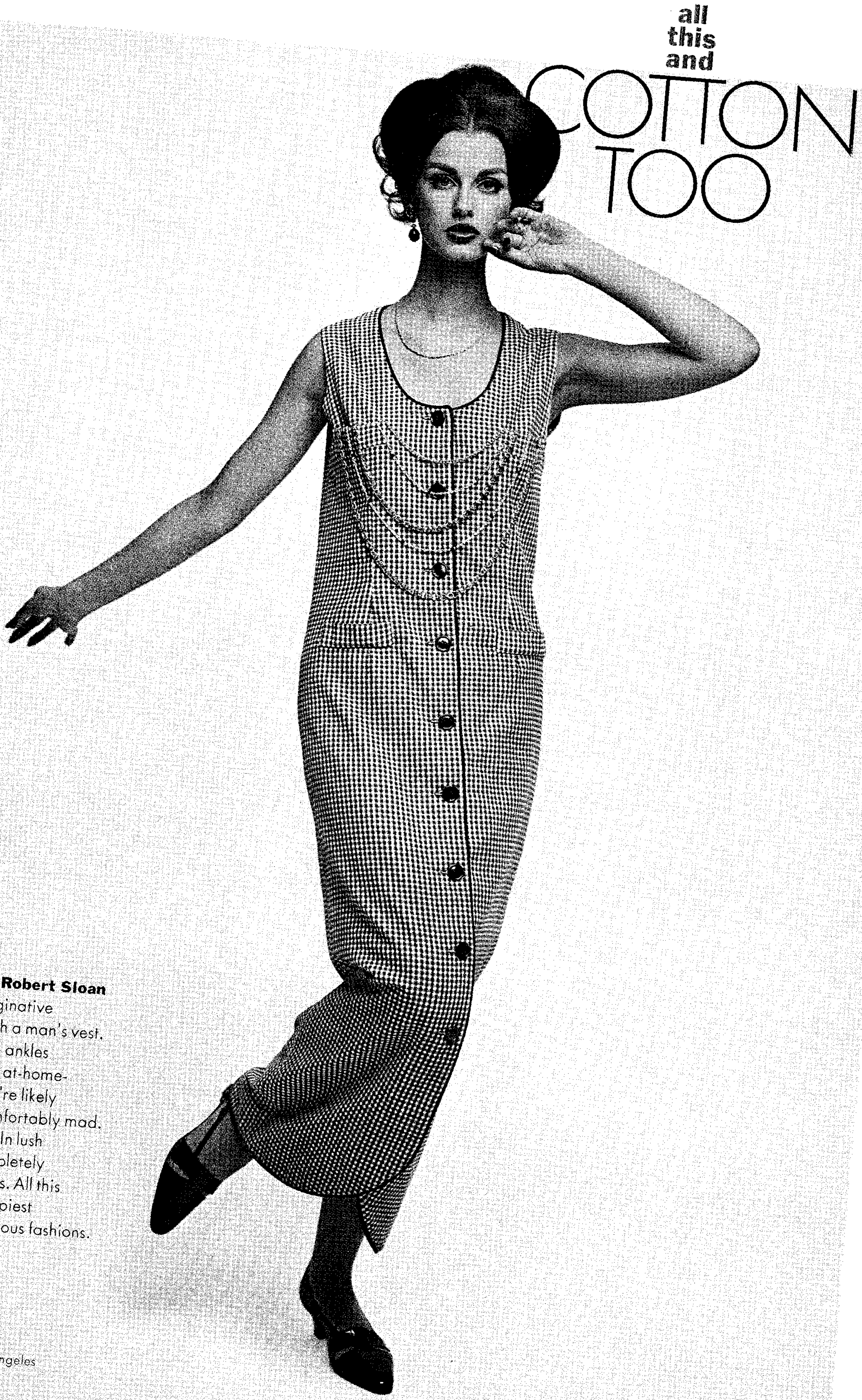


The many sides of travel

VENTURE...The Traveler's World. Published by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.



Sylvia de Gay of Robert Sloan shows what an imaginative designer can do with a man's vest. Brings it down to the ankles for the most original at-home-after-dark dress you're likely to see this year. Comfortably mad. Madly comfortable. In lush velveteen that's completely checked for smartness. All this and cotton, too—happiest inspiration for audacious fashions.

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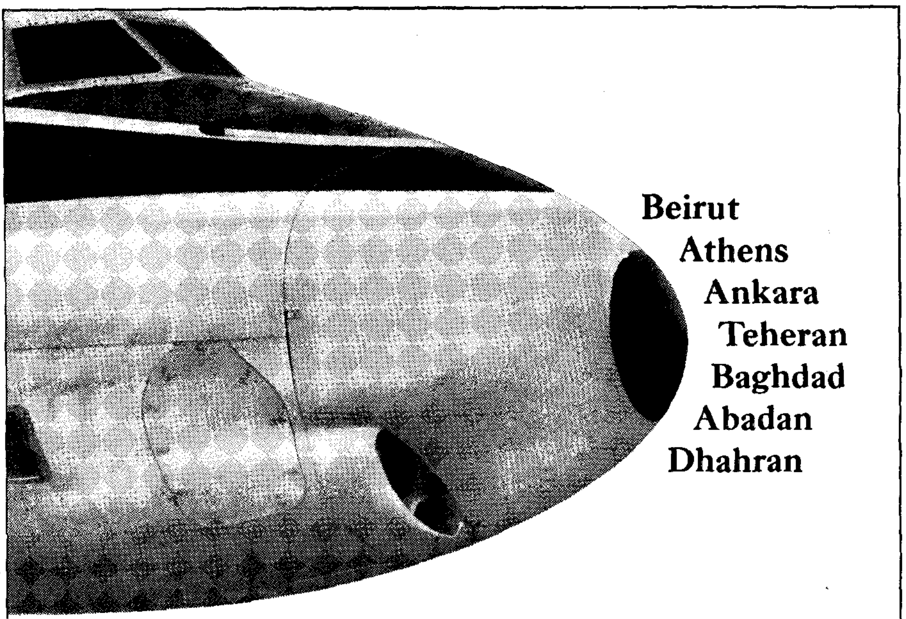
didn't much care for the Maison Gerard at first, or the Maison G., as the inmates call it—it's too out-of-the-way, the food is too starchy, and the stairs are a damned nuisance—but I've gotten used to it. In fact, I'm quite happy there. I come down to the Village and make the rounds the same as ever and scratch around for contributions to the Joe Gould Fund, but it isn't a life-and-death matter any longer. I've even stopped bothering with some people—the dime ones and the maybe-tomorrow ones. I just hit the ones I'm sure of, and I don't hit them as often as I used to. A peculiar thing has happened. I thought I'd be ruined in the Village if the news got out that I had a patron who was paying for my room and board, and I tried to keep it under my hat, but I couldn't; I told a few of my friends and they told others, and one by one all of them found it out, and what do you know—instead of reducing the amount of their contributions or refusing to give me anything at all anymore, they've become far more generous than they used to be. People who used to give me a quarter and give it grudgingly now give me fifty cents, and sometimes even a dollar, and give it willingly. You know the old fundamental rule: 'Them as has gits.' Sometimes, these days, I have three, four, five, six, seven dollars in my pocket. I don't bum cigarettes any longer, let alone smoke picked-up butts; I buy my own. Sometimes I even drop in a place and order a drink and pay for it myself. And I'm taking better care of myself. Most mornings, if I don't have a hangover, I get up around eleven and have a big breakfast, and then I walk up to the main branch of the Public Library and read the papers or look up something, or I might go to a few exhibitions in the galleries on Fifty-seventh Street and see if there are any good nudes, or I might take a run up to the Metropolitan or the Frick or the Museum of Natural History or the Museum of the American Indian, or I might just walk around the streets. After a while, I go back to the Maison G. and lie down for an hour or so, and then I have an early dinner, and then I get on the subway and go down to the Village. I knock around the Village until the bars close at 4 A.M. and everybody goes home, and then I head on back to the Maison G. Compared to the way things used to be, I'm living the life of a millionaire." He hummed the tune of a Bessie Smith blues song and then sang a few words. "'Once I lived the life of a millionaire,'" he sang in his squeaky, old-



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Yankee voice. " 'Spending my money, I didn't care. . . .'

"Of course," he went on, "there's one thing I *do* keep under my hat, and that's the fact that I don't know who my patron is. I don't give a damn anymore who she is, but I have my pride. People keep asking me, and I tell them I'm not allowed to say. It's a famous name, I tell them, and they'd recognize it if I mentioned it—one of the richest women in the world. I call her Madame X, and I hint that I have the inside track with her. You know how bohemians are. They profess to disdain money, but they lose all control of themselves and go absolutely berserk at the slightest indication of the faintest trace of a smell of it. Ever since the word got out that I have a patron, and not only that, a *woman* patron, and not only that, a *rich* woman patron, the poets and the painters have been getting me aside and buying me drinks and asking me to tell Madame X about their work. I try to be as helpful as I can. 'Let me have a few of your best poems,' I say if it's a poet, or 'Let me have a few of your best sketches,' I say if it's a painter, 'and I'll take them up and show them to Madame X the next time I go up to see her in her huge town house just off Park Avenue.' I take the poems or the sketches up to my room at the Maison G. and put them on the dresser and leave them there for a week or two, and then I take them back to the genius who produced them. 'Madame X looked at your work,' I tell him, 'and she asked me to thank you very much for letting her see it.' 'But what did she say about it?' the genius asks. 'She strictly forbade me to tell you,' I say, 'but we've been friends for a long time, and I know you too well and respect you too much to lie to you, and I'm going to tell you exactly what she said. She said that she couldn't detect the slightest sign of any talent whatsoever in your work, and she said she feels it would be very wrong of her to encourage you in any way.' "

Gould's eyes flashed, and he giggled. "Oh," he said, "I've put quite a few people in their places that way. I've settled quite a few old scores that way."

I found myself getting annoyed with Gould, not because of his gloating over the settling of old scores—that was all right with me; I believe in revenge—but because of his general air of self-satisfaction, and I asked him a malicious question. "How are you getting along on the Oral History?" I asked.

"Fine!" he said, not batting an eye. "I'm making a lot of progress on

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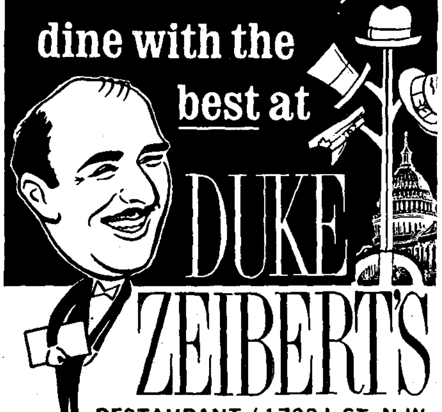

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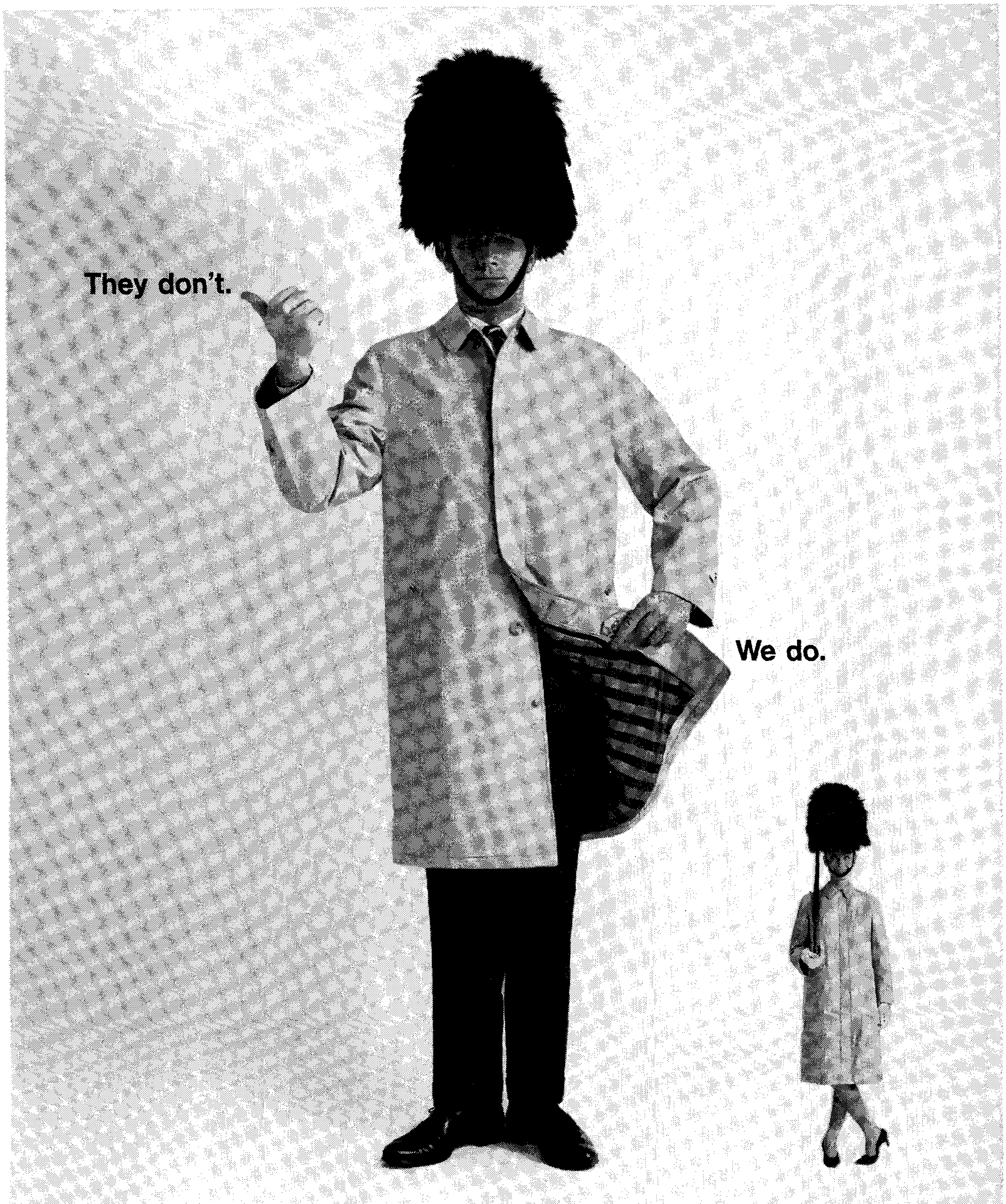
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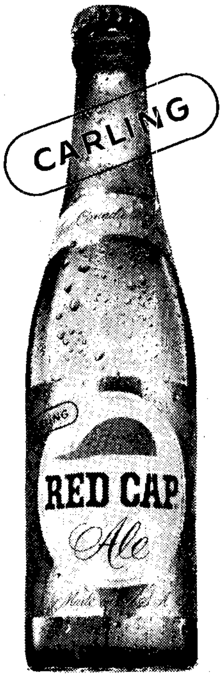
it." His portfolio was beside him in the booth, and he patted it. "I've added an enormous number of words to it lately," he said. "It's growing by leaps and bounds."

As time went on, Gould grew accustomed to having his room and board paid for by his unknown patron. He came to take it for granted and to look upon it as a permanent arrangement. One morning in November, 1947, after he had been living at the Maison Gerard for almost three and a half years, I had a telephone call from him, and the moment I heard his voice I knew that something was wrong. "Mrs. Marquié called me yesterday afternoon and asked me to come up to her gallery at once," he said. "I went up there, and she broke the news to me that some weeks ago she had received word that Madame X was thinking of stopping her subsidy to me but that a man and a woman she knows who are old friends of Madame X were trying to persuade her to keep it going. She hadn't wanted to tell me anything about it, she said, until she had found out for certain just what Madame X was going to do. Well, she found out for certain yesterday. Madame X sent word to her that she was putting a check for December in the mail but that that would be the last." Gould paused for a moment, and I heard him take a deep breath. "I asked Mrs. Marquié to tell me why Madame X had turned against me," he said. "I begged her to tell me. She said she simply didn't know." He paused again. "Not knowing who she is was bad enough," he said, "but not knowing why she's turned against me is nerve-racking." He paused once again. "It's the worst news I've ever had in my life," he said. "I haven't been able to keep anything on my stomach since I heard it."

Gould sounded hurt and bewildered and terribly forsaken, and he also sounded humiliated. There was something in his voice, a hint of panic, that stayed in my mind and made me uneasy. In the middle of the afternoon, I left the office and took a taxicab to the Maison Gerard. A porter vacuum-cleaning the carpet in the vestibule said that Gould had gone out but that he might have come back in. "Go on up and see," he said. "His room'll be open. He never locks it." Gould wasn't in. Standing in the door and peering into his room, I saw some composition books on his dresser, and I went over and looked at them. There were five of them. I took the liberty of opening the



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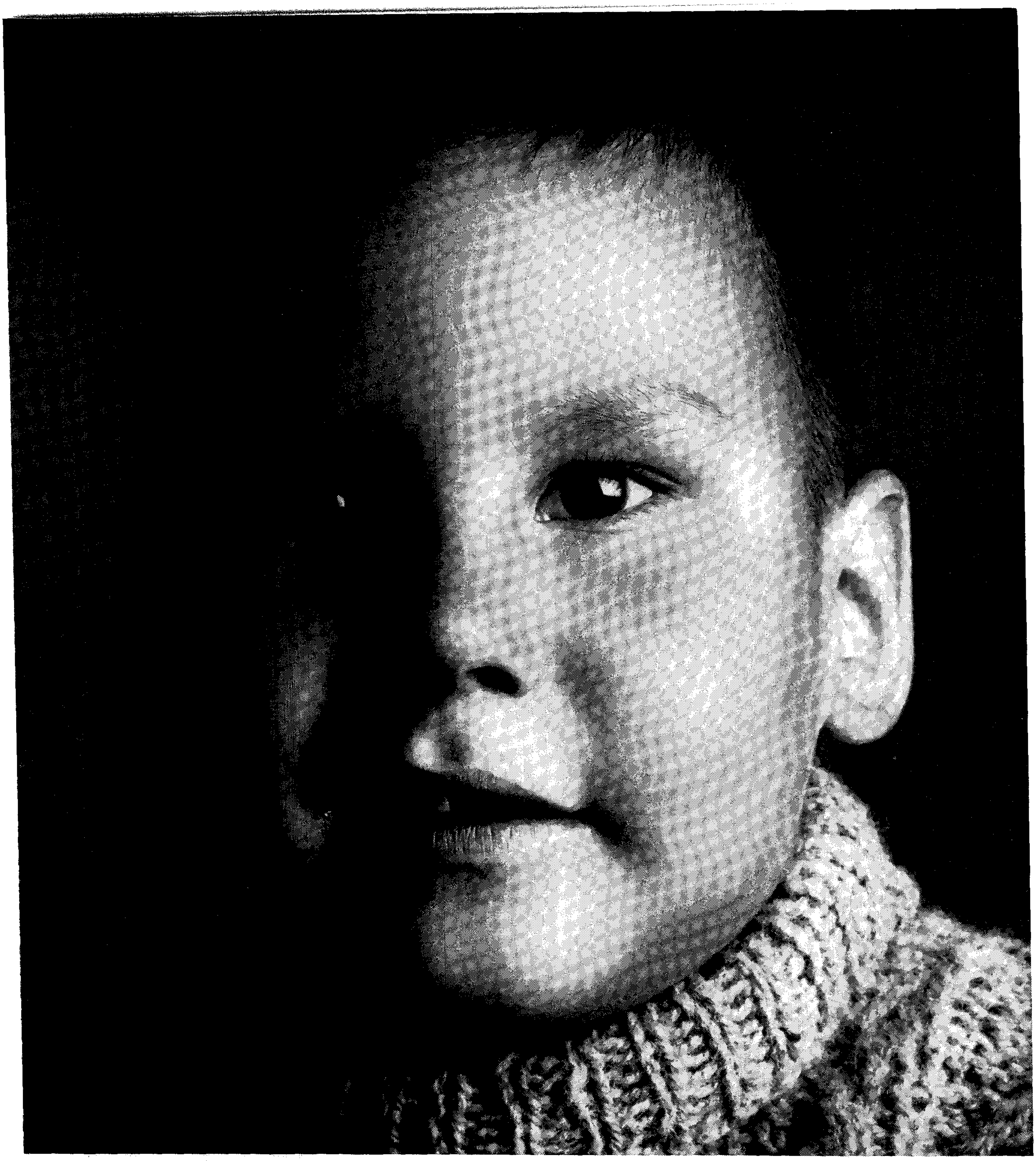

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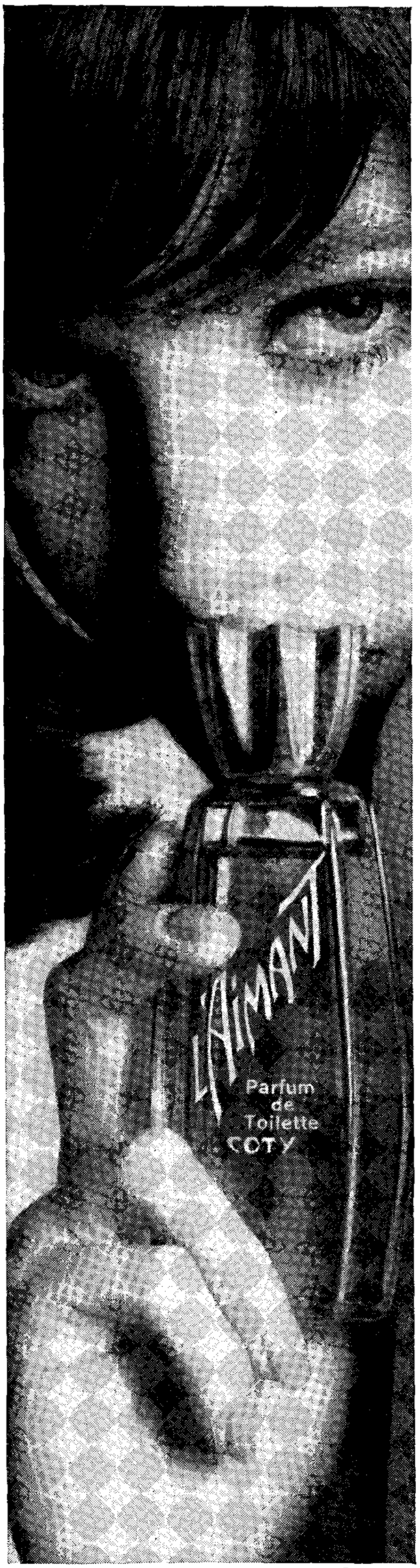

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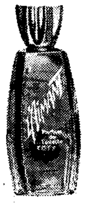

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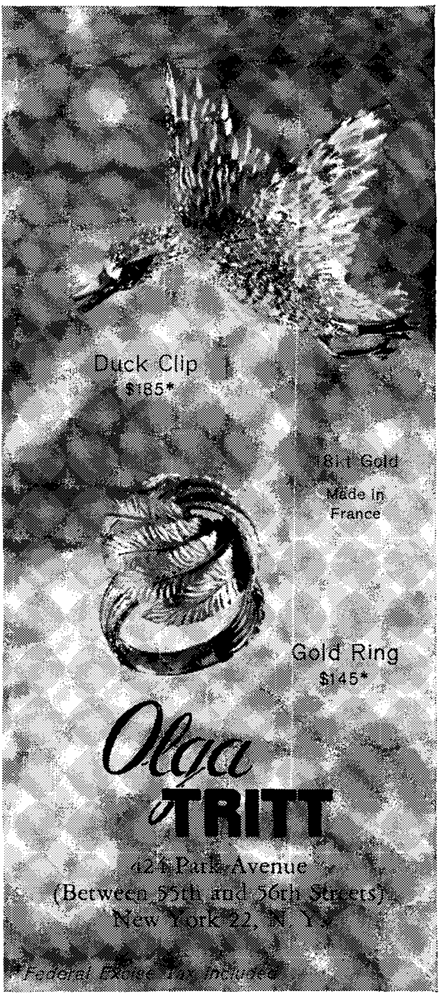
one on top. On the first page was the old familiar title: "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." I went ahead and opened the second one. The title read, "THE DREAD TOMATO HABIT. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." I opened the third one. The title read, "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." I opened the fourth one. The title read, "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." I opened the fifth one. The title read, "DEATH OF DR. CLARKE STORER GOULD. A CHAPTER OF JOE GOULD'S ORAL HISTORY." I put the books back the way they were and left the room. "God pity him," I said, "and pity us all."

When Gould's subsidy ran out at the end of December, he told Gerard that he wanted to keep on staying at the Maison Gerard. He would give up the board part of his room-and-board arrangement, at least for a while, he said, and concentrate on trying to hold on to his room. It was obvious that he hoped to do this by redoubling his efforts in soliciting contributions to the Joe Gould Fund. However, he forgot the old fundamental rule that he had once referred to—"Them as has gits"—and made the mistake of telling his friends that he had lost his patron. Consequently, a good many of them, fearing that he would now become too dependent on them, began cutting down on their contributions. Before long, it became hard for him to get together three dollars in a lump sum for his weekly rent, and Gerard refused to let him pay by the night. "You are penalizing me because I don't live the way most people do," Gould told him. "Most people live on a week-to-week basis or on a month-to-month basis. I live on a day-to-day basis, and some days I live on an hour-to-hour basis." "I know all that, and I would like to help you," Gerard replied, "but the Maison Gerard is not a flophouse." By the end of February, Gould was in debt to Gerard. He had set fire to his bed at the Maison Gerard several times by falling asleep while smoking. In March, he set fire to it again, and, using this as an excuse, Gerard asked him to leave. At that time, there was a cluster of cheap hotels around Tenth Avenue and Forty-second Street. In one of them, the Watson Hotel, at 583 Tenth Avenue, it was possible to get a room—that is, a narrow cubicle furnished with a metal cot—for thirty-five cents a night, and Gould began staying there. Late one



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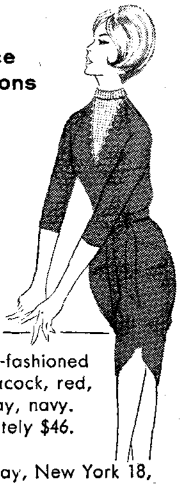

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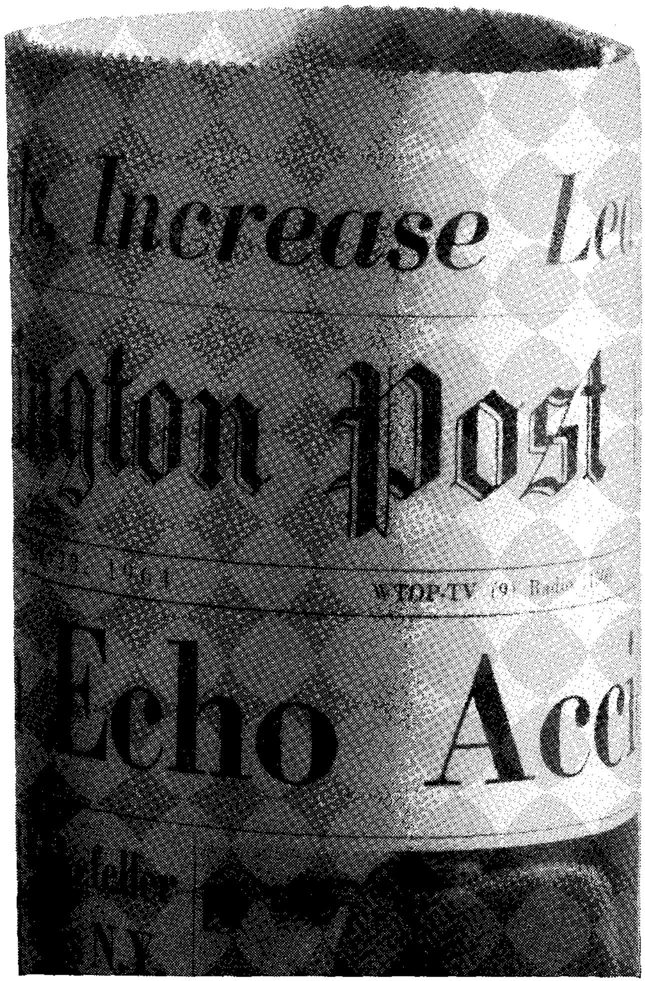

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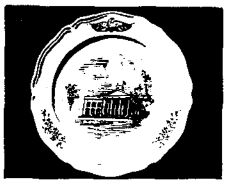

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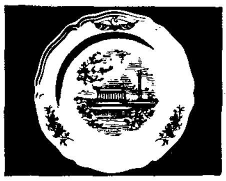
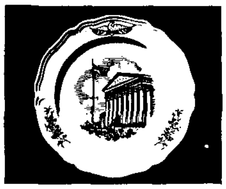


PANORAMA. A sweeping vista of the Mall: Lincoln Memorial; Washington Monument and the Capitol.



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night, leaving a barroom in the lower Village and feeling too tired to take the subway and go uptown to the Watson, he walked over to the Bowery and got a bed in a flophouse, and found himself right back where he had started from in May, 1944. Next day, he decided that he might as well keep on staying in Bowery flophouses, since the Bowery was so convenient to the Village, and from that time on almost every step he took was a step going down.

It soon became apparent to people who had known Gould through the years that a change had taken place in him. "What's the matter with you, Joe?" I heard one of the old bohemians in Goody's say to him one night. "You don't seem to be yourself." He made the rounds in the Village as he always had, turning up during the afternoon and night in at least a dozen barrooms, cafeterias, diners, and dumps, but he began to look as if he didn't belong in these places. More often than not, he was abstracted or gloomy or withdrawn or had a faraway look in his eyes. One night, I went into a place in the Village called Chumley's for dinner. As I sat down in the dining room, I glanced through an archway at the bar, which was in an adjoining room, and there was a crowd of loud, laughing, joking, overstimulated men and women sitting or standing two deep along it, and down at the end of it I saw Gould's sombre, bearded face. He was standing by himself, holding a beer, observing the others, and he had on a ragged suit and an old dog's bed of an overcoat, and he was all hunched up, and he looked remarkably separate and set off from everybody else. He looked like the ghost of Joe Gould come back to haunt the bar in Chumley's. He looked like a zombie.

He continued to go to the Minetta every night and sit for a few hours at his customary table and scribble in a composition book in full view of any tourists who might happen to be around, but when tourists came over and asked him what he was working on he rarely made big, bragging speeches any longer. His replies were more likely to be sarcastic or scurrilous or wearily offhand. Not that the tourists minded; they seemed to think that that was exactly the way a bohemian should behave, and they showed just as much interest in the Oral History and contributed just as much to the Joe Gould Fund as the ones he used to knock himself out trying to impress.

It began to take him longer and

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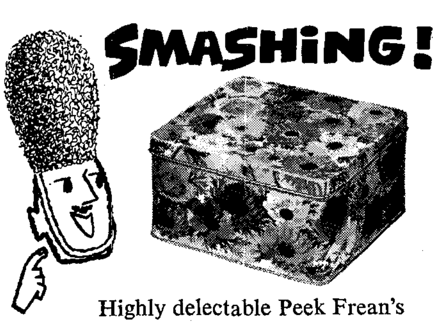

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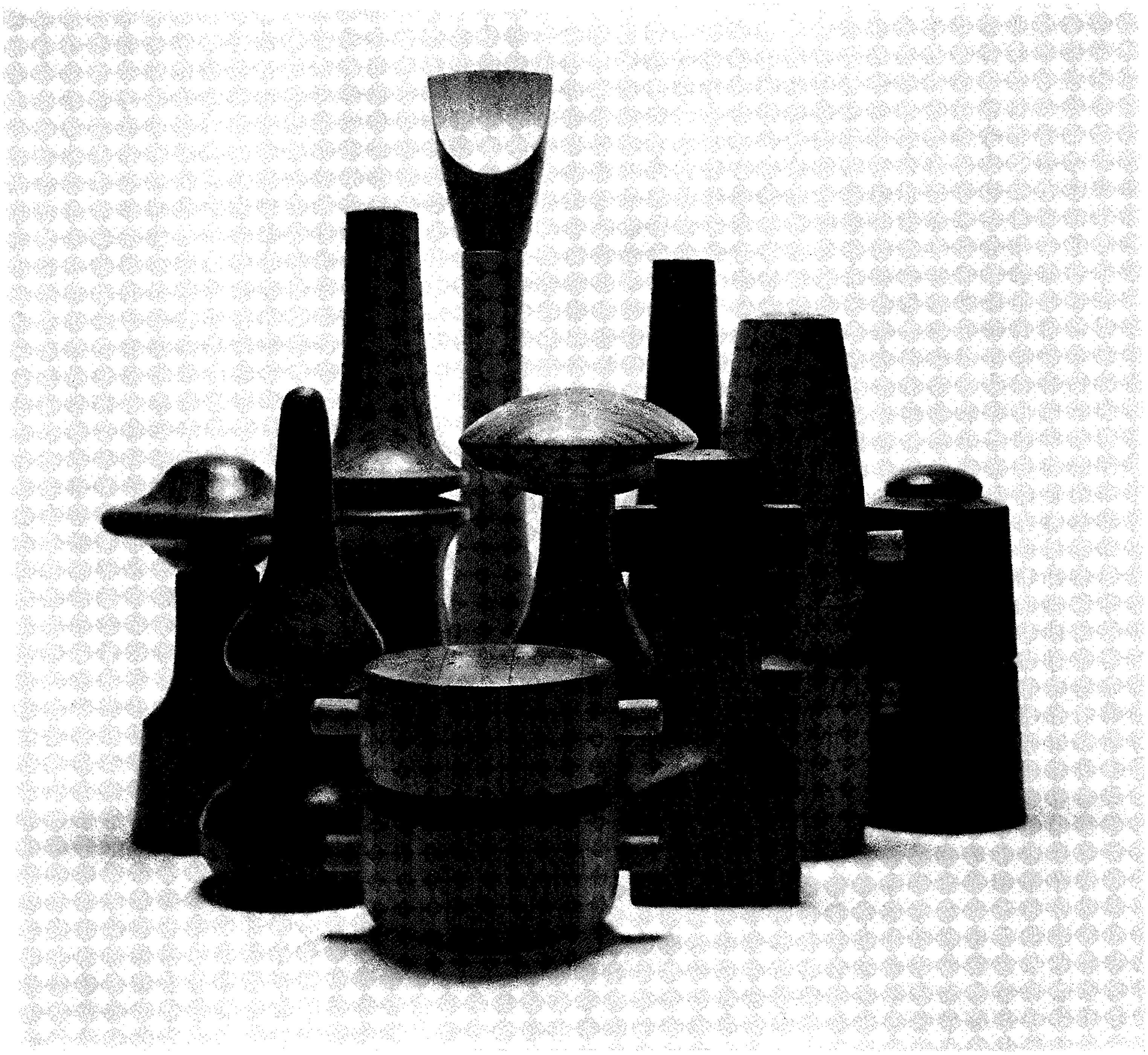

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longer to get over the effects of drinking, and his drinking habits changed. While he was living at the Maison Gerard, he had got used to holing up in his room all day if he had a hangover and sleeping it off, but he couldn't do that in flophouses, and he developed a dread of hangovers. Instead of drinking anything and everything every chance he got—the stronger the better, the hell with tomorrow—as he had been doing, he began sticking to beer. No matter how hard a party of tourists might try to persuade him to order something stronger, he would insist on beer. Even so, by spacing the beers out, he managed to stay in a fairly constant state of mild intoxication. In this state, he was easily irritated, and his speech became looser all the time. He began to make spiteful or uncomfortably frank remarks to old friends, and he began to tell people whom he had always pretended to like what he really thought of them. Once, staring across a cafeteria table at a man he had known ever since they were young men in the Village together, he said, "*You* certainly sold out." "You're slipping," he once told Maxwell Bodenheim. "You were a better poet twenty-five years ago than you are now, and you weren't any good then." On another occasion, he told Bodenheim that he wasn't a real poet anyhow. "You're only an artsy-crafty poet," he said. "A niminy-piminy poet. An itsy-bitsy poet. And you're frightfully uneducated. You don't know how to punctuate a sentence, and all you've ever read is Floyd Dell and Ethel M. Dell and the Rubáiyát."

In those years, I used to go downtown at night on the Fifth Avenue bus. I usually got off at my stop, at Tenth Street, around seven-thirty. Gould knew this, and about once a week he would be waiting for me. When I stepped off the bus, he would appear out of the shadows in the doorway of the Church of the Ascension, on the corner, and hurry over to the bus stop and join me. He would walk a little way up the street with me and I would give him a contribution, and then he would dart off into the night. Sometimes we would stand on the street and talk for a few minutes. One night in the summer of 1952, as we were standing talking, he told me rather hesitantly that he was worried about his health. He had been having dizzy spells, he said. "The other day," he said, "I got on the subway at Fourteenth Street, intending to get off at the Twenty-third Street station, and a moment after I sat down, I had a kind of blackout, and when I

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came to, the train was pulling into the station at Seventy-second Street." I told him that a doctor I knew had read the Profile of him with great interest, and often asked me questions about him and about the progress he was making on the Oral History. "He said one time that if you ever needed medical attention he'd be glad to see you and wouldn't charge you anything," I told Gould. I asked him to let me call the doctor and make an appointment for him. Gould shook his head. "Ah," he said, looking vaguely up the street, "what's the use?"

Around the middle of December of that year, I became conscious of the fact that I hadn't seen Gould at the bus stop for several weeks, but I didn't think much about it. It wasn't at all unusual for Gould to disappear from the Village for a few days or a few weeks, or even a few months, and then suddenly reappear and give an odd explanation for his absence. "I went on a bird walk along the waterfront with an old countess," he once said after such an absence. "The countess and I spent three weeks studying sea gulls." Another time, after he had been away unaccountably for most of a summer, he told people that he had been on a cruise on a yacht. "J. P. Morgan's yacht," he said.

In January, 1953, I went to a party at the house of a psychiatrist I had known ever since I was a young reporter and covered Bellevue Hospital and the Medical Examiner's office. Among the other guests was a woman psychiatrist who was on the staff of Pilgrim State Hospital, which is out in Suffolk County, Long Island, at a place called West Brentwood. I had seen her several times before at my friend's house and had always enjoyed talking with her, not about psychiatry—we never talked about that—but about things like the feeding habits of striped bass; she was an obsessed surf caster. This evening, when I spoke to her, she told me that she was taking a leave of absence from the hospital to have a baby. Then she said she had something she wanted to tell me, and we walked over and stood by a window. "We have an old friend of yours out at Pilgrim State," she said. "The man you wrote about who's the author of 'An Oral History of the World,' or whatever it is he calls it. Joe Gould." She said that Gould had collapsed on the Bowery one afternoon around the middle of November and that an ambulance from Columbus Hospital had picked him up. He was found to be suffering from "confusion and disorientation," and Columbus, which doesn't have a psychiatric service, had transferred him to

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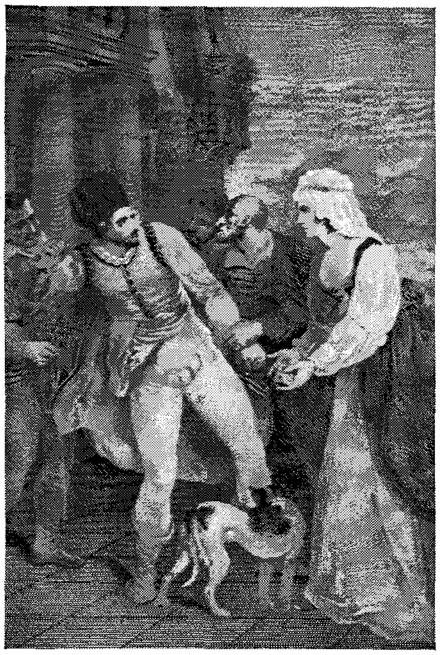

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the psychiatric division at Bellevue. Bellevue had kept him under observation until sometime around Thanksgiving, and had then transferred him to Pilgrim State.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked. "What do you call it?"

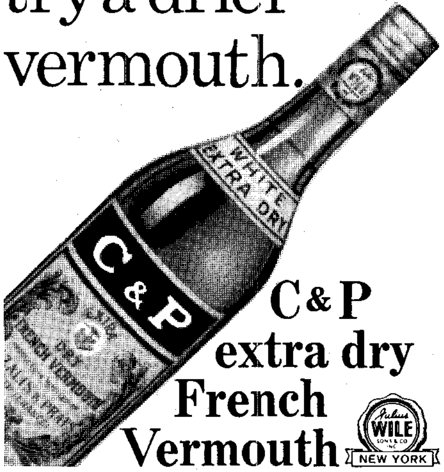
"It's nothing at all strange or unusual," she said. "Arteriosclerotic senility. The same thing a lot of us will have if we live long enough. Only, in his case it hit him rather early—he's only sixty-three. Also, he has something wrong with his kidneys. Also, since he's been out at Pilgrim State he's had a staggering number of minor ailments, one right after another. That often happens to men of his type, the Bowery type, once they finally get into a hospital. Among other things, he's had the worst case of conjunctivitis I've ever seen, an acute attack of bursitis, a terrible boil on the back of his neck, a series of chills, a series of earaches, and a persistent pain of some kind in his stomach. And I suspect he's just getting started."

I asked about visiting him.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," she said. "Right now, he's so suspicious and confused it might do him more harm than good. He probably wouldn't know you. And if he did, trying to talk to you would just tire him out. As a matter of fact, if you want to do him a great favor, don't tell his friends in the Village where he is. At least, not now. Just keep it to yourself. Just forget I ever told you. We had another well-known old bohemian in Pilgrim State a year or so ago, and people from the Village came out in droves to visit him, men bohemians and women bohemians, big bohemians and little bohemians, old bohemians and young bohemians, their tongues going a mile a minute, and they certainly didn't do him any good. Every time we got him to the point where he seemed to be almost reaching shore, so to speak, some of them would come out and push him back in. They'd push him back in and hold his head under. The main reason they came out wasn't to see him anyway but to try and get one of the psychiatrists aside and impress him or her with how much they knew about psychiatry—a subject, I might add, about which they were fantastically ill-informed."

I decided that for the time being I would do as she said and keep Gould's whereabouts to myself.

Pretty soon, a number of rumors about Gould sprang up in the Village. The most persistent rumor was that he had inherited a little money and had gone back to Massachusetts to live, and this gradually became the accepted ex-



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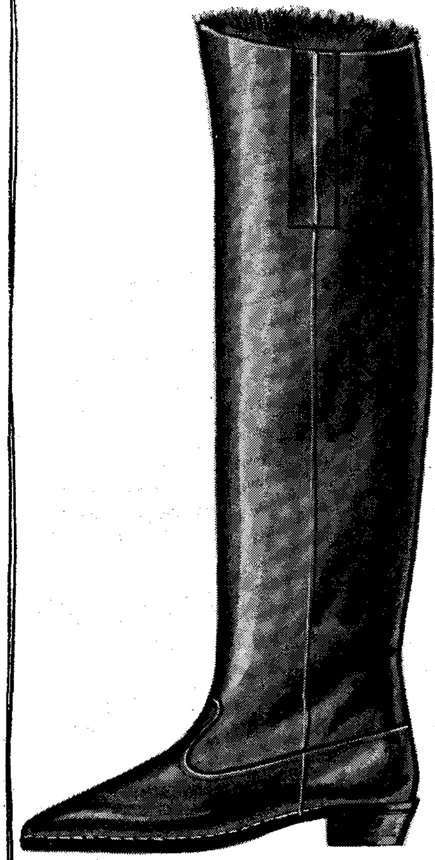

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planation for his absence. A good many people did not believe this, I feel sure, or did not quite believe it, but they chose to appear to believe it, thereby washing their hands of Gould.

By and by, I told several people that Gould was in Pilgrim State. I told them in confidence. The first person I told was an old, old friend of Gould's named Edward Gottlieb, who was managing editor of the *Long Island Press,* a daily newspaper published out in Queens, at Jamaica. In his youth, Gottlieb had lived in the Village and had written poetry for little magazines and had hung out in bohemian joints, in one of which he had got acquainted with Gould. After deciding that he wasn't a poet and never would be, he had become a newspaperman. He had worked for the *Press* for thirty-five years, progressing from reporter to city editor to managing editor, and at least once a month, and sometimes several times a month, during all those years, Gould had taken the subway out to Jamaica and had gone to his office and had got a contribution from him. I told Gottlieb for two reasons. He had called me a couple of times about Gould and sounded worried about him, and I felt guilty about not telling him. The principal reason I told him, however, was that I happened to know he knew a great deal about state mental hospitals. In 1943, he and his newspaper had done an investigation of Creedmoor State Hospital, in Queens Village, that had led to an improvement of conditions not only in Creedmoor but also in other state hospitals, including Pilgrim State, and Governor Dewey had appointed him to the Board of Visitors at Creedmoor. I had once had a talk with him about this investigation, and I knew that he had a number of friends in medical and administrative capacities at Pilgrim State, and it seemed to me that he was in a position to be very helpful to Gould.

Gottlieb said he would talk with his friends at Pilgrim State and do everything for Gould that he possibly could do. "The way it sounds," he said, "I'm afraid there isn't a hell of a lot that can be done. I'm afraid poor Joe is getting on down toward the end of the line."

From time to time thereafter, Gottlieb telephoned me and gave me news about Gould. "Joe's worst symptom is apathy," he said during one of these calls. "He mostly just sits and stares into the distance. However, every once in a while, the doctors say, something seems to stir in his mind and a smile comes on his face and he rouses him-

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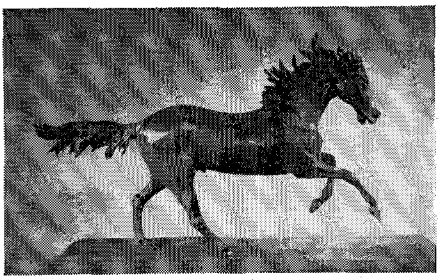

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self and gets up and scampers around the ward and waves his arms up and down and makes strange, unearthly screeches until he wears himself out. He seems to be trying to communicate something with these screeches. The doctors and the nurses and the other patients don't know what he's doing, of course—they're completely mystified—but I know what he's doing, and I'm sure you do. He's imitating a sea gull."

On Sunday, August 18, 1957, around eleven o'clock at night, Gottlieb telephoned me and said he had just been notified that Gould had died. We spoke for a few minutes about how sad it was, and then I asked him if Gould had left any papers.

"No," he said. "None at all. As the man at the hospital said, 'Not a scratch.' I was hoping that he had. I was particularly hoping that he had left some instructions about what he wanted done with the Oral History. He used to say that he wanted two-thirds of it to go to the Harvard Library and the other third to the Smithsonian Institution, but it doesn't seem right to split it up that way. When scholars start using it as source material, it will be a nuisance if they have to go up to Cambridge to see one part of it and then down to Washington to see some other part. Maybe one institution could be prevailed upon to relinquish its share to the other, and then it could be kept intact. By the way, where is the Oral History?"

I said that I didn't know.

Gottlieb's voice instantly became concerned. "I took it for granted that you knew," he said. "I took it for granted that Joe had told you."

I said that I didn't know where the Oral History was, and that I didn't know anybody who did know where it was.

"*Well*," said Gottlieb, "we'll just have to start hunting for it. We'll just have to start telephoning and get in touch with all the people who knew him best and call a meeting and form a committee and get busy and start hunting for it. It's probably scattered all over. Some of it may still be stored in the cellar of that farmhouse near Huntington where he put it during the war—that stone cellar he was always talking about, the cellar on the duck farm—and some of it may be stored in the studios of friends of his in the Village, and some of it may be stored in storerooms in some of those hotels and flophouses he lived in. Do flophouses have storerooms? They must. People must leave things with the

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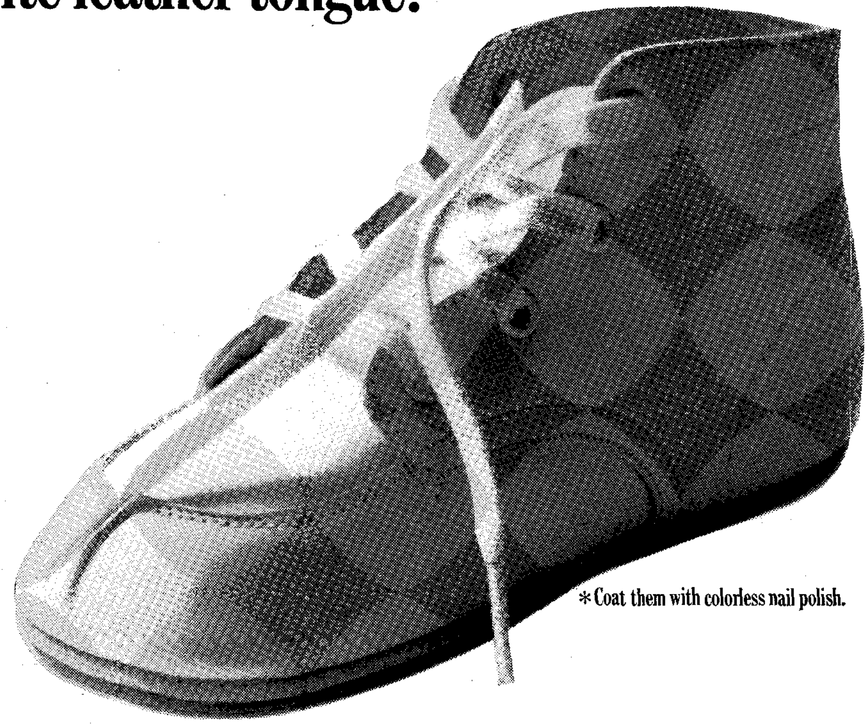

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clerks in them for safekeeping during the night the same as they do in other hotels, and then go off and forget all about them the same as they do in other hotels, and the flophouses must have to make some kind of provision for this. I confess I have no idea where to start. The first thing we'll need is a list of addresses of places he lived in. Maybe you could start right now making such a list. You will help with this, won't you? You will be on the committee?"

I didn't know what to say. Gottlieb was an energetic man, the kind of man who gets things done, and I could tell by the way he talked that he was going to get to work the first thing in the morning and start forming a committee, and that very soon the members of the committee would be rummaging around in farmhouses all over Long Island and in studios all over the Village and in flophouses all over the Bowery. I could save him a lot of trouble if I spoke up right then and told him what I knew about the Oral History—I could save him and his committee quite a wild-goose chase—but one of the few things I have learned going through life is that there is a time and a place for everything, and I didn't think that this was the time or the place to be telling one of Joe Gould's oldest friends that I didn't believe the Oral History existed. Joe Gould wasn't even in his grave yet, he wasn't even cold yet, and this was no time to be telling his secret. It could keep. Let them go ahead and look for the Oral History, I thought. After all, I thought, I could be wrong. Hell, I thought—and the thought made me smile—maybe they'll find it.

Gottlieb repeated his question, this time a little impatiently. "You will be on the committee, won't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, continuing to play the role I had stepped into the afternoon I discovered that the Oral History did not exist—a role that I am only now stepping out of. "Of course I will."

—Joseph Mitchell

(This is the second of two articles on Joe Gould.)

•

The fall of Mastrella with his wife and two mistresses (on whom he lavished a boutique, villas and sports cars which lent the trappings of masterly imprudence to the crime) has precipitated a landslide into which many more of the officials who clog the wheels of Italy's bureaucracy may be swept.—*The London Observer.*

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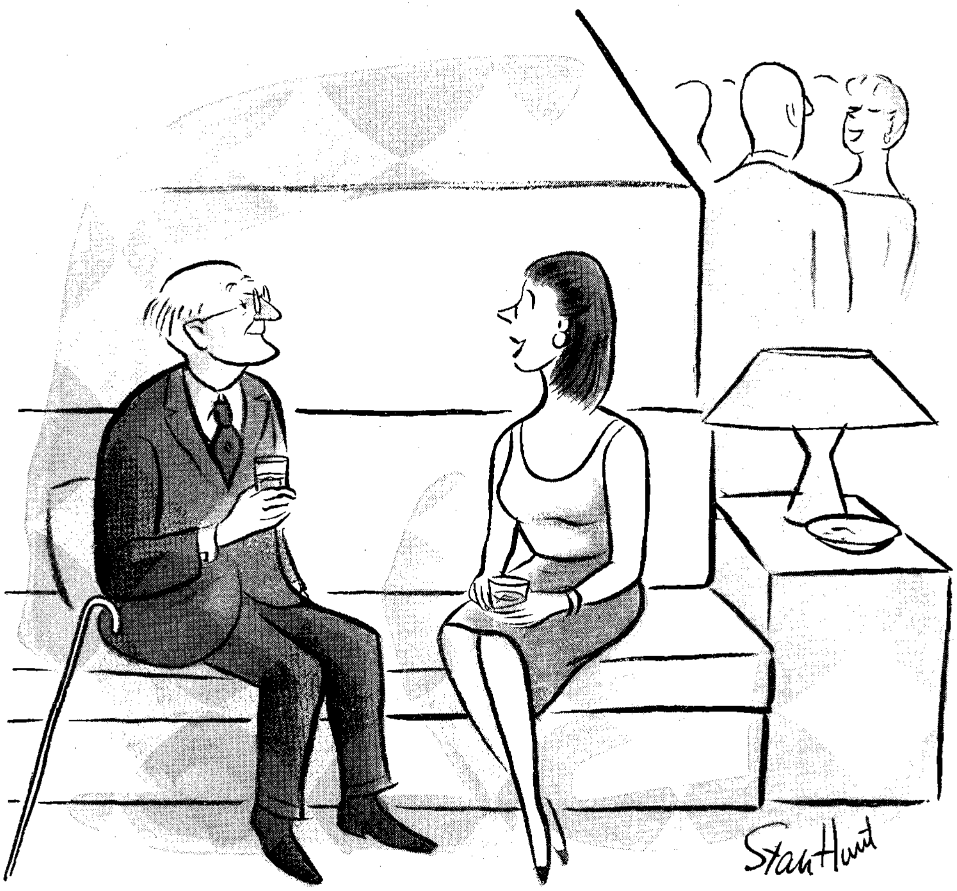
THE THEATRE

HALF A LOAF

ARTHUR CANTOR, a producer with quite a bit of prescience, has brought out of the West to the Henry Miller a lively octet of performers—six male, two female—in a series of vaudeville skits called "The Committee," which when it is good is very, very good but when it is bad is rather primitive. I doubt whether the company will, as it stands now, pluck many leaves from the laurels of Nichols and May or the "Beyond the Fringe" group, but during the first segment of this partly ad-lib enterprise (there are two segments, which vary in content from day to day) I found myself in a fairly euphoric state. If the group isn't particularly clever when it deals with political matters, there is fun to be had from a lecture on how to fail, a bar scene with an androgynous clientele more comical than most, and a little effort called "Sex on the Campus." In the second half of "The Committee," which, alas, was nowhere near as ebullient as the first the night I saw the show, I was most amused by an item called "The Orchestra," in which all hands got together to imitate various instruments vocally in the process of rendering "Mary Had a Little Lamb." In general, these performers have derived not only their technique but an idea or two from their predecessors in this line, but they are likable, and if they slip occasionally—and they do, sadly, in a foolish dialogue involving loss of virginity—they make up for it as they go along. Let me record the names of those who prance about in "The Committee," because I'm sure they have a bright future: Scott Beach, Hamilton Camp, Garry Goodrow, Larry Hankin, Kathryn Ish, Ellsworth Milburn, Irene Riordan, and Dick Stahl. Mr. Hankin is the kind of actor who permits this description of himself to appear in a program: "Mr. Hankin was an itinerant peach-picker until September 16, 1964." He is long, lank, hairy, and delightful, and I hope he doesn't fall off any future ladders.



"You're the most mature man I've ever met."

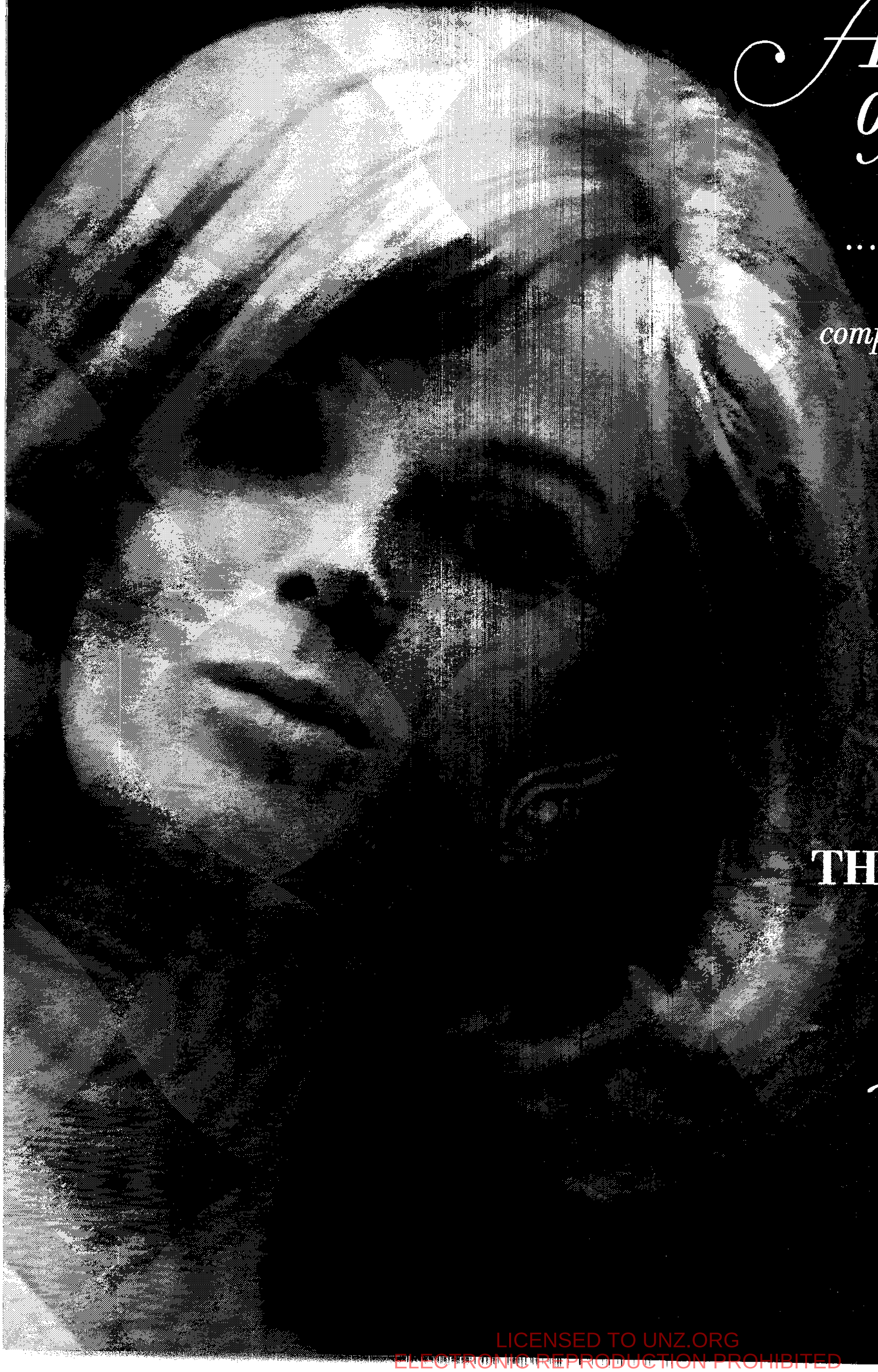
A QUARTER of a century ago, Jean Anouilh wrote a play called "Traveller Without Luggage," which, to no conceivable purpose, is now on view at the ANTA. It's about a man who has spent a couple of decades in an insane asylum after the First World War as a victim of amnesia, and who is released to take his place as the missing son of a family called Renaud. If he is this missing son, he is rather a bounder; he once established a maid as his mistress, took carnal advantage of his sister-in-law, and, God save the mark, was cruel to animals. There is no wit or substance to "Traveller Without Luggage," and frequently the creaking devices of M. Anouilh's plot are only too audible. Another reason for my taking plenty of umbrage at this specimen is that such good people as Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock are wasted in it. So are all the rest. —John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

O Quite Well-Done Ben Jonson!

BEN JONSON'S "The Alchemist" is a tough one to read, even to reread, but it certainly does play. Its creditable production at the Gate, in which Stephen Porter has firmly and intelligently directed a troupe most of whom are relatively inexperienced, matches, at its best, the bluntness and wit and harsh audacity, if not the passion, of the script. A stronger cast could have given a sharper and deeper performance, no doubt, but hardly one that would have been more faithful to the intention and spirit of the dramatist. Every moment is clear, which is saying quite a lot for a show filled with characters who pop on and off the stage in and out of disguises, and with scuffles and swordplay and surprise entrances and smoking test tubes and an explosion or two. I can't tell how much of the business is traditional and how much is Mr. Porter's invention, but most of it is appropriate and funny.

"The Alchemist," to refresh your memory, is a Comedy of Humours, in which the characters are meant to represent such qualities as hypocrisy, lust, greed, superstition, and stupidity. In Jonson's hands, and in this production, they also turn out to represent people. The play is about a servant called Face, whose master has left his London house because of the



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plague and who allows an old fraud of an alchemist named Subtle, and Subtle's moll, Dol, to move in. Together, the three set up shop. Face procures clients for Subtle to swindle with promises of the benefits to be derived from his philosophers' stone and with some fairly transparent feats of necromancy. Face and Subtle and Dol change makeups and characterizations and accents as the occasion demands—and the occasion demands more often than you would believe possible. As far as I can make out, no aspect of human gullibility or baseness goes uncovered between the first and the final curtains. The gulls include a lawyer's clerk, a low tobacconist, a rich, lecherous knight, a cynical friend of his, a couple of religious brethren, an obliging widow, and—my favorite of the lot—a well-to-do bumpkin who has come to town to take quarrelling lessons, so that he can become one of the current Elizabethan crop of Angry Young Men. They are, by and large, a disreputable bunch, and their names are Dapper, Abel Drugger, Sir Epicure Mammon, Surly, Tribulation Wholesome and Ananias, Dame Pliant, and Kastril (which may be one reason the play makes such tough reading). The master suddenly returns, and Face just as suddenly decides to go straight, and finds the master a bride, thereby linking himself with Figaro and Scapin and Jeeves and a number of other domestics who take on extracurricular jobs for the boss. The tone of the play is brisk and astringent throughout. There are, though, a few scenes with an odd kind of charm that in no way interferes with the astringency or the tomfoolery.

John Heffernan, a relatively experienced actor but one who has always seemed to me rather uncontrolled and self-indulgent onstage, gives a legitimate, amusing performance as Subtle, and his bit of lisping fake Spanish is very funny. Roy R. Schneider does well as Face, and so, to a somewhat lesser degree, do Alan Mixon as the clerk, Ira Lewis as the country boy, and James Cahill as one of the breth-

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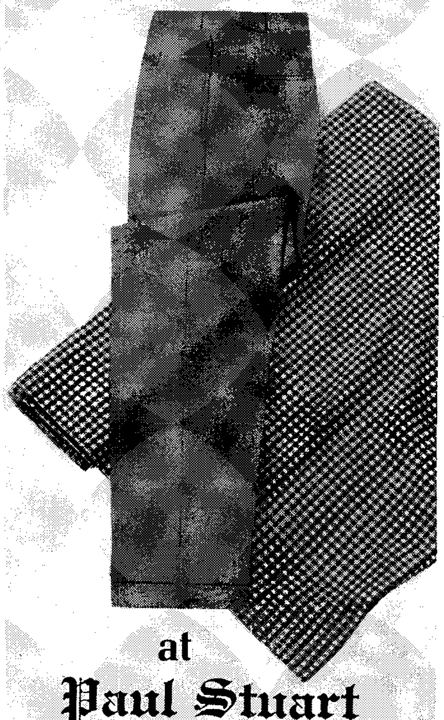

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ren. I have a few reservations about Philip Minor's Sir Epicure Mammon, though for all I know the fault may be as much with the character as with the actor. At any rate, Sir E., despite his comic, bawdy rant, gets to be a bore after a while. Cynthia Bébout is delightful as the delightful Dame Pliant. —EDITH OLIVER

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

DEAR ANN: I used to think you made up letters because I couldn't visualize people writing about such bizarre and out of this world problems. After last night I will never doubt you again.

I'm going to be married in November. My parents have been divorced for 11 years. Mother is a practical nurse and just barely manages to take care of herself and my younger brother. I've been self-supporting since I was 17.

My fiancé's mother is a widow with a good bit of money. She insists on putting on the wedding. I've always known she is a little cuckoo but I didn't realize how bad she is until she told me she wanted her miniature poodle to be the ring-bearer at our wedding.

She is in the process of training the poodle to pull the satin pillow down the aisle. The ring will be on the pillow. This is her idea of something spectacular—something people will talk about for months.

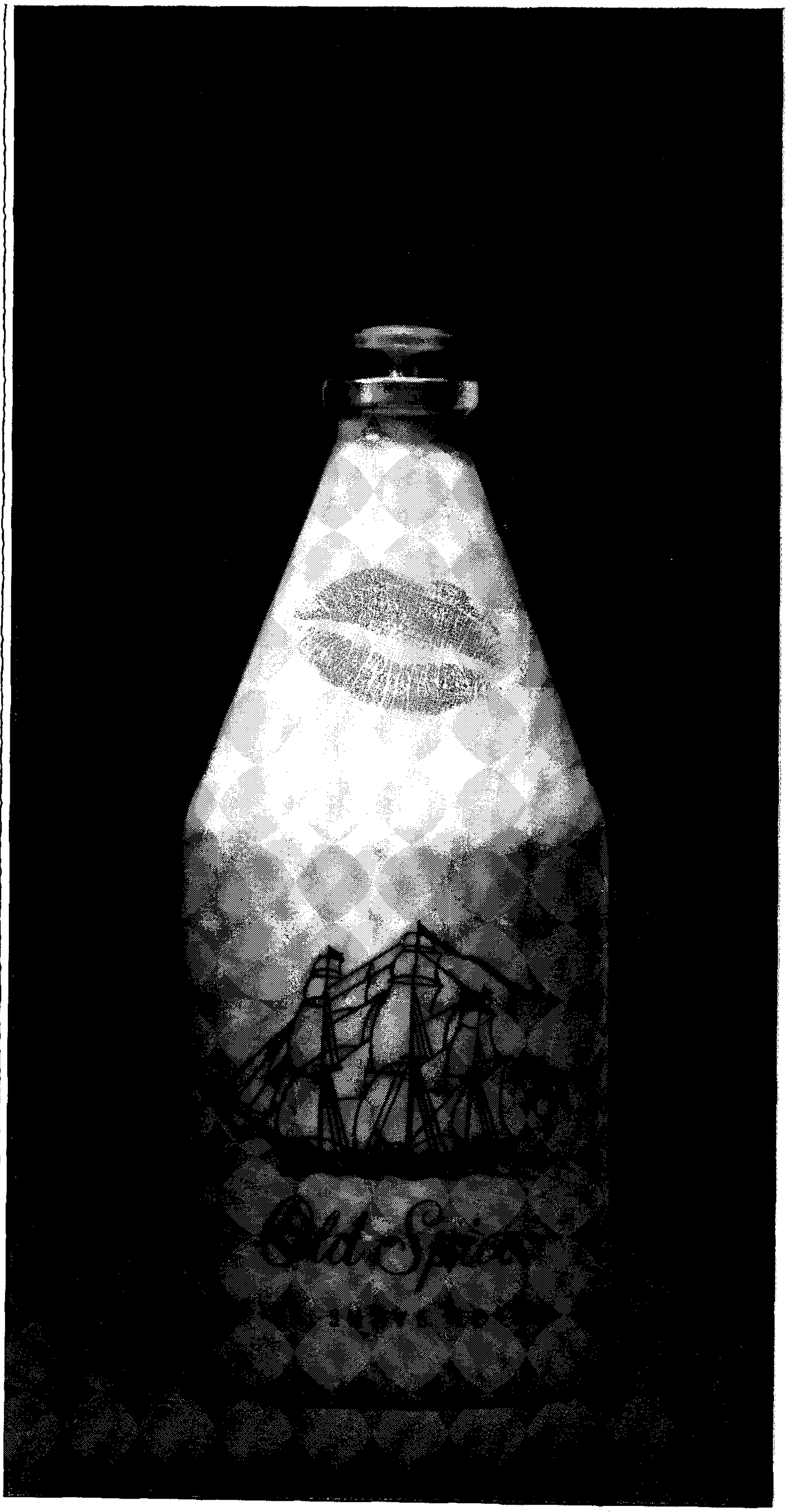
When I told her the minister would not stand for having a dog in the church she replied, "Well, then we will have the wedding at the Plaza."

The whole thing is too crazy for words and I want no part of it. My fiancé says he is accustomed to his mother's eccentricities, but the decision will be mine. I need an ally.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N. Y.

—*Letter to Ann Landers in the Cleveland Press.*

Do not look to us for support. We see nothing eccentric in this woman's plan to have the ring borne by a poodle, whether miniature or standard. In fact, hers is the first fresh approach to the utter fantasy of a wedding ceremony that has come to our notice in years. Your wedding should be at the Plaza, by all means, but in deference to the management the dog should not "pull" the satin pillow down the aisle. The dog should walk erect, as poodles have been doing for generations and as befits a gracious hotel like the Plaza, which is no fleabag and where satin pillows being dragged about simply do not fit. It will be no trick at all to fasten the small pillow to the dog's forelegs. The only cautionary note we'd like to sound is this: Do not let the ring-bearer have access to champagne before the ceremony. Poodles are great ones for dramming. We wish you and your fiancé much joy and happiness in the difficult and challenging years ahead.



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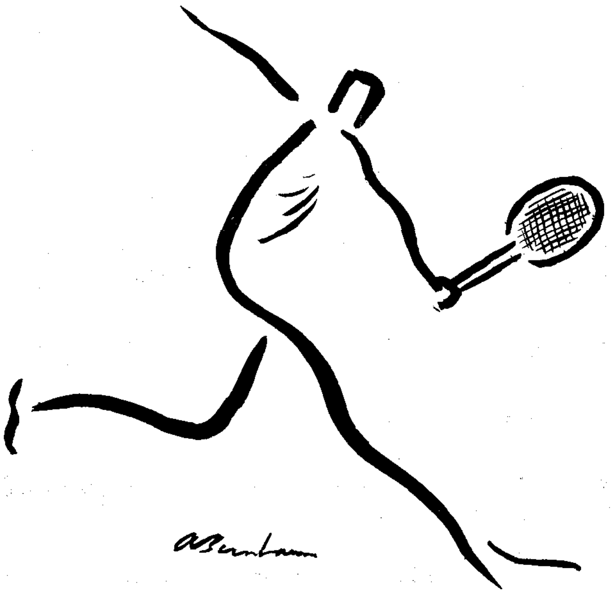

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

ALTHOUGH anything can happen in a twelve-day tournament, it looks as if this year's United States Lawn Tennis Championships, which got under way today at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, will be another very successful meeting. Two years ago, after a moribund stretch, the championships enjoyed a sudden renaissance, owing chiefly to the good offices of the People-to-People Sports Committee, which arranged for a special plane to collect eighty or so of the world's best amateurs at Amsterdam and fly them in for the tournament. As a result, that year's meeting had a vibrantly international flavor, on the order of Wimbledon's—a flavor without which an amateur tournament has little meaning or distinction nowadays, when nearly all the top players are professionals. At any rate, the airlift was repeated again in 1963, with equally successful results, and this year the plane from Amsterdam, which arrived yesterday, brought in eighty-seven players, from thirty-four countries. For the second year in a row, Russia did not send a delegation, which is a disappointment on several counts, but just about all the ranking amateurs are on hand, including—much to everyone's surprise and pleasure—Nicola Pietrangeli, the moody Italian star, who is almost as well known for the tennis he doesn't play as for the tennis he does. Two summers ago, he failed to show up for the Amsterdam plane after requesting a seat on it, and then explained (in Rome) that his absence had been dictated by his sense of "professional dignity"—he was not in his best form. Well, Pietrangeli is actually here in the flesh, and, what is more, he looks to be in first-class shape—pounds lighter than when he was last over here, in 1959, with the Italian Davis Cup team.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

A QUIET day. There was, as there was yesterday, a smattering of first-round matches in the Women's Singles, but nothing of consequence, since most of the leading ladies are at the Germantown Cricket Club, just outside Philadelphia, for the Federation Cup, an international team competition that was inaugurated last year. Play was mainly given over to concluding the men's qualifying round; of the sixty-four entrants, the sixteen who won their first two matches yesterday and today qualified for places in the championship proper. With practically none of the big guns in action so far, the tournament officials have kept the stadium courts closed, to let the ground crew continue working on them. The Beatles, it seems, gave two concerts in the stadium last weekend, and though the playing area was boarded over, hundreds of jelly beans and a good deal of broken glass (from flash bulbs) sifted through the cracks and became embedded in the grass. The club has been cleaning the courts with a huge vacuum cleaner—the so-called industrial model.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

THE weather was extremely hot and muggy today, and several players, including Dennis Ralston's opponent, were forced to default because they were unable to finish their matches. It was an excellent day for reviewing the drawsheet, and I retreated to the cool of the clubhouse for that purpose early in the afternoon. Roy Emerson, of Australia, who is the current Wimbledon champion and, most of the time, the finest amateur in the world, is in the first quarter of the draw, and he has what looks like an easy avenue to the fifth round—the quarter-finals—where he should meet either Tony Roche, his young countryman, or Arthur Ashe, of Richmond, Virginia, the winner of the Eastern Grass Court title at Orange, New Jersey, earlier this summer. In the second quarter, the likely quarter-finalists, if form holds true, are Chuck McKinley, of San Antonio, who is the first-ranked American player, and Manuel Santana, of Spain, who defeated Pietrangeli (who had earlier defeated Emerson) in the final of this year's French Championship and is generally regarded, as he has been for the past two or three years, as the best player in Europe. Pietrangeli is in the third quarter, along with the defending champion, Rafael Osuna, of Mexico. And in the last quarter are Fred Stolle, of Australia, a finalist at Wimbledon the last two years, and Dennis Ralston, of Bakersfield, California, our most talented player. Emerson, by the way, is seeded No. 1 and is followed by Ralston, Osuna, McKinley, Stolle, Santana, Pietrangeli, and Ashe, in that order. Everyone seems pleased enough with the list except a few Osuna supporters, who feel that, as the defending champion, their man should have been honored with the top spot regardless of his indifferent record this year.

There was one first-round match today worthy of comment. Stolle was given a tremendous workout by Giordano Maioli, a twenty-two-year-old Italian who is ranked no better than sixth in his country but is obviously on the way up. Stolle beat him only after five good sets, 3–6, 6–3, 6–4, 3–6, 6–1. The point is that in the old days before the airlift, when the field was filled out by our home-grown club players, the early rounds seldom, if ever, produced tennis of this quality and interest. None of the other seeded players were extended, however, and Pietrangeli was efficiency itself as he breezed through his match in straight sets. In my opinion, the histrionic honors for the day clearly went to Roger Werksman, of Los Angeles, who is currently ranked thirty-fourth nationally, having tumbled all the way down from fourteenth. Werksman campaigned on the European tournament circuit this year, and not without some success—he was a finalist in the Irish Championship, for example—but above and beyond this he nailed down a reputation as the latest in the long line of high-strung tennis temperaments who find it impossible under the strain of competition to repress an almost continuous obbligato of chatter. His voice has a nice timbre, but what really sets him apart is the freshness of his vocabu-

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lary. Today, in the process of winning a four-set match, he berated himself with an impressive variety of rebukes, but I felt he reached his peak in the second set, when, after pounding a return of service three yards out of court, he sighed magnificently and exclaimed, "Regrettable! Absolutely regrettable!"

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

EMERSON played his first-round match today, meeting, of all people, Jaroslav Drobny, the veteran Czechoslovakian star, who won at Wimbledon back in 1954. Now a portly forty-two, Drobny had had no intention of coming to Forest Hills until he was recruited to serve as wagon master, I suppose you might call it, of the plane from Amsterdam. The old boy did himself proud in today's match. Down 3–5 in the first set, he broke Emerson's serve in the ninth game with a backhand placement, held his service to deuce the set, and then hung in there, serving and volleying almost as well as he ever has, until he pulled the set out, 9–7. That was as far as his legs would carry him, however, and Emerson sailed through the next three sets in no time at all. Against Emerson, incidentally, Drobny was facing one of the fastest men in the game. A lean six-footer, Emerson doesn't look fast in the way that Osuna and McKinley do as they buzz around the court, but he most certainly is. In a brief chat with him today, I learned that in high school he ran the hurdles, high-jumped five feet ten inches, and broad-jumped well over twenty-two feet.

Frank Froehling, the towering Floridian who eliminated Emerson in the fourth round last year and then went all the way to the final, was defeated in straight sets by Roche in their first-round match today. Roche, a left-hander who looks considerably older than his nineteen years—in appearance, he reminds me very much of the 1939 Bromwich—held service throughout. On top of that, he returned Froehling's cannonball beautifully, breaking him twice in the first set and once in each of the other two sets, which was all he needed to do.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

PIETRANGELI and Santana are both out, so soon! Pietrangeli was particularly unlucky. He awoke this morning with a stiff neck, apparently caused by the air-conditioning in his hotel room, and, whether or not he should have requested a postponement (as it happens, the tournament structure would have permitted a day's delay of

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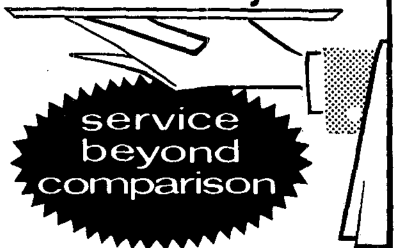

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the match), the fact of the matter is that he didn't. Up against Mike Sangster, a tall and heavily built Englishman, Pietrangeli could serve only at half speed, and in general suffered quietly through three sets, 6–2, 6–2, 6–0. A pity, really, for it is a treat to watch him handle a racket, and then, too, he is such an unpredictable fellow that there is no knowing when we will be seeing him again. Santana was also beaten by an Englishman—Roger Taylor, a left-hander, who, along with Sangster, is supposed to have nothing much more than a powerful serve, but who played well enough to prevent Santana from ever gaining control of the match. The scores were 3–6, 7–5, 6–4, 7–9, 6–4. Like most Europeans, Santana is at his best on clay, and perhaps his troubles stemmed from his not having enough time to adjust to our spongy grass, but, whatever the reason, he played without confidence throughout and never cut loose with the sharply angled cross-court drives that are his trademark.

Oh, yes. Werksman got by El-Shafei, of the United Arab Republic, the Wimbledon junior champion. Werksman was in a rather restrained mood vocally, and the most florid imprecation he summoned after an error was "Unbearable!"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

THE favorites had much smoother going today. There was only one upset, and that was in the second round of the women's draw, where Leslie Turner, of Australia, a well-travelled internationalist, seeded fourth here, went down, 2–6, 6–3, 6–1, before Carol Hanks, of St. Louis. (The women, of course, play best-of-three sets.) In every championship tournament, there are always some interesting women's matches, as this one was, but, in a way, no one pays them much attention, since it is almost a foregone conclusion that the two finalists will be Maria Bueno, of Brazil, and Margaret Smith, of Australia, who have dominated a rather unglittering field since 1960. Miss Smith, a strong and rangy girl who hits a very heavy ball and can run all day, is by far the steadier of the two and usually experiences much less turmoil in the early rounds. Miss Bueno is more the artiste, and it seems to take a major occasion to bring out her best stuff; when she is in full flight, though, as she was in defeating Miss Smith in the finals at Forest Hills last year and Wimbledon this year, she is capable of the most dazzling all-court play of anyone since Lenglen's day. So far,

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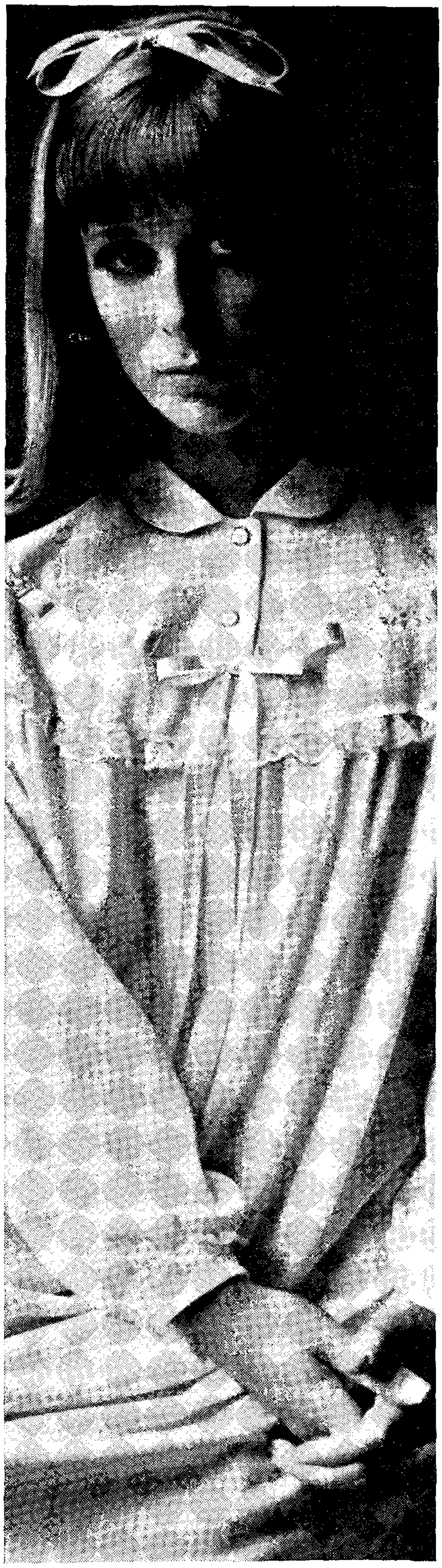

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their performances here have been completely in character. Miss Smith has marched quickly through her opposition, and Miss Bueno has been complicating life for herself by doing careless things like serving ten double faults in one set.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

SOME scholars of technique, in attempting to explain the success of the Australians over the past fifteen years, have advanced the hypothesis that the Australian players have simplified the basic strokes in tennis in much the same way that the modern American golfers have simplified the golf swing. These scholars would surely have put an asterisk after Stolle's name, though, and appended an exceptionary footnote, if they were judging him solely on his performances this past week, for he has been far off his game, playing one loose, poorly produced stroke after another. After his unexpected troubles with young Maioli, he took his second match quite easily, but today he just escaped elimination at the hands of Cliff Drysdale, a promising South African with the best two-handed backhand since Bromwich's and Segura's. Trailing 1–4 in the opening set, Drysdale ran off five games in a row. He took the second at 8–6, and was on the verge of winning the third set and the match when, it appeared, the prospect of victory became a little too much for him. One reason I mention Stolle's shaky progress in so much detail is that the national championship is serving as a sort of preview of the Davis Cup Challenge Round match in Cleveland the last weekend in September, in which Stolle, who figures to replace John Newcombe this year in the second singles spot for Australia, is regarded as the key man. Since the odds are that Emerson will win both his singles matches, as he did last December, our team—McKinley and Ralston, presumably—not only must win the doubles but must each defeat Stolle in the singles if we are to retain the cup. Stolle, a tall, blond, somewhat stiff-kneed Sydneysider, twenty-four years old, is an excellent server and volleyer, and he has extraordinary physical stamina for a man of his slender build, but in his present form he looks eminently beatable. He is due to meet Ralston in the quarter-finals, and we'll learn a lot more about him then.

Werksman is out of the tournament. He lost in five rugged sets to Bill Bowrey, a relatively unknown Australian. Werksman changed his style today and goaded himself on with a running fight

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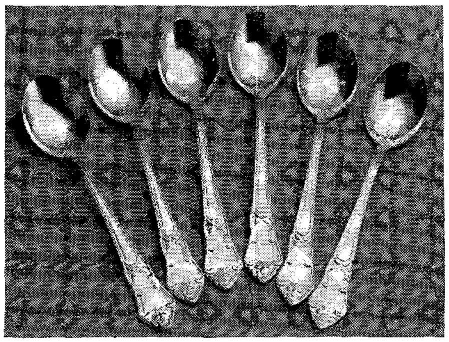

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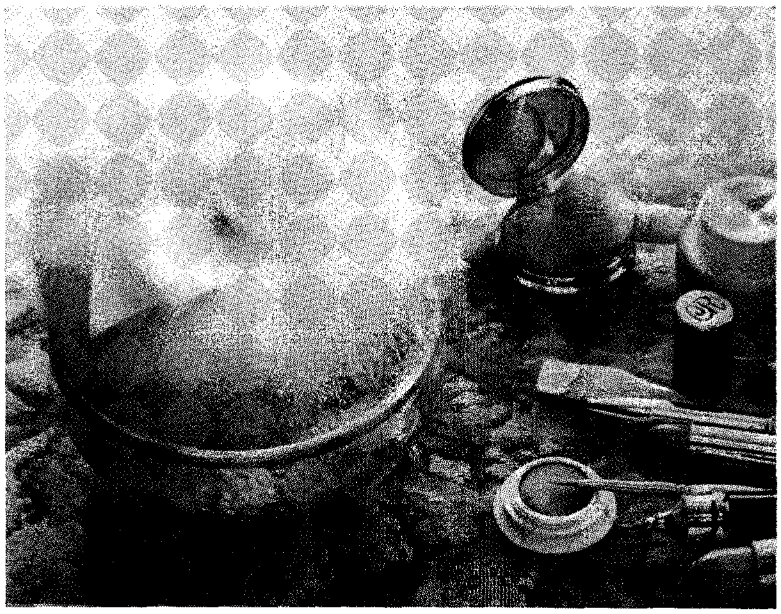
talk—"Baby, get tough. You must get tougher, baby!"—but it just wasn't enough. I was sorry to see him go.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

SPEAKING of Davis Cup previews, two young men who undoubtedly will be battling each other often in the years ahead—Arthur Ashe, the tall, pleasant Negro boy from U.C.L.A., and Tony Roche, the sturdy Australian left-hander—came up against each other for the first time, and their match proved to be the best of the tournament so far. Roche eventually pulled it out, 6–4, 4–6, 4–6, 6–3, 6–4, and the scores provide an accurate indication of how even a struggle it was. Ashe lost the day just when he seemed to be on his way to winning it. In the fourth game of the fifth set, with Roche serving, Ashe, after throwing away four advantage points, finally broke through with a blistering backhand passing shot to go out in front, 3–1. He has a big, explosive serve, and as things stood then, all he had to do was to hold his next three service games for the match. He couldn't. In the next game, Roche broke him right back, and in the ninth game Roche broke him again—the decisive break. Roche played intelligently throughout, hitting the ball with a great deal of spin and keeping it low, so that Ashe was always being forced to play soft half volleys and volleys, but I would think it was the Australian's superior concentration and general steadiness in the hard moments that saw him through. Roche now comes up against Emerson in the quarter-finals—we are there at last—with McKinley meeting Taylor (vice Santana), Osuna meeting Sangster (vice Pietrangeli), and Ralston meeting Stolle in the other brackets.

Earlier in the afternoon, in the grandstand court—where, for reasons that escape me, the Australians have suffered a long series of upsets over the years—Margaret Smith, to everyone's astonishment, was put out of the tournament by Karen Hantze Susman, the young Californian who has won nothing at all since her surprise victory at Wimbledon two years ago. The scores were 4–6, 6–4, 6–4. Mrs. Susman, who looks like a Disney princess—a rather sulky Disney princess—deserved her victory, for after the first set, in which she was plagued by a succession of foot faults (all of them correctly called, I need hardly add), she outplayed Miss Smith decisively the rest of the way. She was getting her strong first serve in regularly, and getting it in deep, and she reminded us all that she has a true gift for volleying. While



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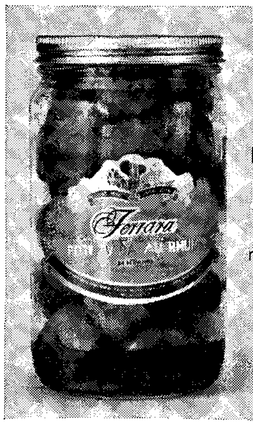

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I do not wish to take any credit away from her, I feel obliged to point out that it is difficult to remember when Miss Smith has played as poorly as she did today. Her ground strokes had none of their usual punch. Her serve was terribly weak and failed her completely when she needed it most; indeed, she lost the final point in both the second and the third sets on double faults. As you can imagine, this match occasioned some elaborate post-mortems. One group of insiders was of the opinion that at Wimbledon this year the standard of Miss Smith's play had been perhaps "30 better" a game. Another set of experts asserted that she has been way overtennised for a long while now and it finally caught up with her. Fred Perry, the British champion of the nineteen-thirties, gave the most sensible appraisal, I thought. "She simply made it too easy for the other girl," he said. "She gave her all those lollipops to hit."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

TODAY saw two hard-fought but relatively dull quarter-final matches, much of a kind, in the upper half of the draw. After McKinley had worn down Taylor, 13–11, 9–7, 6–1, Emerson wore down Roche, 13–11, 8–6, 6–2. There are few things more wearying in tennis than to watch one man and then the other hold service with a modicum of difficulty game after game after game until the slightly more fluent and experienced player at length achieves a service break. This is what we saw for the most part today, along with the Kafka-like variation in which the superior player drops his service chiefly through his own carelessness and then must break his opponent one more time for the set. Now McKinley and Emerson are to meet in the semifinals on Saturday, and off their showings so far in the championship I would hazard the guess that McKinley will be tougher for Emerson to contain than he was in their last encounter, in the Davis Cup Challenge Round at Adelaide in December, when Emerson won, 6–3, 3–6, 7–5, 7–5. Not only has McKinley been hitting the ball solidly but—what is at least as important for a person of his bouncy nature—he has been tempering his exuberance with a nice touch of restraint. As for Emerson, in beating Roche—who already takes some beating, and should be quite a player in two years' time—he managed, in his characteristically enigmatic fashion, to look remarkably ordinary. As usual, one noticed only a few isolated patches of brilliant shotmaking—a stilettoed back-

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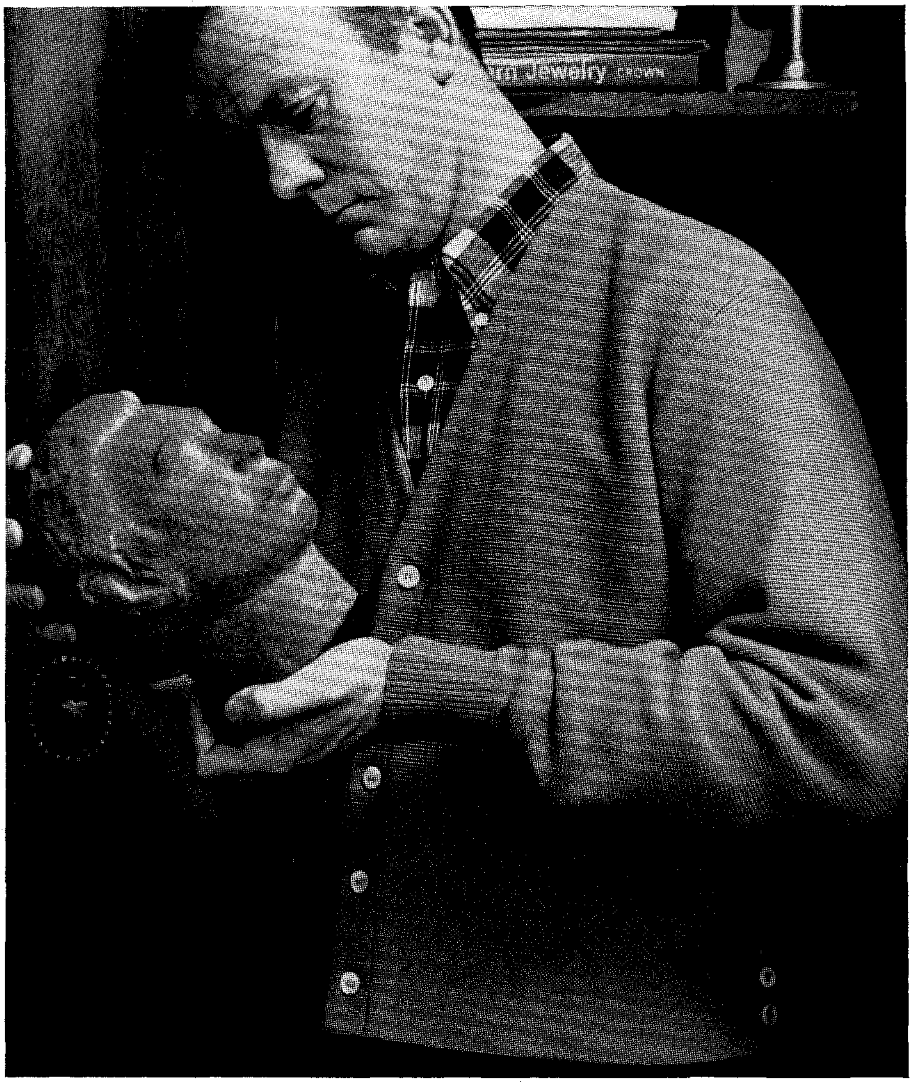
hand return of service here, a darting twist service there. As usual, he seemed to be piling up an inordinate number of errors for a player of his stature. And, as usual, he slowly gained full control of the match. It may be that Emerson is more gifted as an athlete than simply as a tennis player and that that is what makes him appear so unimpressive, even when one knows better. Or perhaps the explanation lies in his penchant for playing only as well as the situation requires. In any event, it sometimes seems that all he can do is win.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

WE have been long overdue for some exciting tennis, and today, in the quarter-finals in the lower half of the draw, we had one very good match and one that really caught fire. The very good match was a protracted four-setter, under a broiling sun, in which Osuna defeated Sangster, the big Englishman. The great match was between Stolle and Ralston. Unfortunately, it was started late and had to be called because of darkness, with the players locked at 7–7 in the fifth set. It will be continued tomorrow morning at eleven-thirty.

We certainly saw a different Stolle today. He stumbled a little in the opening game, double-faulting twice, but Ralston let him extricate himself, whereupon he began to play the most prodigious tennis. He took advantage of the infrequency with which Ralston was getting his first service in to lace the second serve into the corners for one stunning placement after another. His own service was blazing, and his second ball was almost as hot as his first. (I didn't keep a tally of his service aces, but he must have averaged better than one per game.) There were few long rallies, but almost every time Ralston appeared to have gained command with a fine forcing shot, Stolle countered with a finer one. In short, he could do no wrong, and as he whistled through the first set, at 6–2, and the second, at 6–3, he not only looked entirely unlike the Stolle of the early rounds, he positively looked like Ellsworth Vines. Ralston steadied himself as the third set began, but then, with games at 3–3, Stolle went ahead, 0–40, on Ralston's serve, and it seemed that the end was in sight. Not at all. If we saw a different Stolle today, we also saw a different Ralston. For once, he succeeded in translating the fury of his frustration into a renewed will to win. My, how well he fought and how superbly he played! There in the critical seventh



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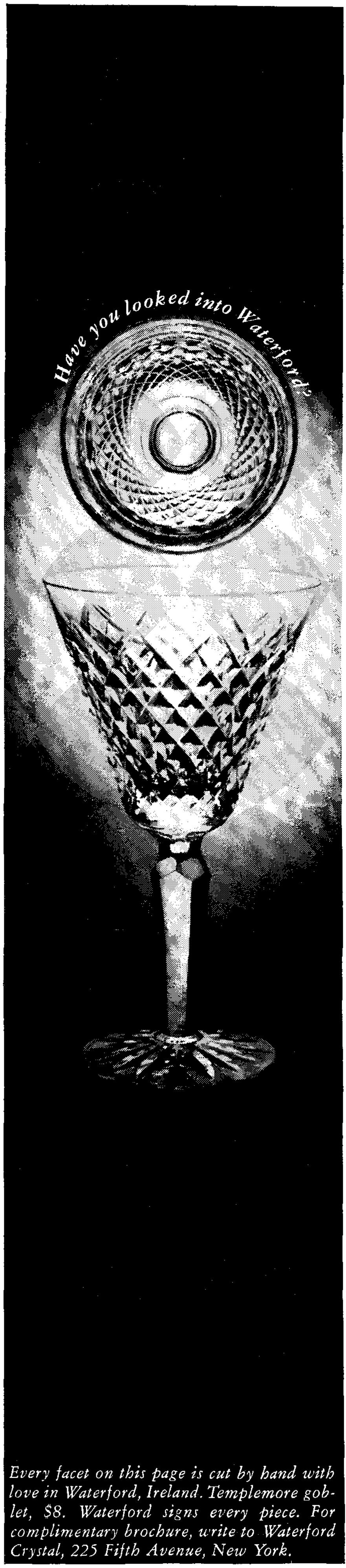

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game of the third set he made his first great stand, battling back to deuce and ultimately winning the game—and this against an opponent who was still making superlative shots. Two games later, however, Stolle's timing went off the slightest bit. Ralston instantly seized his chance and, dominating the play for the first time in the match, came on to take the set, 6–4. Stolle returned from the rest interval visibly refreshed, but Ralston was now in full stride, handling Stolle's big serve much more effectively and attacking at every opportunity with his swift, elegantly executed ground strokes. He won the set, 6–3, and the match moved into a dramatic fifth set in the gathering twilight, the tension increasing game by game as Ralston continued to hold the upper hand. Suddenly, in the sixth game, with the score 2–3 and with Ralston serving and leading 15–0, the whole complexion of the match changed. Lunging after an acutely angled return of service, Ralston fell heavily to the ground, and when he rose, limping slightly, it was feared that he might have hurt his right ankle—the one he sprained during the Newport Casino tournament in mid-August. He shook the injury off quickly, but not before he had, in his distraction, presented Stolle with the next three points, the game, and a 4–2 lead. At 5–3, Stolle served for set and match. He went to 15–0 on a rocketing serve, to 30–0 on an overhead smash. And then Ralston made his second great stand. He took three points in a row—the second on a perfect backhand return of service down the line—to get back into the game. Stolle's overhead won him the next two points, but on match point Ralston, back on his heels during the first exchanges, saved himself with two gritty off-balance returns, all on reflex, and then passed Stolle clean with a forehand drive. He went on to win the game with two more marvellous strokes—a flat backhand down the line and a cross-court forehand return of service that nicked the sideline. Though the light was now waning rapidly, five more games were played, with both men holding service, and then, at 7–7, play was terminated—to everyone's relief, since no one wanted to see such a thrilling match decided on a fluke.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

THE Ralston-Stolle match was resumed at eleven-thirty sharp, and, as often happens in cases like this, the conclusion was a flat anticlimax. Play had hardly begun before it was over. Stolle, serving first, fell behind, 15–40,

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and was deep in trouble, but he quickly collected himself and ripped off eight of the next nine points with bold hitting, and that was it: 6–2, 6–3, 4–6, 3–6, 9–7. A glorious win for Stolle, the bitterest of disappointments for Ralston. (By the way, as I understand the rule, when a match is suspended on account of darkness or rain and has to be finished another day, play recommences at the exact point the match had reached, unless the two players, with the umpire's assent, agree to start the interrupted set over. Stolle and Ralston evidently were content to go on from 7–7.)

In the afternoon of this chilly, autumnal day—the weather has changed abruptly—Stolle met Osuna in the semifinals and defeated him in straight sets, 6–3, 8–6, 6–3. While Stolle was not quite as overpowering as he had been during his first two sets against Ralston, he was hitting out with all the confidence in the world, and it was clear from the outset that Osuna's only hope lay in keeping the lanky Australian out on the court just as long as possible. After all, Stolle was bound to be physically tired after his long struggle with Ralston, and might well be nervously tired, too, from the strain of sweating out the overnight postponement. Carried to four or five sets, he might not have had it. Osuna's trouble was that he could not break Stolle's serve, although, like the resourceful tactician that he is, he tried everything he knew, including standing three yards behind the baseline to receive the first ball—the maneuver that led to his victory over Froehling in last year's final. As the match progressed, Stolle's serve did lose some of its velocity and spin, but it still had enough on it to see him through. Incidentally, the last time Stolle met Osuna, on clay in a Davis Cup match in Mexico City last August, Osuna won, 6–2, 7–5, 6–4. You can judge from that the form Stolle has played himself into during these last few days.

Stolle's conquest of Osuna set up the fourth all-Australian final in the last five years, for earlier in the afternoon Emerson had beaten McKinley. The scores were 7–5, 13–11, 6–4, and the tennis was of the highest order. As McKinley walked off the court at the end of the match, he did not appear to be in the least downhearted, and I was happy to see this, for he has seldom, if ever, played better in victory than he played in defeat today. Emerson simply played a shade better. I would think that one of the explanations for Emerson's superiority to the other amateurs is that in this age when

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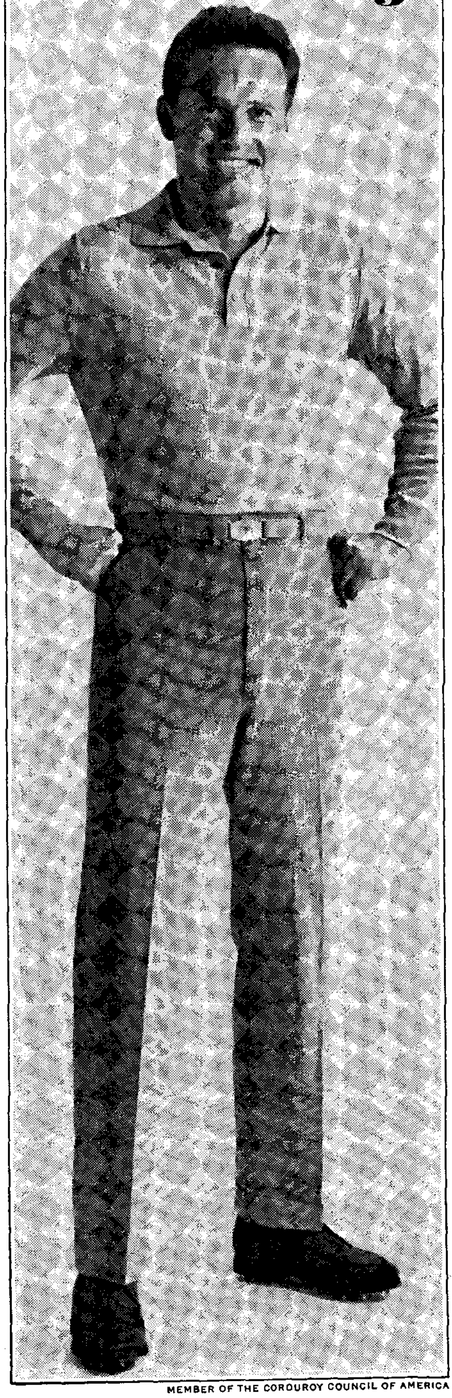

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most players can only attack he is easily the outstanding defender. When it comes to returning service, no one is close to him. The eye that enables him to do this also makes him incomparable at volleying and half-volleying his opponent's Sunday shots, and nothing so discourages a man as this. Emerson is always in a position to volley, for he is not only fast but agile. Moreover, he is just plain tireless. He never lets you rest. He is always coming at you. When he turns it on, it should be added, he is a severe hitter off the ground as well as a first-class server, particularly in the clutch—a complete tennis player. For all this, something tells me that the next time I see him in a championship he will undoubtedly spend the early rounds hitting half his shots off the wood and generally performing like the runner-up in the Alice Springs Invitational, and once again I will wonder how he ever succeeded to the mantle of Sedgman, Hoad, Rosewall, and Laver.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

BOTH finals, I'm afraid, were something less than we had hoped for. The ladies, as usual, came on first—Maria Bueno vs. Carole Caldwell Graebner, of Cleveland, Ohio. Back in the second round, in those distant days when Pietrangeli and Santana were still to be reckoned with and Werksman was purpling the sky with the richness of his expletives, Mrs. Graebner was nearly eliminated then and there by an inexperienced Irish southpaw, Geraldine Houlihan. After surviving that close call, 11–9, 5–7, 8–6, she got by Maria Theresa Riedl, of Italy, 6–4, 7–5, and then outlasted Norma Baylon, of Argentina, 6–4, 6–8, 6–2, Karen Susman, 6–4, 6–8, 6–3, and Nancy Richey, of Dallas, 2–6, 9–7, 6–4. No one can ever have trodden a rockier road to the final—you don't even have to look it up! Against Miss Bueno, however, she had no chance to put her pertinacity to work. The Brazilian girl had one of those days in which she was able to express all the wonderful tennis in her, and the match was over, 6–1, 6–0, in twenty-four minutes.

The men's final lasted a little more than an hour. After Stolle had taken a 4–2 lead in the opening set, Emerson accelerated his tempo, and Stolle, who, you will remember, never once lost his service against Osuna, proceeded to lose it *five* times in a row. His hard matches in the last two days had obviously taken a lot out of him, but, for all that, I can't remember when I have seen anyone, pro or amateur, return service any better than Emerson did. When he wasn't slamming the ball back at Stolle's feet, he was whipping it past him. That series of service breaks gave Emerson the first two sets, 6–4 and 6–1, and he added the third, 6–4, at his ease.

All things considered, it was a very satisfying tournament, but, in candor, some of the excitement went out of it, of course, when the Americans did. For me, it reached its high point, curiously, on Saturday morning, in the minutes preceding the continuation of the Stolle-Ralston thriller. On the westernmost of the stadium's three courts, Vic Seixas, the captain of our Davis Cup team, was personally warming up Ralston, with the assistance of Gardnar Mulloy. On the easternmost court, Harry Hopman, the taciturn captain of the Australian Davis Cup team, stood on the sidelines in a business suit directing the drill as a member of his team—John Newcombe—warmed up Stolle. Right then, the air had the special snap and crackle that are present in sport only when the competition is international and the moment significant. I imagine that there will be a number of moments like this in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, for while Australia now goes into the match as a definite favorite, I don't consider the possibility of an American victory too wild a dream. After all, as one unshakably optimistic friend of mine has pointed out, Emerson showed that Stolle can be beaten. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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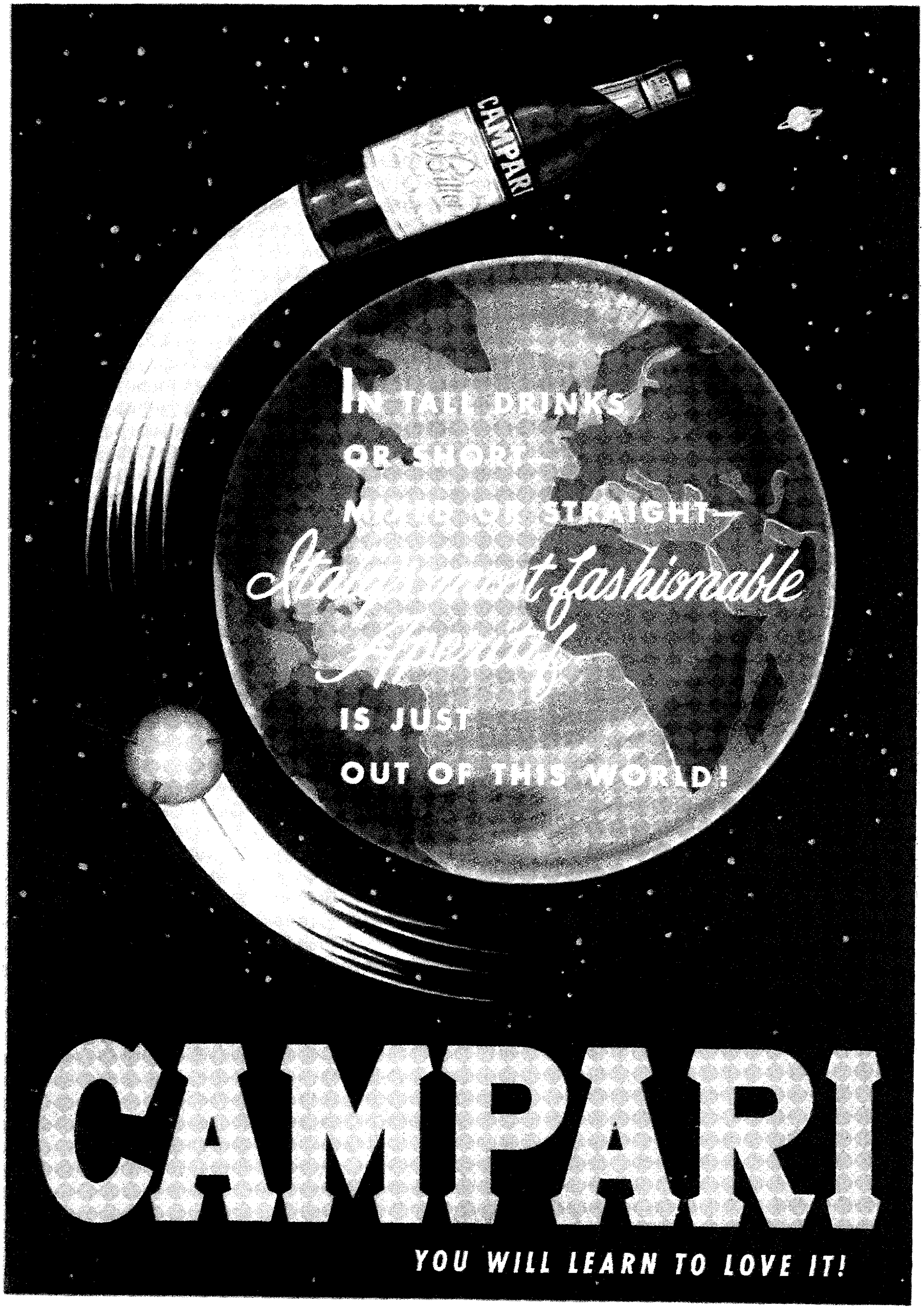
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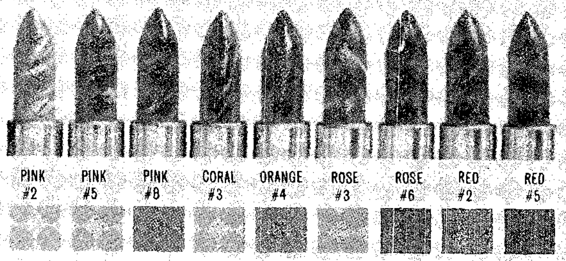

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DRAWING AND QUARTERING

EXTREMELY carefully, Kit shaded the black wolf he had drawn to support the coat of arms. He had given the wolf a shaggy pelt and a tail really too long and curling for a true wolf, but in heraldry, it seemed, you could vary animals a little if you wanted to. He had already colored the red tongue and the red tips of the claws. When he had finished shading the black fur—being careful not to let the crayon slip—both the supporters would be complete. He looked briefly at the supporter on the other side of the shield—a yellow tiger with brown stripes—but only briefly, because if you let your attention stray even for a moment the crayon might cross the outline of the animal and the whole drawing would be spoiled. With the supporters finished, he could draw the shield itself. The quarters, was it? Or quarterings?

"Grandpa," Kit said, not looking up from the drawing, "what was it you said the four parts of a coat of arms are called?"

In his armchair across the room, Kit's grandfather woke gradually from his early-afternoon doze. "Those what?" he said. "The what?"

Kit repeated his question, still without looking up; he was shading the tricky curl of the tail.

"Quarterings, they're called," the old man said. "The quarterings." And he turned his head and peered along the table toward Kit. "Are you drawing a coat of arms, then?" he asked.

"M'm," said Kit, and said no more till his crayon safely reached the hairs at the end of the tail. He put the crayon down and looked at his grandfather. "It's a coat of arms I'm inventing. It's going to belong to a school, called St. Kitts School. I invented that, too."

"Will I be allowed to look at it when you've finished?"

"If you'd like to," said Kit.

Kit's mother looked up from the novel she was reading. She regarded her son and then her husband's father. She looked back at her son, cleared her throat, and went on reading.

Old Mr. Edison stared a moment at the fire. While he had been dozing, his pince-nez had slipped down to the end of his nose. He now lifted them free and slid them into his breast pocket. The dog beside his chair scratched her belly. "Good Betsy, good dog," Mr. Edison murmured, and settled himself for another doze.

"Grandpa," Kit said, "do you think

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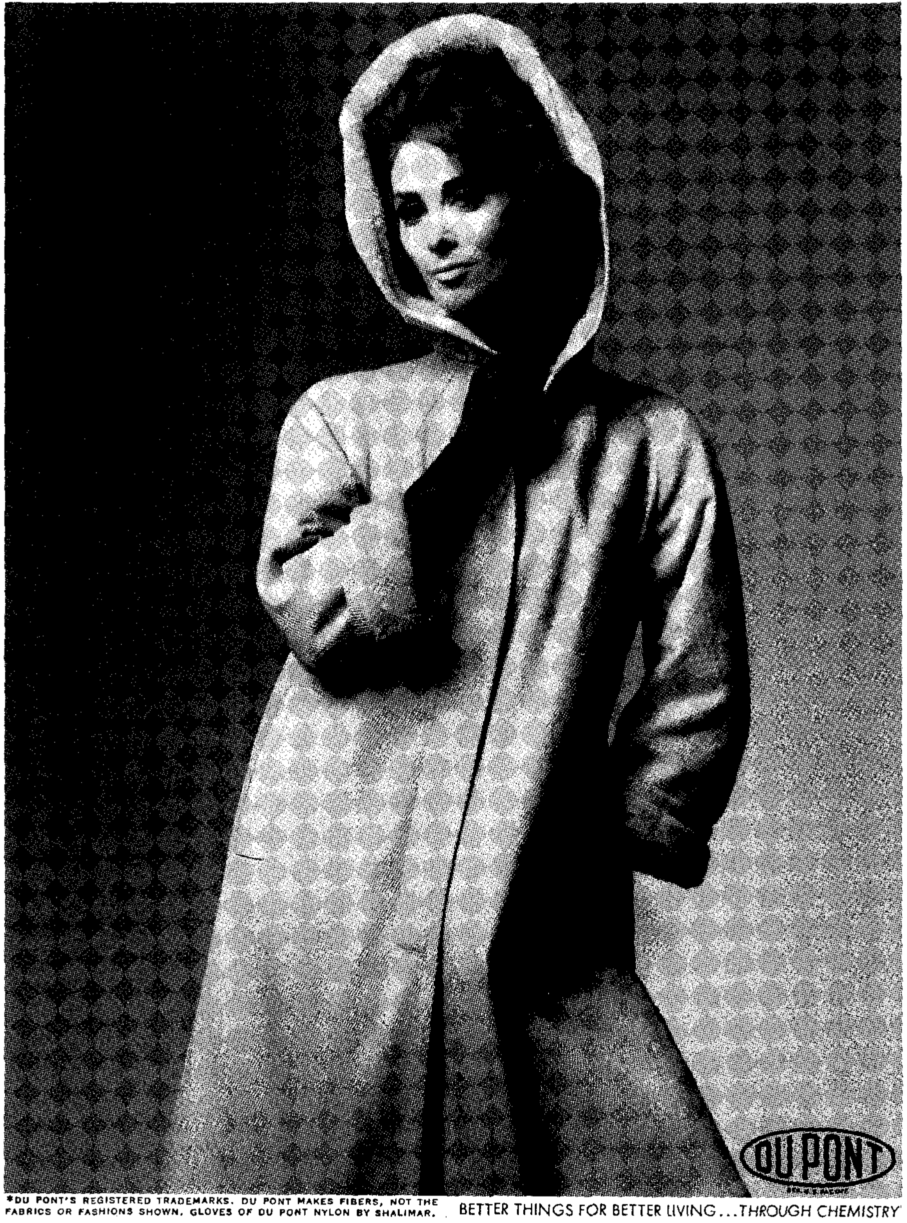

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I could possibly look at that book you said you had about heraldry? So I can see what sort of things to draw for the quarterings."

Kit's mother looked up from her novel again. "Let Grandpa sleep," she said. "Can't you see Grandpa's trying to sleep."

"No, no," Mr. Edison said, moving himself forward and out of his chair. "I'll show you the book. If I can find it."

"If you aren't trying to sleep . . ." said Kit.

Mr. Edison peered at the shelves of his bookcase beside the fireplace. The nineteenth-century edition of Dickens, the nineteenth-century edition of Walter Scott, the nineteenth-century Shakespeare, illustrated. His daughter-in-law watched him grope in the shadows beyond "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman."

"You want the light on," she said.

Mr. Edison placed his pince-nez on his nose and bent nearer to the shelves. His daughter-in-law stared at him—at his uncreased trousers, the socks wrinkled around his ankles, the slippers quite broken at each heel. At lunch, he had splashed gravy onto his waistcoat, and she had seen him smudge it into the material with his thumb. At breakfast, he had dropped jam onto his tie. She started to speak to him, but then she glanced at her son. "Don't chew the end of your pencil like that, Kit," she said. "You don't want to be poisoned."

Kit took the brown crayon out of his mouth and sucked at his teeth.

"If you sat this side of the table, you'd have the light from the window coming in over your *left* shoulder and you'd be able to see what you were doing."

"I can see, Mummy," said Kit. He added more brown to the stripes on the tiger.

"All that minute drawing you do. And you'll blame your mother when you go blind."

"Ah-ha!" said Mr. Edison.

"Oh, good!" said Kit.

Mr. Edison pulled from the shelf his ancient, faded "Manual of Heraldry" and shuffled across the room to his grandson. "Here it is," he said.

Kit looked at the dark-green volume in his grandfather's hand. He saw that the spine was missing and that the covers were secured with variously colored strips of sticky paper. "You know, I never knew about heraldry before today!" he said. "I thought all the shields and coats of arms and things you see on buildings—I thought people just chose what they wanted."

"Oh, no, no." Mr. Edison chuckled

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at this idea. "It's not as simple as that at all!" With his left knee he pushed the chair that was next to Kit slightly away from the table and stood leaning against it. (Why doesn't he sit down, thought Kit. I'd like him to.) "Heraldry is a science. A detailed science. Every little bit of those shields is there for a reason. The colors on them and the devices, and the crest, and the supporters."

Kit looked at his tiger and his wolf. "How do people know what they mean?" he asked.

"It's all in here." Mr. Edison placed the manual down beside Kit's crayons. He pushed the chair a little from the table. (Do sit down, thought Kit.)

"Shall I show you?"

"Please!"

"Well, let Grandpa sit down!" Kit's mother said.

Kit frowned, but then he smiled quickly at his grandfather, who moved the chair and sat on it.

"That's better, isn't it?" said Kit's mother, and returned to her novel.

Mr. Edison opened the manual, and Kit saw a drawing of an empty shield on the first page. He wished his mother didn't always have to push into a conversation. She wanted to arrange things; she couldn't let things simply happen.

"Heraldry really began with the Crusades," Mr. Edison said. "When the knights were fighting the Saracens, they had to wear cloth over their armor to protect themselves from the sun—"

"Oh, I've seen that in films!" said Kit. "White, with a big red cross on it."

"It began just as a piece of plain cloth. Then they painted devices on it to show who they were. And the devices became more and more elaborate, till at last the other knights, seeing you riding your horse across the desert, would be able to say to the king, 'Why, lo! Here comes Sir Kit de Edison!' "

"Was there a Sir Kit de Edison? Really?"

Mr. Edison shook his head. "I don't think there was." Kit looked disappointed. "Or there may have been, but I don't know anything about him."

"Grandma says the Edison family came from Germany, so perhaps they didn't go on crusades." Kit thought for a moment. "If they did, it would be Sir Kit *von* Edison, wouldn't it?"

Kit's mother spoke again. "Only the German nobles have the word 'von' in their names."

"Are we nobles?" Kit asked his grandfather.

"Not so far as I know," he said. "My father was a jeweller—like me. But his father kept an inn or a post-

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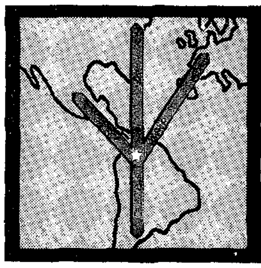

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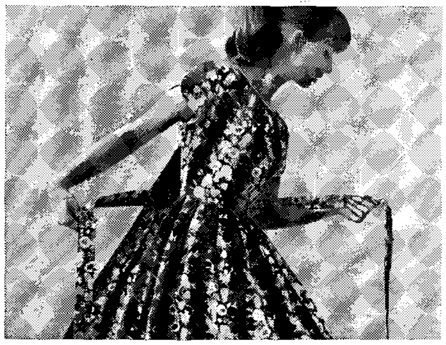

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house, somewhere in the Black Forest." He showed Kit the bloodstone ring on his finger, a dark-green slab flecked with scarlet and engraved with a wolf's head. "It was called the Wolfsteigerhof."

Kit said, "There's a silver mug in the front room with a wolf's head on it. That's why I drew a wolf as one of my supporters." He looked at his wolf. "It doesn't look much like one, but I didn't know how to draw its body exactly, so it's a kind of portrait of Betsy."

Kit's mother looked at her father-in-law's old scruffy mongrel dog. The creature had moved to the hearthrug and now she snuffled occasionally in her sleep.

Mr. Edison turned the page of the manual, and on the second page Kit saw drawings of shields divided into halves and quarters.

"The idea is," Mr. Edison said, "the shield represents the knight's *body*. On top of that you have a helmet, which represents his head."

Kit moved nearer to the book. "Really?" he said. "Is that true?"

"Underneath you always have a motto—like 'God and Country.' " Kit nodded. "And that's supposed to represent what the knight *believes* in. Then the shield should also have what's called a flourish around it." He turned over a number of pages quickly, and in front of Kit's eyes there flashed a succession of brilliant coats of arms. He caught sight of crests rising from crowns and coronets and knightly helmets; quarterings composed from bent stripes and straight stripes; small birds, fishes, shells, stones, stars, and animals of all kinds, real and fabulous. "There," said his grandfather, and held the page down at a complicated coat of arms topped by a duke's coronet. "That red and white cape behind the shield. You see how it's attached to the helmet under the coronet? It represents the knight's mantle that used to hang down over his shoulders to keep the sun off his neck."

Mr. Edison flipped back through the pages of the book. Once again Kit saw the flash of chevron, martlet, pelican, lion, eagle, stag, unicorn. The coats, the mottoes, the crests, the mantles, brilliantly colored in red, blue, green, yellow, black, white, or purple.

"Each coat of arms is like a little man, then!" Kit said.

"Yes. A little man."

Kit turned to his grandfather happily. "I was going to make this shield belong to the school I'm inventing. But I think I'll make it my own shield! I'll look through all the drawings in this

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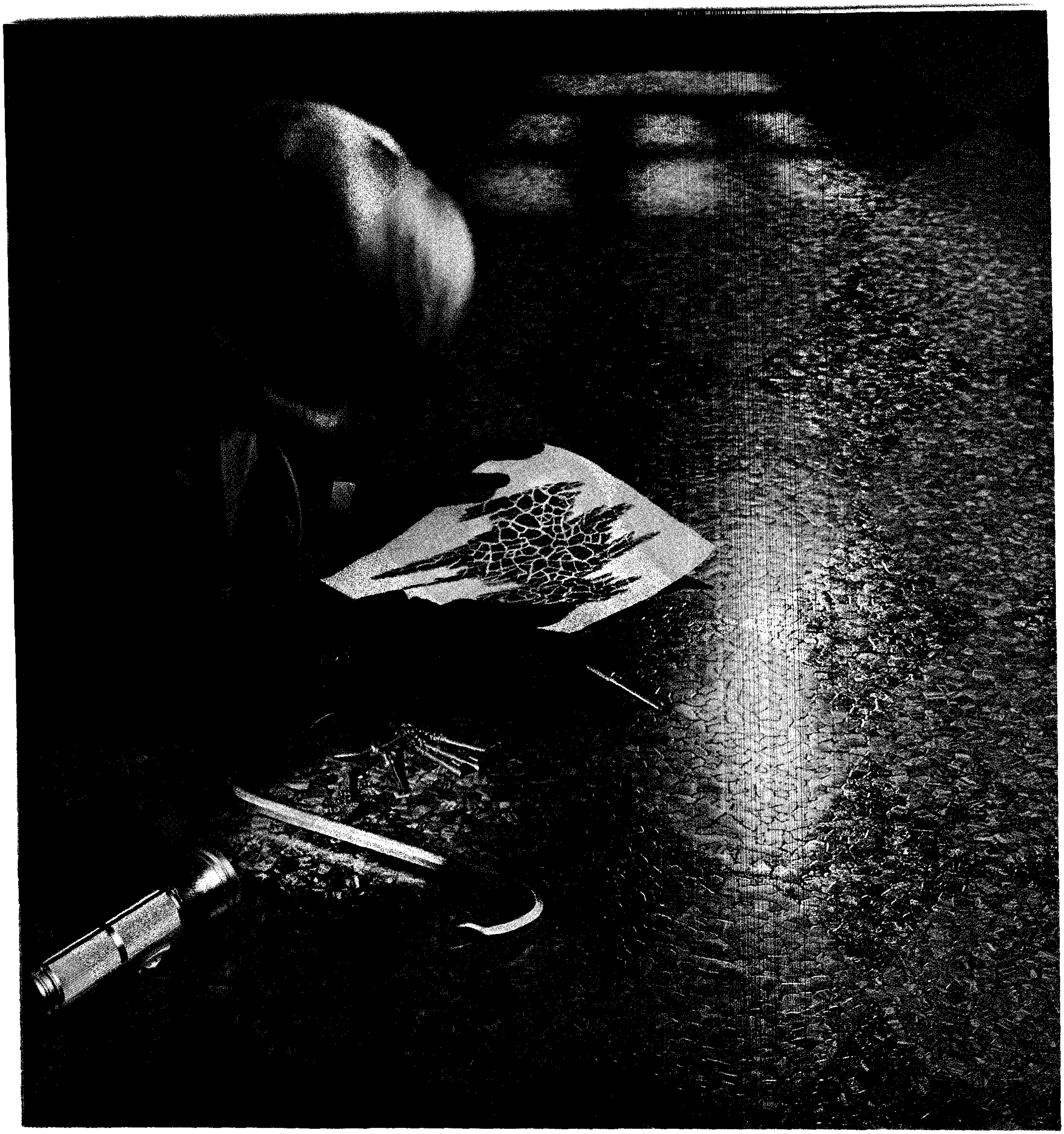

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book and choose what I'd like to have. Then you can tell me if I'm able to."

Mr. Edison smiled. "You can give yourself anything you like."

"Can I have a wolf and a tiger as my supporters?"

"Well—why not!"

"Nobody else has a wolf and tiger?"

"I don't think so," Mr. Edison scratched with his thumbnail at a stain of grease on his waistcoat. "The other knights would be gathered outside the king's tent. And as you rode up to them they'd cry, 'Here comes the valiant Sir Kit! With his strong arm and sword we shall capture Jerusalem!' "

For a few moments Kit was silent. "Did we capture Jerusalem?" he asked at last.

"Yes," said his grandfather. "But then it was lost again."

"Perhaps we'd gone off to capture another place?"

"Perhaps that was it."

Kit turned to his grandfather again. "Would you have been Sir William Edison?" he asked. His grandfather nodded. "So I couldn't have been a knight till after you were dead!"

His grandfather said, "They didn't worry about that sort of thing in those days. If I were a knight, you could have been a knight as well."

"And Daddy, too?"

"If he had proved himself valiant in combat."

Kit called across to his mother. "But you couldn't have been a knight!" he told her. "You'd have had to stay at home while we went off to the Crusades!"

"That's right," she said. "I'd have had to keep to my place in the buttery. Mixing possets and flummeries. Knitting an arras for your bedchamber."

Kit picked up a red crayon from the table, stuck it between his teeth, and bit at the fragrant chewable end of it.

WHEN her father-in-law had left the room, Mrs. Edison turned to her son. "Well, you've pleased your grandfather, anyway."

Kit looked up from an illustration of two entangled dragons.

"Oh, yes," she went on. "I shouldn't think anyone else in the family has expressed an interest in his hobby in years."

Kit was puzzled by this remark. He hadn't thought he might be pleasing Grandpa—he simply wanted to learn about heraldry. He had crawled under Uncle Jack's Ford that morning while Uncle Jack did something to the engine, but only because he wanted to learn about cars. Kit knew that it was good

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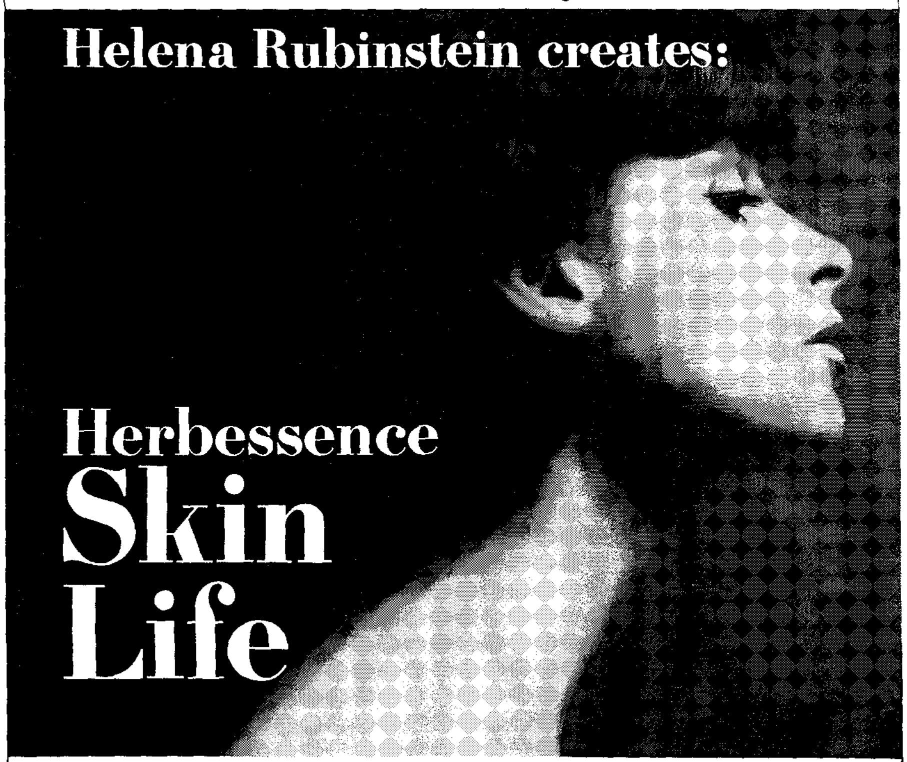

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to please people, but the way she had spoken the words was very like the way she often used the phrase "You've pleased your father"—as if she hadn't been pleased at all.

"Oh, yes," said his mother, "you've done the right thing there all right."

Soon after this, his father came into the room. His mother stopped reading her novel and began a crossword. His father took a book out of the shelves and sat down beside the fire to read it. Now and then, his mother put her crossword aside and addressed some remark to her husband—something about Grandpa or Grandma or Uncle Jack or Auntie Hilda. Kit went on turning the pages of the manual, considering each device for possible inclusion in the coat of arms of Kit Edison. The three red lozenges of the family of Montagu, the three golden boars' heads of the family of Gordon, the red and white checks of the family of Mooney. Mooney! If he had a son he might call him Mooney. . . .

"You've noticed your father has gravy on his waistcoat?" Mrs. Edison said to her husband.

"Yes, I noticed."

"And this morning he dropped jam on his tie."

Mr. Edison did not reply to this.

"I don't know how your mother puts up with it," she said. "I feel for her—all she's had to put up with all these years. He doesn't care what he looks like. Never has, never will. I remember the time I first met him."

Kit sighed. He had heard this story before.

"I'll never forget it. The day he was to meet his future daughter-in-law for the first time. His *only* daughter-in-law, unless your brother Jack bucks his ideas up. And he comes down the stairs to shake hands with me, perfectly dressed, except that he's wearing one red sock and one brown sock!"

"Two red socks," said her husband, "but one of them was inside out."

"I don't remember the details. I just know that that was the way he saw fit to present himself to his future daughter-in-law."

"May, you can't still think he did it deliberately! It's twelve years ago, and you've brought the subject up every time we've come down here."

"That's the whole point. Of course he didn't do it deliberately. He didn't notice. Just as he didn't notice when he slopped jam all over his front. He doesn't care. And if you could manage to take your son and your wife away for a proper summer holiday at a proper

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seaside town with a proper beach, instead of having to come here to your parents every year, maybe I wouldn't be reminded of your father's habits so often."

Kit interrupted. "I like coming here!" he cried. "I like coming to stay with Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle Jack and Auntie Hilda and Betsy, and going down to the sea and along the cliffs! I don't mind the beach being pebbly. I like coming here!"

Mrs. Edison said, "I'm talking to your father."

AT teatime, Kit watched the way his father's family ate and drank. Next to him, Grandma—large, bosomy, and afghan-draped—sat firmly behind the cushion-sized, quilted golden tea cozy. From her plate she lifted a full moon of buttered teacake, pushed it into her mouth, and chomped her teeth down on it. This reduced the full moon to a crescent. The two sharp points of the crescent she then bent together, and this followed the first part of the moon into her mouth. She usually replied to questions with teacake in her mouth, sometimes even putting teacake into it before answering the question she had been asked while her mouth was empty. Auntie Hilda did not eat teacake; she sat opposite Kit, her elbows on the table, and talked football at Uncle Jack. Uncle Jack leaned back on the hind legs of his chair, dropping teacake crumbs on his clothes and on the floor, and talking loudly across the table to Auntie Hilda or Daddy or Grandpa, regardless of who else was talking at the time. Grandpa sat with Kit's mother on one side of him and Kit's father on the other. Kit noticed that twice he dribbled butter onto his waistcoat and that his mother looked across the table each time to see who else had noticed it. The second time, she caught Kit's eye and shook her head resignedly. She herself cut her teacake in half and then each half separately in half, eating the quarters with a sip of tea taken between each. Kit decided this was so finicky and silly a way to eat that he ate his third and fourth teacakes the way his grandmother ate hers, cramming them into his mouth. First a full moon and then a crescent. He wondered whether to speak while his mouth was full, but decided this would be too risky. However, he put one elbow on the edge of the table.

After tea, he went back to the living room, sat himself down at the long table, and began to trace heraldic

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beasts. His mother came and watched him.

"How neatly you draw," she said.

"It's not drawing, really," said Kit. "I'm only tracing them."

"But your hand's so firm and steady." She looked at the wolf and tiger supporting the still empty coat of arms. "And how evenly you've colored these little animals. No patchy shading. And not the smallest mark has gone over the edge. So neat."

Kit was tracing the intricate curves of the mane of a lion rampant. He suddenly wished to draw it inaccurately. He paused a moment, then moved his pencil again with exaggerated attention.

"My father used to draw drawings for me when I was a little girl. Neat and delicate drawings, like yours. I do so wish he had lived long enough for you to have met him. You take after him in so many ways."

Kit finished the mane of the lion and moved his tracing paper away.

"So many ways. I've never been able to see why untidiness should be thought amusing," said his mother. "Sloppy habits, thoughtlessness—"

Her father-in-law came into the room. She walked across to the sofa, picked up her novel, and began reading it.

Kit stared at his empty shield. He had studied all the possible beasts, patterns, and devices, but he was no nearer deciding what to put inside the shield to represent him. The wolf (dexter) and the tiger (sinister) stood either side of a vacant body that was also headless, mottoless, and mantleless.

His grandfather settled himself into his chair and looked across at his daughter-in-law. "It's nice to see you down here, May," he said. "I'm sorry it's almost over."

"It's nice to be here, Dada," she said.

"It makes a change, having you stay here for your holidays."

"It makes a change, that's true enough."

Betsy barked in her sleep. Kit's mother moved her legs away. "Good dog," she said. "Good Betsy."

Kit selected his finest black crayon, sharpened the point with great care, and placed at the absolute center of his shield a dot so faint that he could only just see it. He considered this for a moment, then obliterated the dot by drawing a vertical line down the center of the shield. The dexter half he left white and the sinister half he shaded black, breaking and wearing down the point

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of his crayon doing so. Then he called Betsy, fixed the lead on her collar, and took her for a walk along the cliffs.

WHILE Kit was out of the house, his grandfather studied the "Manual of Heraldry." By the time Kit returned, he had listed the names of all the families who bore wolves on their coats of arms and all those who bore tigers. He had also drawn some paired wolves and tigers in various attitudes—two standing up with forepaws raised threateningly at each other, two marching with their heads facing the front, two more running with their heads turned back, and two stretched on the ground. He showed these to Kit and said, "A wolf was the badge of a nephew of William the Conqueror. And a family called De Bardis—their coat of arms has a she-tiger looking at herself in the mirror. But there isn't one family, not one, that has both a wolf *and* a tiger!"

"Then I'll be unique," said Kit. He unfastened Betsy's collar and let her go free. "Why is the she-tiger doing that?"

His grandfather turned the pages of the manual and read from the chapter on beasts, " '. . . the old fable that when a tigress is robbed of her whelps, her distress may be eased by studying her own reflection in a glass.' "

"Do you think that's true?"

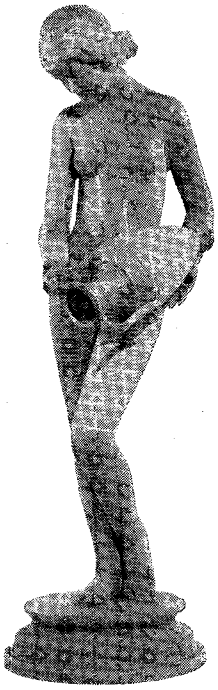
"We must ask Sir Kit," said his grandfather. "Didn't he ride into battle with a wolf galloping along on one side of him and a tiger galloping along on the other!"

Kit said, "Yes! And when they turned nasty he chopped their heads off!"

His grandfather laughed. "That's just what he did." He laughed again. "That's just what he did."

ON the last morning, Kit's mother woke him early. She had packed all the family suitcases the previous evening, and had left a space at the top of Kit's suitcase for him to add his pajamas, a space for the bag containing his flannel, toothbrush, and toothpaste, and a space for him to squeeze in his slippers. When he had fitted all these things in, his mother said, "Now fold your towel on the top." Kit did so, and she nodded with satisfaction. She was a very careful packer, and Kit knew she was glad to be going home. "I like to be in my own house," she often said. "I like feeling I have my own things around me to look at."

The others were already eating their



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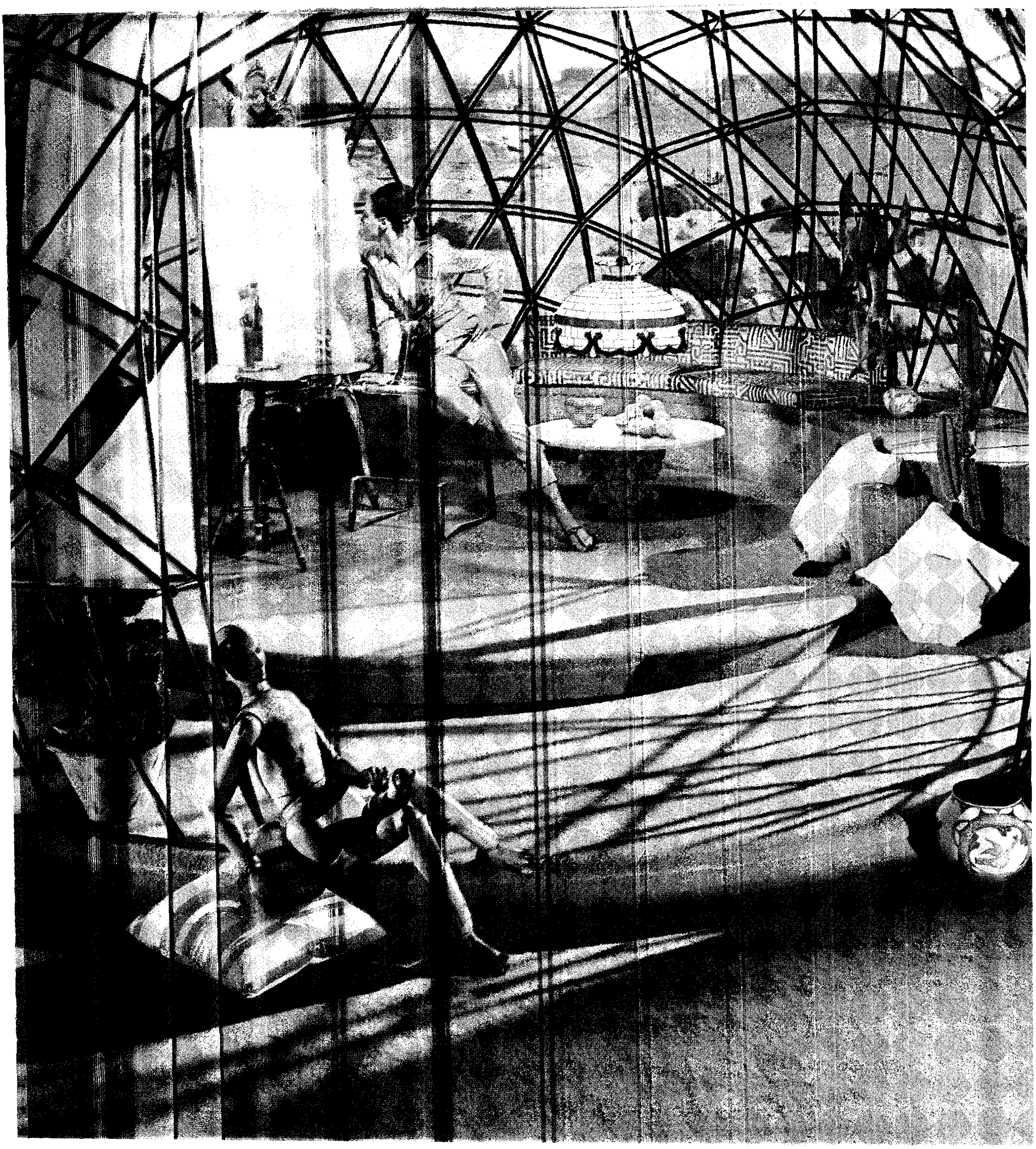

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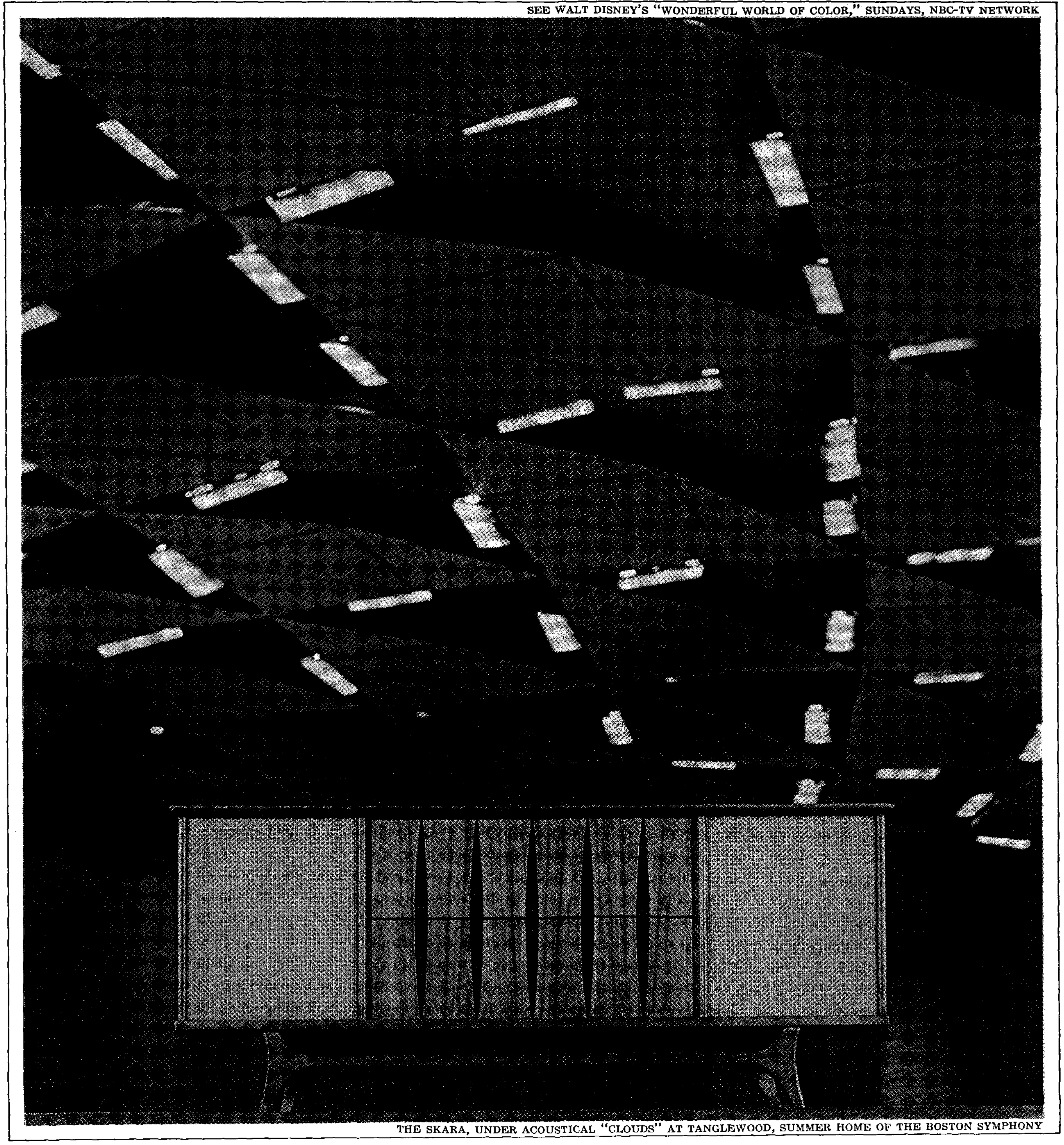

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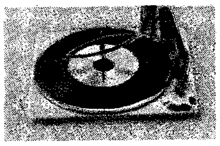

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breakfast when Kit and his mother joined them.

"Last day," said Auntie Hilda, bringing his bacon and egg.

"Last day," said Uncle Jack.

"But soon next summer will have come," said Grandma.

"Looking forward to coming again?" said Grandpa.

Kit nodded. He ate slowly—putting off the moment of finishing, which would mean he had to stand up from the table, which would mean he actually had to leave the house. Till he next ate in this room, he would have to wait more than eleven months—nearly fifty weeks, three hundred and fifty days.

"Another cup?" said his grandmother.

His mother had now finished her breakfast and gone upstairs to his bedroom to see if he had forgotten anything. His father was carrying the suitcases out to the car.

"Another cup?" said his grandmother.

Kit shook his head.

"Off you go, then."

Kit stood up from the table and walked out to the hall. Auntie Hilda said she had packed some teacakes for them to take home. Grandma gave him a bag of fruit gums. Uncle Jack gave him a book to read in the car. Kit's mother came down the stairs carrying a sock he had forgotten to pack. "Well," she said. "Off we go."

Kit could see his grandfather in the garden, picking a rose for his buttonhole. Years before I was born, Kit thought, Grandpa picked flowers in that garden for his morning buttonhole. Now everyone was kissing and saying goodbye, and Betsy jumped up and down and pawed at them. Grandpa walked up the garden path and stood by the front door. He was carrying a second rose. "Next summer will be here very quickly," he said to Kit. "You know what the Chinese say for 'quickly'?" He pulled all the leaves but one from the stalk of the rose and pushed it into Kit's buttonhole.

Kit squinted down at the rose, smiled, and then shook his head. "What do they say?" he said.

"They say 'Chop-chop!' " He held up his garden shears and snipped them twice. "Like Sir Kit letting his wolf and tiger know what's what, eh? Chop-chop!" He looked at Kit for a moment. "Take care of yourself, son," he said, and stood aside to let him pass.

Later, in the car, Kit's mother chatted comfortably in the front seat. 'I can hardly wait to see the new curains," she said. "I do hope the man

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put them up properly. I really should have been there to supervise him, and if they've not been hung right, he'll just have to come back and hang them again. You have to watch these people."

"They'll look all right," Kit's father said.

"But you have to keep your eye on them. I wonder if the Mallets will be back yet. Did I show you the postcard Sheila Mallet sent me from Penzance? I must ring her directly we get home." She half turned toward Kit, who was in the back seat. "And school starts again a week from tomorrow, Kit. A new term!"

Kit was silent. He had just remembered that he had left his unfinished coat of arms and his grandfather's drawings. They were under his bed, where he had put them the night before. Maybe his grandfather would find them and send them to him. The road had left the sea, and he stared through the window at the rushing hedges and trees. "Chop-chop," he said. "Chop-chop."

"What's that?" his mother asked.

"Chop-chop," said Kit. "It's Chinese. It means 'quickly.' "

His parents said nothing, and Kit began counting up to three hundred and fifty—slowly, because that was the way days passed. Long before he reached a hundred, he stopped counting, because there were so many things to see. —JEREMY KINGSTON

•

If you choose a hair style that falls into place with the flick of a bomb, you'll look as pretty at the breakfast table as you do when you're dressed to go out.—*Logan (Utah) Herald Journal.*

At what's left of the breakfast table, that is.

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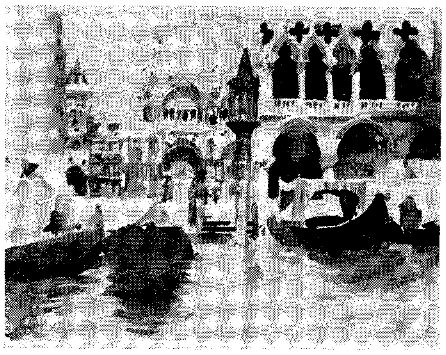

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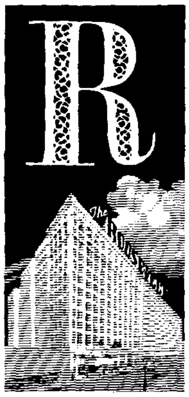

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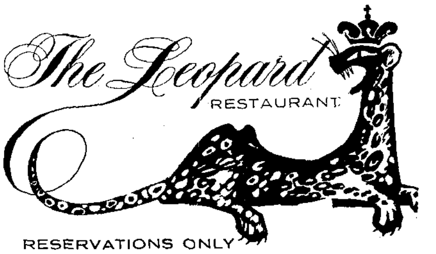

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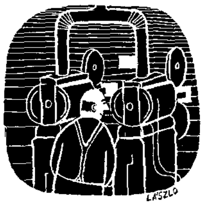
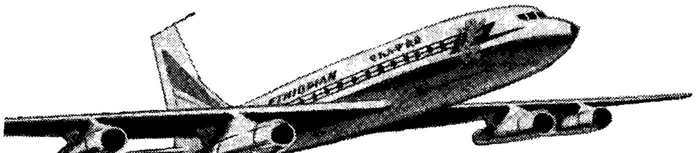


THE luck of the Irish— But then the Irish have no luck. They invented the saying themselves, out of pride, to cozen the world, and it has worked. The truth of the matter is that they tend to stumble from one damned awful predicament to the next, with, as their one means of defense, the ancient national curse of the gift of gab. Words being easy to utter but hard to aim, the not at all secret weapon of megaton blarney is as likely to destroy the user of it as to destroy an adversary, so when all's said and done (too much said, too little done), nothing is left for a man but to fall back upon a woman, who, rummaging about among his stale lies and apologies and explanations, may yet find something in him worth loving or—saddest of second bests—worth keeping alive. This is roughly the theme enunciated in an exceptionally good movie called "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," which I hope everyone who is either Irish or not Irish will go and see. The hero of the movie is a big, handsome Dubliner in his late thirties, who, with a wife and adolescent daughter, has emigrated to Montreal to seek his fortune. Vainglorious, incompetent, tenderhearted, and invincibly self-deluding, Ginger finds that the jobs his friends procure for him are beneath his dignity or above his capacity. He thrashes about in hopeful, talkative unemployment until his wife can stand t no longer; she will either go off with a sensible bachelor friend of theirs or go home to Ireland without Ginger. Nothing in Ginger's life has prepared him for he possibility that the woman who makes love to him and prepares his reakfasts would ever seek her own best hance instead of his. He gets drunk, ommits a trivial offense against the ublic respectability of Montreal, and omes within an ace of being sent to prison. His wife is in court to witness his umiliation, and afterward, as the bachelor friend waits to take her away, she nd Ginger meet and talk and walk together and . . . Well, does Ginger derve a happy issue to his outrageous conduct, or does he not? To tease you a somewhat Gingerly fashion, I rese to say.

That intelligent English actor Rob-



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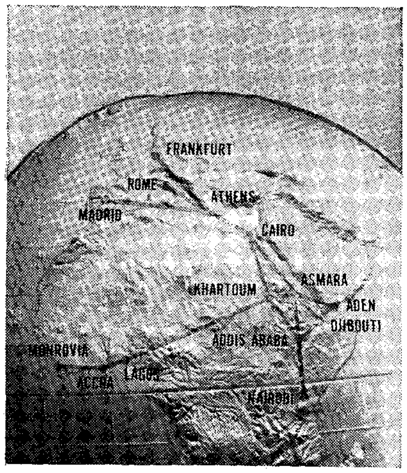
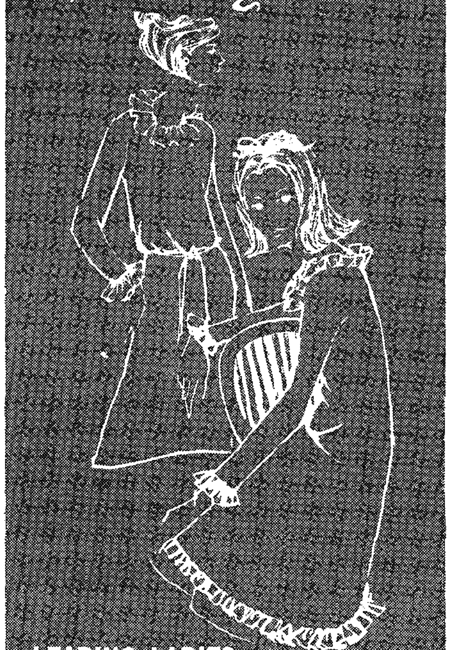


the village store



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ert Shaw is superb as Ginger, and as his wife Mary Ure is almost equally fine. Like "Girl with Green Eyes," with which it has much in common and therefore much to be praised, "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" is a modest story modestly told. It makes itself heard by never raising its voice, and for this we have to thank both the director, Irvin Kershner, and the author of the screenplay, Brian Moore, who also wrote the novel on which the screenplay is based. The picture was shot largely on location in Montreal. A cold climate, with or without love, and it appears that the lower-middle-class depths are no less deep for being trimmed with snow.

"TOPKAPI," directed by Jules Dassin and starring Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Robert Morley, and Maximilian Schell, is of that chic genre known as suspense comedy, but since Mr. Dassin is the man who gave us "Rififi" and is infinitely more gifted at creating suspense than at creating humor, I wish he had tried for more thrills and fewer laughs in this gorgeously colored picture-postcard account of cops and robbers in romantic Istanbul. The plot is intentionally nonsensical and the actors have been encouraged to play their roles like jocose rogues in an out-and-out farce, and I must say that I deplore such trifling with my emotions. How much more satisfactory it is to be allowed to take one's thrillers straight and be caught up in the awful possibility that a certain adventure may not only fail but fail with dire consequences! In "Topkapi" one senses that Mr. Dassin is prepared to turn any failure on the part of his band of nervy thieves into a joke, and probably a broad and not very original one at that. Miss Mercouri comes close to sabotaging the picture by eye-rollings and lip-smackings that are supposed to portray an irresistible sexual attractiveness as well as an insatiable sexual appetite and, embarrassingly, do neither. Peter Ustinov is very pinkly and plumply present as a stupid but not unlovable scoundrel; being himself a successful author and playwright, he must often have been irritated to find himself obliged to eke out a half-written scene with mere clownish huffing and puffing.

"THE APE WOMAN" is a repellent Italian film about a greedy wretch of a confidence man who, encountering a freak in a sheltered corner of a convent, decides to get rich quick by exhibiting her to the public. The freak is a girl who has the misfortune to be covered with hair from head to foot,

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and I doubt if you want to hear more about the movie than that, but let me just add that in the original version the confidence man marries the freak in order to retain control of her, she dies in childbirth, and he consoles himself with the thought that a profit can still be made from her by exhibiting her corpse at sideshows. In a version prepared for distribution here, that horrible ending has been done away with in favor of an altogether unconvincing happy (and hairless) one. I'm astonished that Marco Ferreri, the director of the picture and, with Rafael Azcona, the co-author of its screenplay, would allow his fierce assault on our sensibilities to be so wantonly transformed into hugs and kisses. My old hero, Joseph Levine, of Embassy Pictures, would seem to be the man to blame on this side of the water, and I'm at a loss to understand his tamperings. Since the picture was likely to have failed even in our local art houses, to mutilate it at great expense by means of a Hollywood ending fit only for the nabes strikes me as very bad business as well as very bad art.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

LIFE IN MOSCOW
(JET SET DIVISION)

[*From "Meet Soviet Russia, Book One: Land, People, Sights," by John Gunther*]

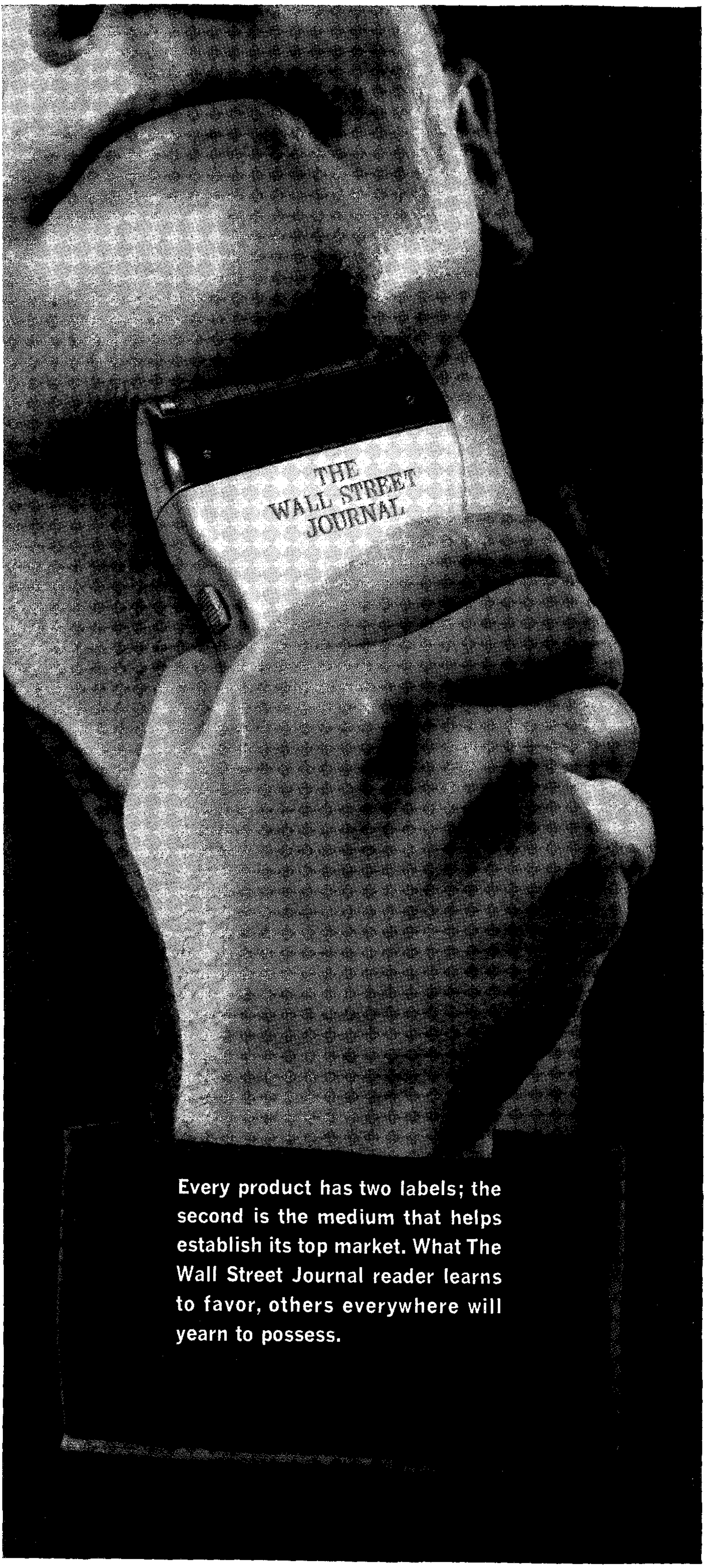
A summer or two ago, a lively little scandal made news in Moscow. Several young people who belong to what is called the "jet set" were arrested for pilfering and selling clothes. Two of these youngsters were sons of a cabinet minister; arrested with them were daughters of prominent Red Army officers and police officials. Moscow is, on the whole, a desperately puritan city, if only because few opportunities exist for an unconventional life. The case made a sensation, and brought into the open what a lot of ordinary citizens were whispering about—the activities of the "jet set," bright youngsters of the elite class who had money to spend and were bored with the drabness of their surroundings. They got black market recordings of hot jazz records, read smuggled copies of such American magazines as *Vogue* and the *New Yorker*, and wore fancy clothes.

•

Not only is a man's name peddled, under present circumstances, for gain without his consent, but as a consequence he is inundated with printed matter that is at best a nuisance to him.

There is really nothing new in the principle we have in mind. Chaucer wrote, "Who steals my purse steals trash . . . But he that filches from me my good name . . . makes me poor indeed." The direct-mailers just hope the names are good, but they don't stop there. They want addresses too.—*Editorial in the Pasadena Star-News.*

Just address it care of Shakespeare.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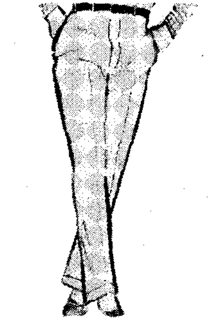

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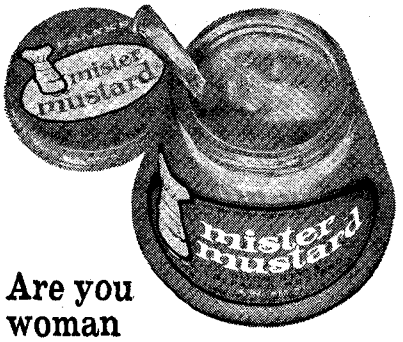

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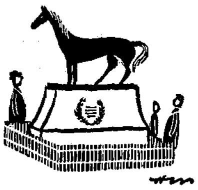
Two Big Ones



TWO very highly touted favorites—Quadrangle in the Jerome Handicap at Aqueduct, and Mongo in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City—didn't live up to their touting last Saturday. Quadrangle finished third to Irvkup, to whom he gave sixteen pounds, and Lt. Stevens, to whom he gave fifteen. Mongo was down the course, lengths behind Western Warrior, Parka, and Turbo Jet II. It was the opinion of a lot of horsemen and horseplayers that carrying so much more weight than his opposition beat Quadrangle. Perhaps. Still, he carried only three pounds more than he did in the Belmont and the Dwyer, both of which he won. What made the difference was that the other starters in the Jerome carried so much less. Quadrangle has always been a picture horse, yet I thought I'd never seen him looking better than he did when he came into the paddock. Hill Rise has improved tremendously in appearance, but not in speed. As for the race, Reely Beeg was quickest away, but Quadrangle and Lt. Stevens went right with him down the backstretch, around the turns, and into the homestretch, where Irvkup came up fast on the rail to take the lead and win by half a length. At the end, Lt. Stevens was two lengths ahead of Quadrangle. The time for the mile was 1:35. Only two runnings in the last twenty years have been faster, and then only by split seconds. Irvkup, who is a stablemate of Roman Brother, the winner of the recent New Hampshire Sweepstakes, was a disappointment last year to his owners—Harbor View Farm—and has been lightly raced this season. I daresay he has now made amends, since his share of the purse was $36,140 and he paid $35.50 in the mutuels.

I caught the United Nations Handicap in color on TV, and it came in great. Indeed, I was able to follow the race as easily as if I'd been at the track, and it was as plain as anything that Turbo Jet II, who certainly lived up to his name, was third. The announcer called the finish Western Warrior, Parka, and Mongo, but I suppose he got mixed up on the colors. Everybody

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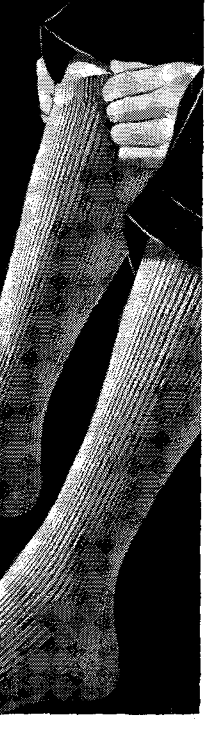

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does once in a while. It's impossible to judge condition and effort from a television broadcast, but Mongo looked skittish going to the post, and though he seemed to be running freely in the early part of the race, he shortened his stride going down the backstretch and faded out of the picture. As you may remember, he went off his feed about a month ago, and apparently he hasn't recovered. Western Warrior, who was always close to the pace, deserves full marks; he hasn't been out of the money in an event on the turf this season, and he's won five out of eleven.

NOBODY can deny that Tosmah is the runningest three-year-old filly we have. Leading from start to finish, she won the Beldame at Aqueduct the other day by four lengths from Miss Cavandish, who was ten lengths ahead of Castle Forbes. Dupage Lady and Waltz Song were the other starters. Remember when the Beldame used to be a handicap, and often had so many starters that it had to be run off in two divisions?

I SHALL be surprised if there are more than five or six runners in the Futurity at the Big A on Saturday. The race lost a lot of its glamour when it was transferred from Belmont Park to Aqueduct three years ago, but the main reason for the small field is that Bold Lad stands out above all the others of his age and few of the better stables are interested in running for second and third money. Incidentally, Sadair, who won the Saratoga Special and the Arlington-Washington Futurity, wasn't entered for any of Aqueduct's autumn events, but he is expected to be a supplementary nomination for the Cowdin and the Champagne Stakes next month.

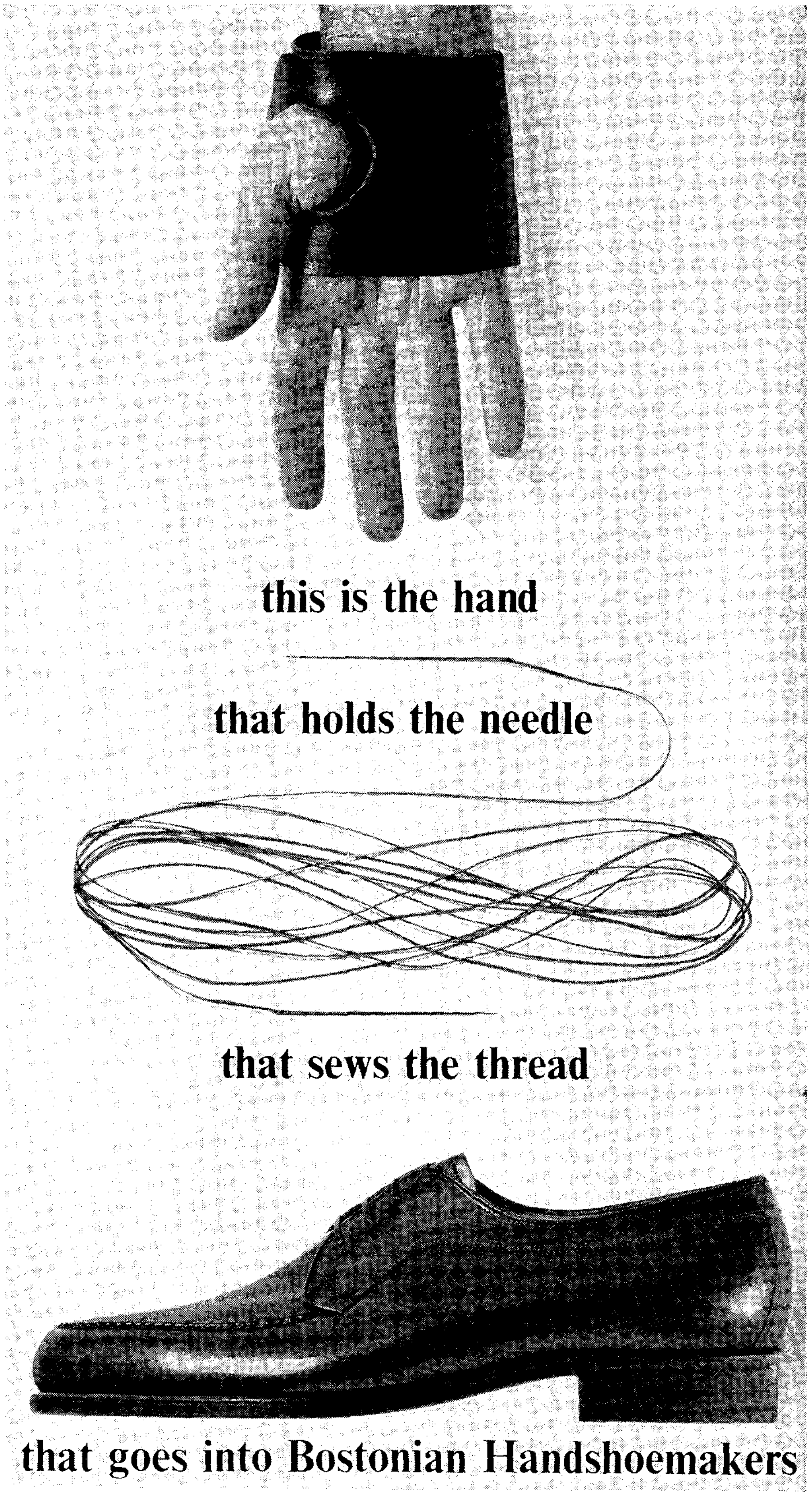
COLONEL MARTINGALE has been trying for days to think of a uitable award to Harbor View Farm or naming one of its two-year-olds Tosinisbad, but he's stumped. As everyne knows, to sin *is* bad, but it's hardly vorse than giving a name like that to vhat might be a promising colt. He is ligible, by the way, for the Futurity.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

MORTUARY SUES
MAN WHO CAME
BACK AFTER FUNERAL
—*Headline in the Datil (N.M.) Round-Up.*

Well, there's nothing more aggraating.



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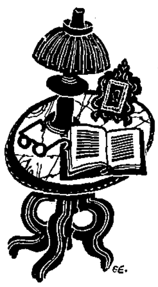
BOOKS

Of and For the People



"BEYOND THE MELTING POT: THE NEGROES, PUERTO RICANS, JEWS, ITALIANS, AND IRISH OF NEW YORK CITY," by Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan (M.I.T.-Harvard), is composed of five short essays, bounded by an introduction and an epilogue, that describe the situations of the five groups, minorities in the nation, that add up to the majority of the inhabitants of the nation's largest city. We all know about the "melting pot" in which immigrants were expected to become members of a new American nationality. Glazer and Moynihan find that instead—most noticeably in and around this city—they became members of an ethnic group, which, the authors say, is now "not a survival from the age of mass immigration but a new social form." People who belong to ethnic groups are Americans, all right, but they share another, and distinct, group character. Glazer and Moynihan suggest that the fondness of New York politicians for dealing with voters as ethnic groups—a habit that, by rewarding groups for existing, contributes to their survival—may derive from the American tradition of sidestepping class distinctions. For in New York, as the authors note, ethnic groups are also grouped economically:

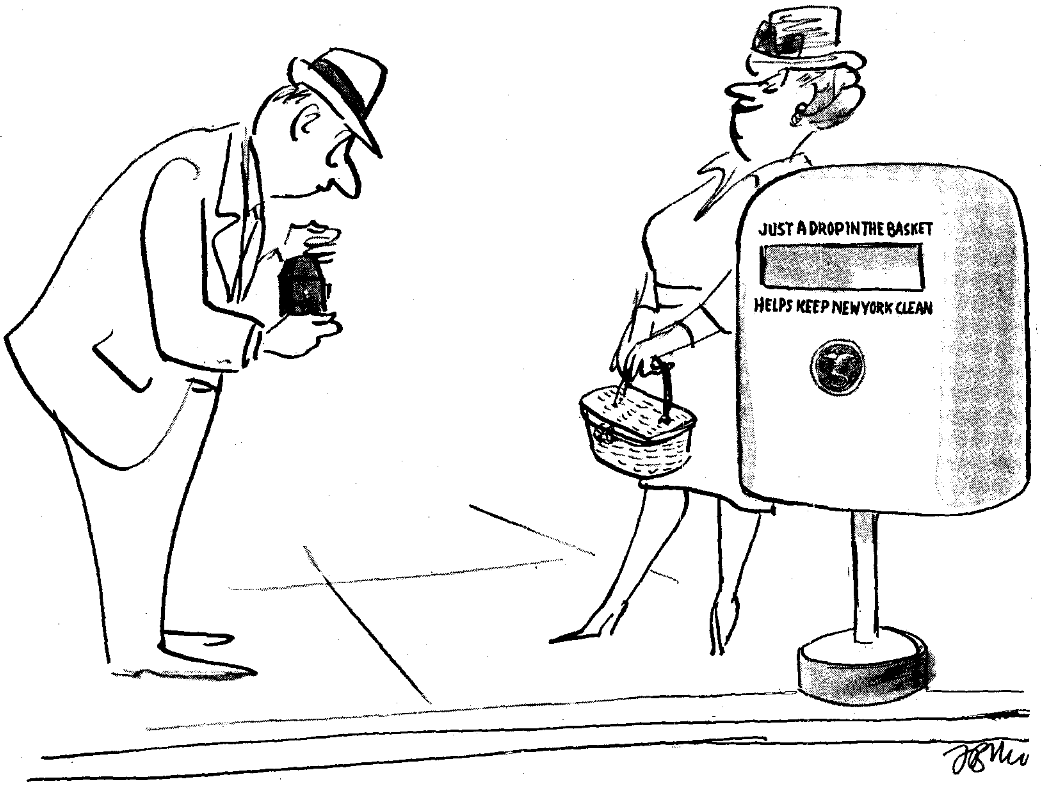
> When one speaks of the Negroes and Puerto Ricans, one also means unorganized and unskilled workers, who hold poorly paying jobs in the laundries, hotels, restaurants, small factories or who are on relief. When one says Jews, one also means small shopkeepers, professionals, better-paid skilled workers in the garment industries. When one says Italians, one also means homeowners in Staten Island, the North Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens.

Still, whatever their interests, the ethnic voters of this city, like everybody else in the country, more or less agree on middle-of-the-road solutions for most substantive issues; politicians have to find other differences besides differences of opinion, so they exploit our local phenomenon—ethnic variety. The authors do not suggest that politicians are cynical; they consider the profession lazy or—in their politer language—uncreative.

One side effect of ethnic politicking is that ethnic groups expect public praise or, at worst, pity; the authors find it necessary to apologize at the outset for statements that might hurt the feelings of ethnic readers. This book is full of extra-carefully qualified judgments that show how gingerly one is expected to write about ethnicity and how thoroughly official New York blarneys everybody. I suppose I like the official affection; I'd just as soon believe that everybody within the city limits is lovable. On the other hand, stereotyped good will—such as praising this praiseworthy book as the joint production of a brainy Jew and a daring Irishman—is only a slightly better substitute for knowledge than stereotyped ill will.

I do not mean to imply, by the way, that Glazer and Moynihan, a couple of kindhearted sociologists, are doing no more than giving the ethnics their lumps. They are trying—with plenty of awareness that the vastness and variety of the city augment the incalculability of everything in it—to illuminate an important aspect of New York life. Their introduction, in talking about the city's size—the physical space it occupies, the complexity of its ethnic mixture, its concentration of wealth and power—establishes the uniqueness of New York. There is nothing like it, and, the authors insist, they are only beginning a tentative inquiry into something that may be ungraspable. Nonetheless, they have gone so far beyond the ordinary expert's grasp of the city that their scientific caution almost resembles excessive modesty; this is a far better look than its authors admit.

Social-science descriptions use words that are more like snapshots than movies, and, knowing this, social scientists have to insist about society, as Galileo did about the earth, that it *does* move. Glazer and Moynihan keep reminding us that the groups they are picturing will not stay the way they are. The authors think, on the weight of their evidence, that denominational differences outlast those based on national origins, and they foresee the future New York grouped into Catholics, Jews, white Protestants, and Negroes. (Race, they suppose, is, if not here to stay, apt to be around as a noteworthy distinction for some time.) They cannot yet predict the Puerto Ricans' place in this scheme—whether this group, which has little color consciousness, will serve as a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bridge between Negroes and whites, or whether it will simply find a slot within the Catholic segment. The chapter about the Puerto Ricans seems to me less sure than the others, possibly because the newest group in the city has next to no observed past here, or possibly because Hispanic cultures are hard for North Americans—even sociologists—to get the feel of.

Since this book is intended, as I said, to start rather than end an inquiry, it arouses the reader to all sorts of by-the-way speculation. What has been the luck of earlier immigrant groups? Capital—or, more accurately, the lack of it—bedevilled the first-generation immigrants of all the groups in this book. What became of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century immigrants who lacked capital? Are their children today in college or on the county? I suppose I am really wondering whether the United States, which offered those well-known glorious opportunities to Europe's yeomanry, artisans, and merchants, offered anything comparable to her huddled masses. Glazer and Moynihan do not range this far in their study; they are more inclined to wonder within the limits of their self-assignment. Are Puerto Rican schoolchildren having a harder time learning English than the children of Jewish and Italian immigrants had at the turn of the century, or did the lower school-leaving age of years past solve the language problem by letting problem learners leave? The authors notice that the ethnic distinctions New Yorkers made among themselves before the middle of the last century—Welsh, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, English, and Dutch—vanished when masses of new newcomers arrived. All these once identifiable groups became "old Americans" or "white Anglo-Saxon Protestants," and, of the newer stocks, they accepted only the Germans. Would today's groups disappear in a trice if a new group of strangers—French, let us assume—arrived en masse? The authors do not say, but they do suggest that the Catholic-Protestant-Jew arrangement is so accommodating that no new ethnic group is likely to form in New York (unless, I imagine, we go very far afield and import a million Tatars).

The authors may be right in thinking that national ethnic groups are on their way out. Still, it occurs to me that the inhabitants of the British Isles not only divide themselves into classes and churches but, when they have nothing better to do, cultivate their own pallid version of ethnicity, describing themselves as Welsh, Cornish, Scotch, or

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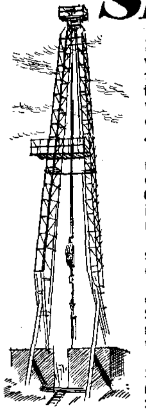

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Danish, or boasting, if they can, of Norman blood. (The least romantic thing to be in the United Kingdom, apparently, is Anglo-Saxon.) Africa may not be the only place where it is hard to join the nation without a tribe, or the legend of a tribe, to sustain and further define oneself. But I've gone wandering off again. The authors' summing-up is more to the point, though scarcely conclusive: "The *American nationality*," they say, "is still forming: its processes are mysterious, and the final form, if there is ever to be a final form, is as yet unknown."

"ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? AND OTHER ESSAYS," by David Riesman (Doubleday), collects thirty pieces—some collaborations, but most of them solo performances—that this eminent sociologist has published, all but three within the last decade. He has distributed these essays among four sections: "The Impact of the Cold War," "Abundance for What?," "Abundance for Whom?," and "Social Science Research: Problems, Methods, Opportunities." For each section Riesman has written a preface in which—rather than attempt to update old texts with hindsights—he reports his changes of mind and presents some of the comment and disagreement the original material evoked from other writers. He does not spare himself. For example:

> The view of the suburb that appears in "The Suburban Dislocation" and "Flight and Search in the New Suburbs" [two essays in the section "Abundance for What?"] has been sharply challenged by a former student at Chicago, Herbert J. Gans. . . . Gans contends that people like myself should not project large esthetic and political judgments onto people in the first stages of emancipation from poverty and crowding, people who are often feeling for the first time that they have a real stake in society.

Riesman's footnotes do the usual work of notes, citing ops and ibiding them; in addition, they take account of criticisms and amplifications others have offered. There is considerable cross-referring among the essays. In one, he likens Arkansas hillbillies to Turkish villagers in their inability to imagine what errand public-opinion interviewers could possibly be on; in another, he considers the same interviewers' failures of imagination in talking to the hillbillies. Second thoughts, arguments, and back-chat give the book a stimulating quality; it seems to be part of a process, as studies are evaluated and reëvaluated, as well as part of a never adjourned discussion brightened by the sparky friction of ideas on ideas. These effects are least

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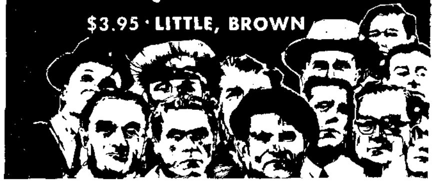

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in evidence in the essays on the Cold War, many of which are dated. But a couple of them are as good as ever, particularly "The Nylon War," that funny fantasy about disrupting the Soviet economy by strategic bombardments with American consumer goods.

In the longest sections of this work, Riesman deals with the same kinds of people he studied in "The Lonely Crowd"—unionized industrial workers, white-collar inhabitants of the suburbs, and their children; that is, people for whom material difficulties are not acute but for whom other difficulties are. Once people have access to the benefits of mass production, they discover that nothing valuable can be mass-produced, and they want—so Riesman finds—something priceless: an aim, a meaning, a purpose. Other sociologists (Talcott Parsons and Winston White) think, Riesman says, that these fairly affluent Americans do have a purpose—the production of successful children. Yet a good many of the children so far produced have been fairly disappointing. Riesman mentions an argument between parents his age (class of 1931) and their children that arose over a questionnaire answered by some members of the class of 1955. The parents worried that their children "do not crave eminence or seek excellence." The 1955ers thought they were being realistic in merely aspiring to undemanding, highly paid, middle-management jobs and in expecting to marry beautiful, loving, fertile, bright, submissive girls. Riesman supposes that the youngsters' optimism derived from a particular kind of inexperience; they ould not guess how unfriendly the great wide world could be because they ad not met enough challenge. The ack of challenge in American life is the oncern of many of these essays. Most ndustrial workers do not find their jobs ifficult enough to be interesting. Riesman notices that neither in suburbs nor n offices do we challenge each other; nstead, we make each other nervous by rying too hard to adjust to each other. The common bland, unaccepting, and nargumentative method of social-cience interviewing may not be as efective, Riesman thinks, as it is believed o be. He knows of at least one political oll whose results would have been ore accurate if the interviewers had hallenged the respondents when they ontradicted themselves.

Riesman is not enthusiastic for chalnge because he wants us all to suffer little; the truth seems to be that ople *need* challenge. He remembers at when he was working on "The

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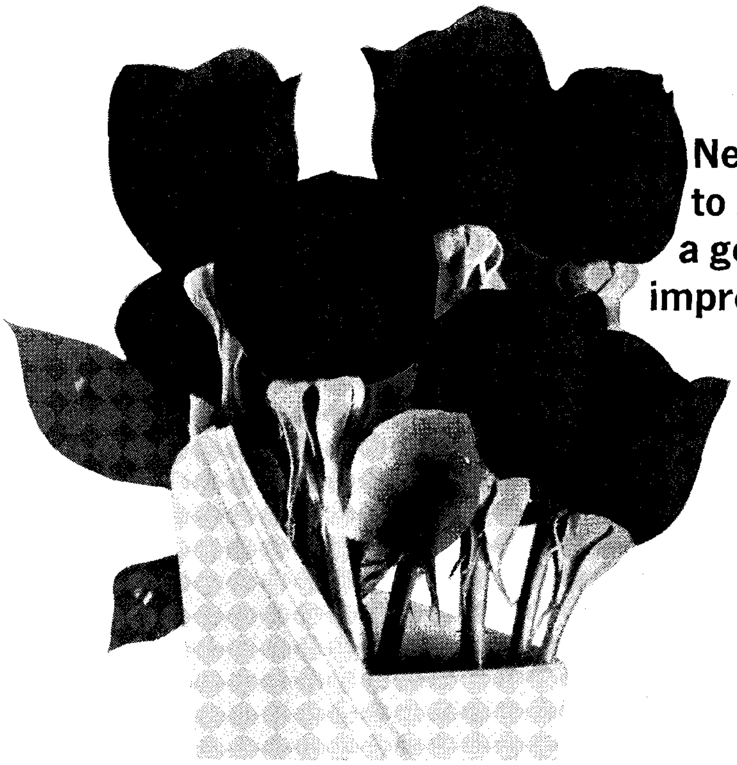

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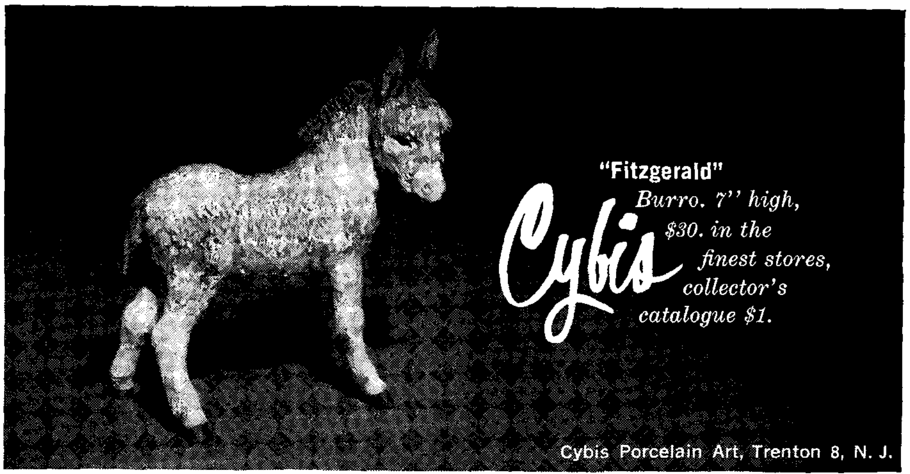

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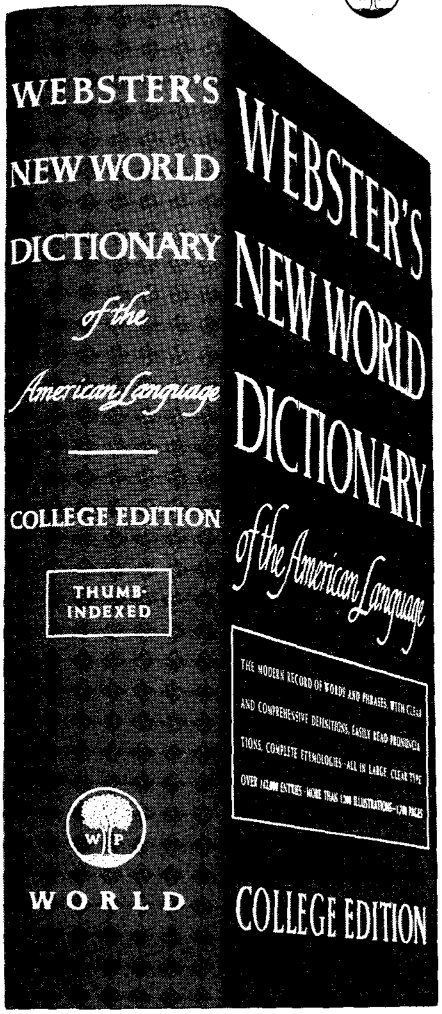

Lonely Crowd" he hoped that men who were getting more free time as machines grew more efficient would find ways to ennoble their leisure and themselves. They have not done so. And though it is true that most young people today do not want to work as hard as their parents and grandparents did, work remains so important to them that if they are bored on the job they are apt to feel dull and wretched during their time off.

Riesman wishes that there were more "utopian thinking" in the United States. To him, Utopia is "a viable and conceivable society." "I think," he says, "one needs goals based on the truth about man's nature and about society and that these goals have to be more than piecemeal and *ad hoc*, but I won't quarrel with people who would prefer to call this a vision rather than a Utopia." I wish this definition did not read like such a succession of intellectual booby traps. For one thing, technology keeps changing what is viable. For another, what is the "truth about man's nature and about society"? Theologically, the truth is only that men should be morally and physically free to work for their salvation. Philosophers have disagreed about man's nature, but a preponderance of them probably think that man best fulfills his nature by being a philosopher. As far as Riesman's own behavioral sciences can tell us, man's nature is bewilderingly protean. It certainly includes the harmless, unexciting existence illustrated by his suburbanites, who, raising their large families and tilling their small lots, resemble a new sort of peasant.

Riesman cites some obstacles to utopian thinking, but not the one he himself first started talking about—our "other-directedness." This quality makes us more sensitive to other people but doubtless less likely to imagine a pattern of the good life to fit them all. We have become more tolerant and less demanding, and visionary thinking about man is apt to make fairly high demands on humanity. To be sure, that is what Riesman is after—more challenge and higher expectations of ourselves—but you will notice that he and his collaborators remain restrained when they are criticizing, chagrined rather than outraged, suggesting or wishing rather than directing or commanding.

It is surprising, then, that Riesman reports that many Americans fear the social sciences and think of them as "manipulative." He and other social scientists, by the way, worry considerably over the ethics of publishing their

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observations of people who can read about themselves, such as the inhabitants of the pseudonymous "Crestwood Heights" and similar literate suburbs. Riesman is appalled by journalists and novelists who write about real people without any worry except libel suits. The effect of being studied by sociologists is, I suppose, a proper field for sociological scrutiny, but I find much of Riesman's concern overprotective.

And it would be a pity if—for any reason, such as his protectiveness or your fear—you could not enjoy reading Riesman, who, besides not being in the least manipulative, is funny even when he is serious. "At the present time there are many thinkers to warn us that their tragic sense of life is more tragic than other people's tragic sense of life" is not a bit bad. And he is full of useful reminders, such as the need "of exploring the means by which people can learn to make a proper judgment of expert opinion." (He is talking about military experts, but any miffed suburban reader can apply the thought to sociologists.) He has an enchanting habit of making up assignments: "The history of the interview has yet to be written." (I'm waiting for it.) He can slap his own discipline on the wrist: "We [sociologists] find it easier to describe the limits on human conduct than the areas of freedom and amorphousness." He tops off his book with a hopeful—let us say utopian—prospect: "We are only beginning to understand the power of individuals to shape their own character. . . . I can envisage a world in which we shall become more different from each other than ever before." —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LOST CITY, by John Gunther (Harper & Row). Mason Jarrett, a sixty-year-old newspaperman living in busy, luxurious retirement in California, recalls his best days—the five years he spent in Vienna when he was a young, hard-working reporter with a pretty young American wife and an even prettier young Viennese mistress. Jarrett is a bright, energetic, incurably naïve man whose confidences reveal that he will be sexually agog until the day he dies, but his memories of Vienna are so strong, so bright, and so seductive that we feel we could listen to him talking about that city forever—which only proves once again that when a good writer finds his true perspective on what he loves, he

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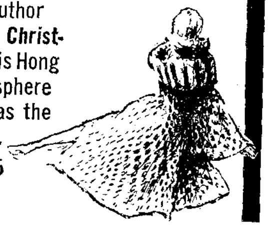
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cannot go wrong. This is a sunlit work; Mr. Gunther's portrait of a young American at large in the city of his dreams is splendid, and the big chunks of professional first-hand political observation are so lumpy that they can be detected ahead of time and therefore easily skipped. A Literary Guild selection.

SHADOW OF A SUN, by A. S. Byatt (Harcourt, Brace & World). Mrs. Byatt's tale of youth and middle age, and of envy struggling to hurt the talent it adores, is set in a group of highly articulate and outspoken English people who are nervously aware of everything except what they have in common—that they are all very dull. In the course of the story, a great many carefully complete conversations take place, while the action turns ponderously this way and that, so that the principal characters are all displaced without being in the least changed. The characters are Henry Severell, a famous novelist who is insulated from feeling by his complacency; Caroline, his irritable wife, who comes off better than anybody else, because she is given a concrete reason for her irritability; Anna, their spoiled young daughter, who wrecks her life out of spite, as she was bound to do; Oliver Canning, a family friend and a literary critic, who fulfills his destiny as a miserable little rat; and Margaret, Oliver's big, doleful wife, who thoroughly enjoys the noisiest and most untidy emotional breakdown in recent fiction. The story begins and ends in the Severells' large, comfortable house in the country, a short train ride from London, but some of the biggest events occur in London or at Oxford. Mrs. Byatt is an able young woman who needs to take a much longer view of the scene she surveys. This is her first novel.

NOTE: The novel by Vladimir Nabokov (translated from the Russian by Michael Scammell with the collaboration of the author) that appeared, in two parts, in *The New Yorker* under the title "The Luzhin Defense" has been published by Putnam as "The Defense."

GENERAL

DIARY OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, VOLUME I, JANUARY, 1820-JUNE, 1825; VOLUME II, JULY, 1825-SEPTEMBER, 1829, edited by Aïda DiPace Donald and David Donald (Belknap Press of Harvard University). Two more first-class volumes in the fine Adams Papers

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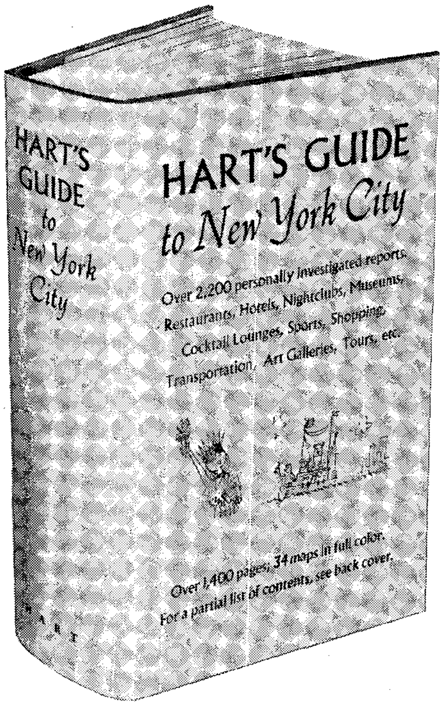
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series. When this diary opens, the diarist's father, John Quincy Adams, is Secretary of State; he later becomes President, and still later he is painfully defeated for a second term. His son spends comparatively little time in Washington, and is less concerned with national affairs than with his success at Harvard, his legal studies, starting a professional career, his engagement, and his marriage. Charles Francis is an unpleasing youth—a prig and a snob. ("The *people* literally are the visitors on this day and have fairly driven every body away," he writes of the President's July 4th reception.) But his crankiness makes his diary fascinating. He dislikes nearly everything and everybody—his classmates, his fiancée's family, the politicians at his father's dinners, the clergymen he meets, and the sermons they deliver. But in disliking and criticizing he describes, and thus shows us the texture of his daily life—listening to a mangled opera, say, or managing the complications of taking a bath. The Adamses being who they were, their trivia are apt to be American history. Twenty dollars for the two volumes.

GERMANS AGAINST HITLER, by Terence Prittie (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Many of us think of German anti-Nazis (if we think of them at all) as few and ineffectual, or, worse, as collaborators disillusioned only by Hitler's prospective defeat. In one sense, Mr. Prittie suggests, these complaints are true; in another, however, they are irrelevant. He describes in sober detail the careers, personalities, and deeds of the men and women who composed the German Resistance and knowingly risked martyrdom—not merely death, which in most cases came as a relief, but isolation (the nation did not know of or did not understand their acts of defiance), anxiety (reprisals against relatives and other innocent bystanders), humiliation (Nazi show trials went even further than the Russians' in this direction), and torture in all the Gestapo's imaginative forms. Most of the resisters, the author adds, were aware that they had no chance of altering the regime, since they disposed of no power. Mr. Prittie knew Germany in the Hitler era and was the Manchester *Guardian's* correspondent in West Germany from 1946 until last year. His book is not only good but edifying. One excellent point is his reminder that the Resistance is a legacy to the German people—that its

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE EYES AROUND ME, by Gavin Black (Harper & Row). This robust Scottish murder mystery is set in Hong Kong and centers on the rowdy life of a millionaire Dundee biscuit heiress named Ella Bain. Ella, a resplendent redhead who has discarded two husbands and innumerable lovers and is looking for a third husband, lives in a brand-new palace of unusual ugliness and luxury, and spends her time drinking and going to parties and, above all, getting her own way. The story is peopled by members of the Scottish and English colony in Hong Kong, and their Occidental machinations make the mysterious East seem as innocent and uncomplicated as a paper kite.

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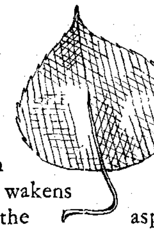

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